

'Window'
Ian Seed

Sometimes a city is shown its own
reflection in the sky, as if to insist
on another world, which is not really there
though its streets are positioned correctly.

The same is true when you reach the end
of an avenue and turn to watch the traffic
dissolve into a silver stream in the distance
you have come from. Or when you climb a hill

to see the city far below at daybreak
laid out like a map – as if all its pieces
could be counted and measured, and you could point
to your own life unfolding among them.