

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Encounter point with a child of the city ... an image, a poem.

Maurice Amiel · Wednesday, June 21st, 2017

I

The child of the city
between guns' echoes sifts
sand and
laps at the water with
thirsty roots that stop
at the concrete edge

the market voices
people the earth and
iridescent substance
surrounds the child

come steel seasons
of bird cages and
circus
come soul seasons
of roses and

earth
come the painful season
of changing flesh
of mute screams and
soft echoes

II

The child of the city
betwee guns echoes
sifts sand and laps at the water with
roots that cling to
the concrete edge
while tender calls
pass by
in leaded seasons of
thought and
blurred images

III

The child of the cities
sees the circus of gold
the tent of blood
the rusty avenues
the awnings of flesh
the I that sees him.

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Credit image Maurice Amiel ... at Le Festin Royal, Montreal.

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