

The Road to Nový Most

A window is open –
someone is practising the violin.
Slashed with stained glass St Martin's walls
tremble above terra cotta tiles.
In Kapitulská Ulica a man stands
his mobile phone in his hand.
A young woman sits curled
on a sunken step, her face hidden.
Horns blast as cars sweep past
the stacked up bijou flats
on the road to Nový Most.
Blue autumn sky; light slabbed
on painted façades.

A violin is playing –
over and over, that phrase
from an open window.
In the new square a sculpture marks
where the synagogue stood
before the ghetto dispersed, doors closed
behind fingers that lingered
then pulled out and pocketed the keys.
On the road to Nový Most
a horn blasts as cars sweep past
the stacked up bijou flats.
Blue autumn sky; honeyed light
on painted façades.

From an open window, again and again
a phrase yearns from a violin.

In St Martin's nave, in a leaded frame,
Mary stares down at the flayed body
cradled across her knees.

Hello? asks the man in Kapitulská Ulica
his hand held out. A stick thin arm
in a blue sleeve hugged round skeletal knees –
the girl unmoved, head bowed
beneath a shawl of hair.

Autumn light on painted façades
as car after car sweeps past
on the road to Nový Most.