Stranded

I come from a long downtrodden line that stepped through Station Pier hopeful recipients of foreign charity amputees leaving the Cold War behind in what was actually summer the raw throb of their stumps seeking alleviation in sunnier days only to arrive downside up in winter. They were haunted by their decision but thought it prudent not to admit this. Although they were the renegade outlaws this frontier town scorned strangers.

Stories soak my brain like bloodstains. What, or where would I be but for them their exile with one eye on the job market? Sweating in the drought I feel the tug ludicrous, really, of my ancestral place lying awake like they must have done not truly belonging in either hemisphere though I can fly like a film star. The frontier has been pushed back but new arrivals are still endangered. I am trying to listen to their songs cut off, in a way, stranded.

*Ian C Smith*