

BOULEVARDS

Gareth Alun Roberts

1

Summer. Gulls and ice-cream vans quarrel through the dirt
and broken-glassy, dustbin streets. A time of smells; dust
in your hair, your eyes:
and oil is rainbows in the gutter

cluttered with Coke cans sailing bright, sailing proud,
sailing red as your lips. Kiss me
a kiss, sweet as Mr Whippy; tongue as sharp
as street-lamps in the faraway night. The night

is music whistling in your ears
until morning. Waking with litter, its soft gossip
comforts, scoffs our feet through the first, soft light of the sun;
and someone plays saxophone from a doorstep..

is gone before. Before this turned, tidy
with concrete, clipped trees and wheely-bins.
And refuse collectors wear uniforms
in the boulevards of your eyes.

2

Your eyes
are empty streets,
clothed
in empty glass:

I could tear
a brick
from my heart
and break you

break you:
set you on fire
like the sun,
before you

flicked it away
with your
pretty tints.
Threw me away. Litter.