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## Domestic Cherry 3 poems

### Relocation

The small gods of the geriatric hospital are lost;  
they miss the soft shuffle of slippers feet  
and the mumbles of confusion. They hunch  
in the corners, not knowing how to ease  
a last breath or soothe anxious muttering  
for the loud men in hard hats who block  
old wards with new walls and divert long  
corridors into angles and dead ends.

They watch the machinery, the scaffolding,  
bewildered by signs that talk of *lifestyle*  
and *show apartment*. They filch glossy paper  
and puzzle over *retirement in mind*.  
They know Matron would scowl  
at the dust-trapping draperies and can't see  
where the sluice is hidden in the shiny white  
cupboards. They retreat to the attics and wait;  
time will bring them work to do.



## Vagrant

The Vagrant Emperor has left the Silk Road,  
forsaken burning sands and fiery sunsets,  
turned away from his rocky citadels.

He slips quietly on to our lands, diffident  
in a brown cloak, hiding his tattered satins,  
resting by a brackish pool to cool his feet.

He's shy in company, flits away from the curious  
to seek lonely places. He'll tolerate no courtiers,  
no ceremony; neglectful of riches, he only treasures  
his empire of the air, of shaded banks, of dark waters.