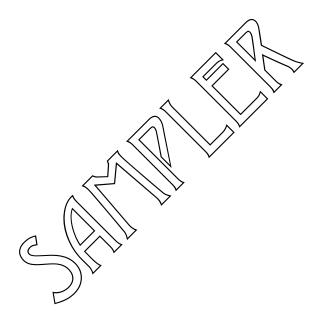
"Proof..."



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The answer to the question "Where on earth is he now?" (poem 15) was located by misnicking an episode in Tom Lowenstein's book

The Structure of Days Out (2021) pages 95, 99-100.

"Proof..."



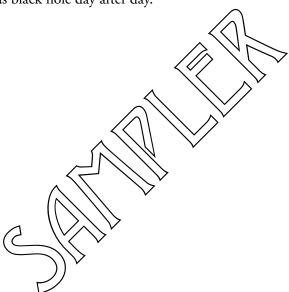


Proof that the world exists. Crossing Europe in the backs of lorries, the noise of the engine, the road rolling under, deeper by night.

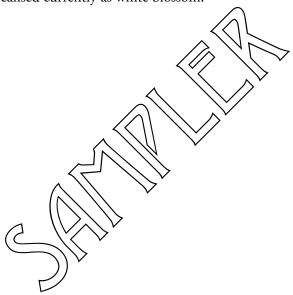
Occasional glimpse of an urban skyline changing lorries before dawn. Proving that the world is, but unstable: the Refugee's story. I usually wake up about four to half past and don't sleep again until after five.

I lie there listening. And it is through this hole in the night that the wrantings.

The wren sings a series of single-pitch rows, usually five to nine notes long, decorated with curlicues. Some of these "notes" are tight clusters or quick calls interspersed with short rows of chirps, a slide or two and finally the "tell-tale machine-gun rattle" which tells the tale of the Refugee's journey across Europe, a sonorous black hole day after day.



Doubt that the world will continue. She doesn't rest long, she flits upstream and perches on somebody else's ribcage. First light slowly infiltrates the bushes where the wren lives, beyond the canal, whispering widths of hope to the immediate vicinity, realised currently as white blossom.



How eagerly then my tongue ran off with me to the far edges of visibility where the red flower becomes symmetrical and plunges into the ground. Where the light traversing the day is refracted down to the green spread. At a far edge of urban tension the Refugee hands over €500 cash to get him from Italy into Switzerland invisibly.