

Nothing's Changed

Small round hard stones click
under my heels
seeding grasses thrust
bearded seeds
into trouser cuffs, cans
trodden on, crunch
in tall, purple-flowering
amiable weeds.

District Six
No board says it is:
but my feet know
and my hands,
and the skin about my bones,
and the soft labouring of my lungs,
and the hot white, inwards turning
anger of my eyes.

Brash with glass,
name flaring like a flag,
It squats
in the grass and weeds
incipient Port Jackson trees:
new, up-market, haute cuisine,
guard at the gatepost,
whites only inn.

No sign says it is:
but we know where we belong.

I press my nose
to the clear panes, know,
before I see them, there will be
crushed ice white glass,
linen falls,
the single rose.

Down the road,
working man's café sells
bunny chows
Take it with you, eat
it at a plastic table's top
wipe your fingers on your jeans.
spit a little on the floor:
it's in the bone.

I back from the glass,
boy again,
leaving small mean O
of small, mean mouth
hands burn
for a stone, a bomb,
to shiver down the glass.
Nothing's changed.

