

Lodger

Under timid sun
barnacled to his pavement plot,
Harry finds his sleep
swaddled in remnants
of Salvos goodwill,
and yet the cold
like a persistent child,
grapples up his legs
and carves its sharp breath
along his skin,
stiff with the smell of ground
and city
and the raised brows
that lie within,
he basks unwashed
in June drizzle,
sees trams
snail heavy up Swanston.
Coffee leaves its stain
inside an empty cup,
all bad things,
he says,
become the colour
of the street.