

# The Quiet Age

Poems and illustrations



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*The Quiet Age*

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this zine: Inkscape, Gimp and LibreOffice.*

## **Crying by the Thames**

Why are you crying by the green waters  
Of the Thames? Was it the weeping willows  
That inspired you so? The blue-grey skies?

You're not sure, are you, where the waters start  
And end. Which streams, you wonder, which mountains  
Come to feed the river? Does it matter?

You rest there in the drizzle, passers-by  
Distant figures to you. This sadness goes  
Too deep, you know, for their watertight lives.

But let me assure you: we, too, have wept  
In the course of sorrow, here or elsewhere.  
It is not with envy that we walk by.



## **Aldgate**

There is a park in Aldgate, a small one,  
The kind you forget. This is where we met  
In the rain, in April, in days gone by.  
Everything we had we found in that park.

The oath we took then, to ourselves, to life  
Was never a spoken one, intricate  
As it was, as it became. I'm sorry.  
I wish things had turned out differently.

Our demise too was to find it's roots then,  
In that park, in the greedy logic spun  
Of desire. We should have known better.  
Today, all we have left is a story.

There are lost houses up in North London,  
And we both lived there, too busy to care.  
For a time, you know, we achieved something:  
We build a new world for all to witness.



## **Eight months**

You break in at night, burglar and a cat,  
Barricade and huddle. The first few days  
Are harsh in winter, clearing the rubble.

You patch the leaky walls and pick your rooms,  
Then plan a spring party to celebrate.  
You jump the meter for a cheaper rate.

The water is cold and you go elsewhere  
For showers. The neighbours politely snob  
Your skipped cauliflowers. Summer moves in.

You've fixed the roof but the law wants you out,  
And with fall comes the bailiff's final call.  
Eight months was not a bad run after all.

## **The suitcase**

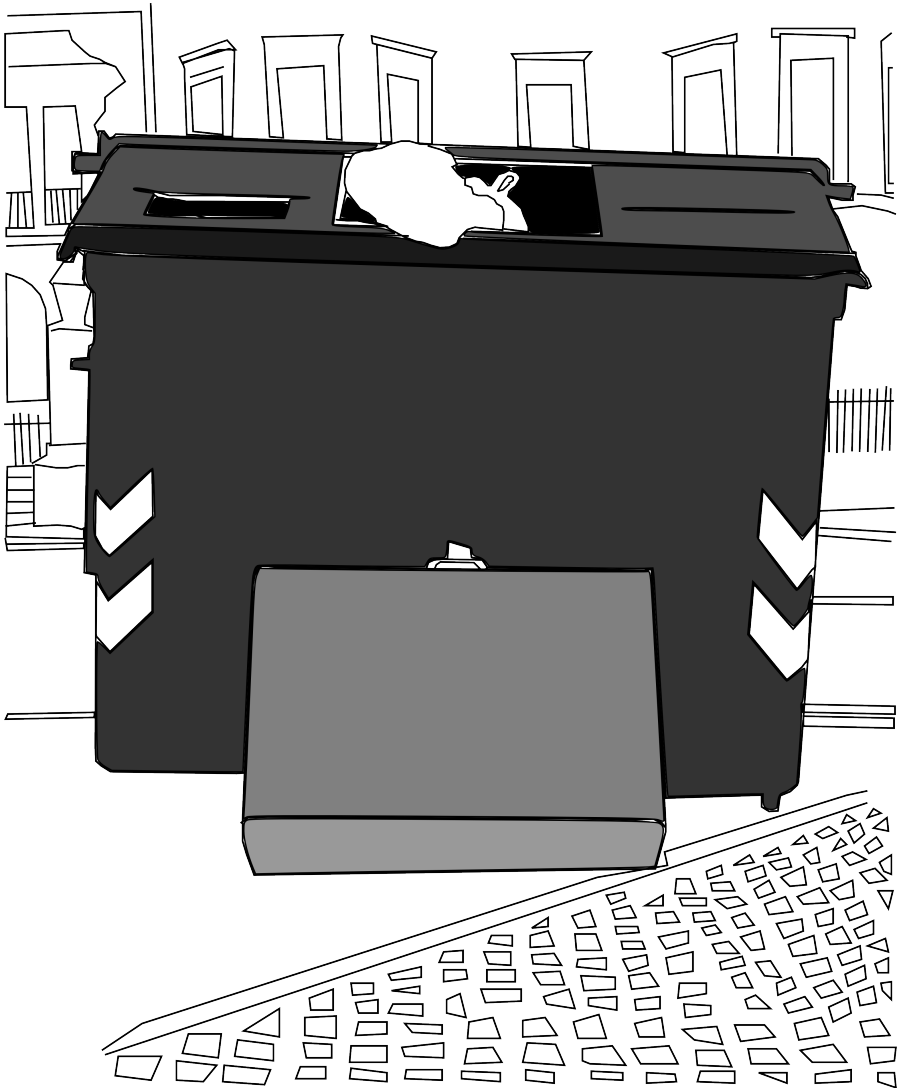
There are suitcases, and then. There's the one  
On the bench, scrapes to match the flaking paint  
Of a life travelled, of a world promised.

