

Federico Federici
The old stager
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look down the way
a throng queuing headlong to Main City's square,
unable to retreat, tanning faces, buttered lips,
brown leather shoes quitting countries overseas,
tossing back and forth, shoulders in a shimmy,
sweaty armpits under packaged luggage,
the pockets full of crumpets, open cheques

you have them breed, puzzling the market squeeze

hear them all speak
to one another snarling up the lips, like on some trumpet
among the sneezes, the sick motion of the teeth
chewing the cud, a whole herd of cattle, some hundred
thousand head of cattle all beheaded here,
the flies thus gathering new empty hives

and you, an old stager between the sirens' sheets