

THESE STREETS (AP 10176)

I am who I am

The screeching in the night

haunted by spotlights

The choir of bins

rattling into position

The car alarm

that never ceases

The crack in the footpath

waiting to trip

The empty packaging

blowing down streets

The sobbing of corrugated gates

that never truly shut

The splitting grins of coats

as car doors open

The giggling pieces of broken bottles

swept into the gutters

The false assumptions

clogging up letterboxes

The footsteps of stories

hidden behind bricks

The faces and houses
built from countless journeys
The exits of contradictions
at the end of every platform.