

Masthead Logo

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Black Market

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people passing by but give witness to
 those things beyond the eye
that define the complexion of each day
 the vast tissue of connections that
decides each act their day nothing less than the open
 acknowledgement of those unpayable debts a practice
like fully living or dying
 like seeing or hearing for the first time
like the gift of giving or receiving freely
 like the world suddenly
without sound or suddenly full of it

BLACK MARKET
Tokyo, 1946

In the burned-out open-air square there are
no stalls no animals cars or banners just thousands of men
some still in uniform some in partial uniforms
some in topcoats and fedoras some in chinese coats looking
for something that can't be found the disaster
evident from the piles of valuables spread on blankets
from a bird's eye view the man-clusters slowly drift
into new clusters the catastrophe has already
happened this is the post-apocalypse all the odd jumble of the past
the detritus of former lives is struggling
to be reborn in the buying and selling a new life everyone is looking
down see the one who squats on his haunches to
inspect a book see the tall man in black who refuses
to buy further back a white-hot light boils overhead
everyone is becoming less and less they are
fading not even becoming
a negative of themselves and in that bright light
the buildings are dissolving and that light
that unnatural musical light is breaking
in waves over a future which is unaware