Then there's the one by the skip, deemed unfit,  
Left for dead. It has hinges to hang on,  
And a handle, and hopes. So long, they said.

There's the one in the shop window, posing  
Like a slick wholesale holiday machine,  
All plastic, sunshine and scuba diving.

And then, there's the one I saw you leave with  
Wheels bouncing off the uneven pavement,  
At the edge of the street, over the hill.







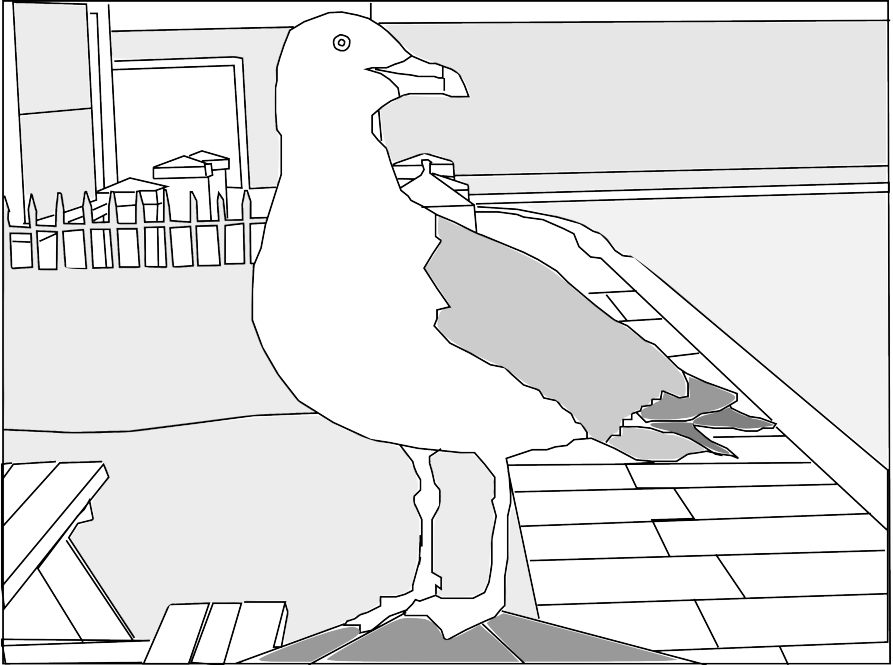
## **Anna**

Life is the smile you offer when we share  
A childish tease. Life is the universe  
We touch, hand in hand in the coming breeze.

We never thought about starting the clock  
And these moments, well, they forgot to end.  
They tell the slow love of the time we spend.

I will never tire to watch you wake,  
Your own slow time. And the days will never  
Tire, never fake in our old age's prime.

Life is the filled glass of water you keep  
At night, and the gentle world in our sight.  
They will never end, you know, days like these.



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