

Postcard from the Sholebrokes

For Tony Harrison

Kayo Chingonyi

Ciroc bottles and nitrous canisters
far cry from dance floors and night club bannisters
youngers sing *blessings on blessings on blessings*
pouring a sip for departed bredrins
lost to the brief imposition of blades;
or jailhouse; or another city's grey
skyline, better by dint of its distance;
hitting the books; or freestyling fictions
to big up their chests. They ride for their ends
on quad bikes and push bikes this circle of friends.

In this corner of your corner of the world,
Tony, that scrap of contested land curled
in your books, facing the street's chiaroscuro
I look on, lost in this writing bureau
fifty year emblem from Sutcliffe & Son;
late thread in the fabric of Todmorden.