

READ SOME AUDEN WITH ME

Zahra Rizvi

The space is ENORMOUS
and glacial seas hang in the balance
Auden reads in a corner
in a rhythmic cry, arms
holding away the chaos nearby.

It eats you and it gulps me down,
the man with the lonely face and melancholy
washed down with some ill-timed coffee,
we all live together
you, I and our poetry.

In the STOMACH of the storm
it's different, the sky is always red
the sun's been dismantled, moon packed away,
In this pit of fantasy, you, I and our poetry
find drawing-room space to be enormous.

Come, dear, read some Auden with me.

[the Blues play on].

