

Headwaters

the waters are real water
however much they won't hold
still to be told
exactly where they begin

the earth is the real earth
there is no other
so cold on the fingers
so close to the bone

and these trees are real trees
not pale counters on the map
and the city of men talking crap
and the city of women moving on

is the real city of women and men
in a perpetual state of arousal
for there is more there to desire
than anyone can possibly possess
so even the rich itch to think
they may be missing something
and the poor are bloody sure they are

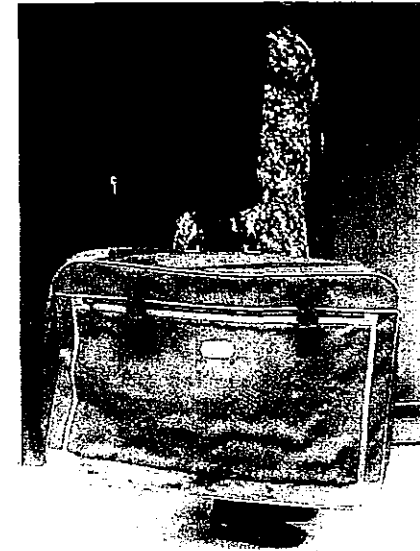
and so in a way the city is
the perfect lover
the one who never quite delivers
which is smack on line for those
still young or healthy or simply
hungry enough to love
the addiction more than the drug

and the woman standing at the corner
green suitcase in her hand
thinks there's a choice here
between a bed-sit and the nearest bar
when into her head slides a picture
of a place where there are stones
never cut for tenements

and she stands
dumbfounded in the sudden rain

small veins beat down the back of her hand
as past and future flow into one another

Dominique Hecq



Photograph by Cornelis Bosua