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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.