





Somewhere around noon, and the temperature is still low.
Cold winds fall down the mountain side and quietly
Blanket the city.
Walking through the streets, our breath meets the still air,
Punctuating it with clouds of vapour.

Vaping in these conditions (?) miniature cumulonimbus congregate
And walking through them is like a nicotine laced cherry cola spider's web.
Hanging heavy in the air.

On the embankment, and the sun collides
With a thin veil of fog hovering over the river.
Beneath it lies an ecosystem unlike that of the city
(It being built of stone and concrete).
The water carves out amazon-like islands, in verdant green.
With it flows detritus
Tangible histories told in ebb and flow
Encoded in eddies
Like ouroboros
In benzene rings
In hexagons

(The river shouts out,
As it passes through.)

In hexagons,
The sum value of unity, duality and trinity
The balance of cosmic forces, masculine and feminine
A slab of marble in a ritual space
A dialogue in flux

Small stones crumble underfoot
Chalky and acoustic
As we climb the hill to survey the cityscape

