

Three Poems

Trevor Landers

The Tragedy of Romanian Railway Stations II

Even as your breath
races for my cheek
at the Gare de Nord, Timisoara
by tracks, bank balances, we are divided
already the odium of the dollar bill
has entered the compartment:
I can pay for my escape (you cannot) &
for a short while, departing
there is less than a border between us.

Corporatisation in New Zealand

the avaricious capitalist
skulking around, pinstriped and hideous,
the silhouette stalkers, snatching
the sleep reapers thieving
muffled of voice, pretending not to speak
lipsynching the lies to our indebted children
rewriting history as banal slogans and catch phrases
something immemorable for all of us
chant, chanting the mantras
losing our values, daily.

**a non-recondite formula:
happy thoughts+peace=the happy marxist**

-- for viavia

this spirit does not waver in the quickening sea breeze
translating tongues of zephyrs into eye of hurricane
nor doth walk the land in financial stupor
'tis upright; slightly corpulent and marxism defiant
living in a deeper cavern, one

like the mind's eye, away from the glare
of daily living,
the happy spirit bends though, is burnished
in the fires and fevers of day's wakefulness
simple marxist formula she elaborates,
yes, remarkably so, by the seaside, smiling.