

The Weekly Avocet

#61

February 12th, 2014

Chill Jerusalem Morning

Shadows criss-cross the square.
People drift into the café,
for coffee.
Winter morning clear, sun,
traffic sparse still,
but enough to smell of fumes.
Chairs scattered in clumps,
waiting like school children for the bell,

Cold.
Sun lights the face of the buildings,
a string-tied bundle of newspapers
waits outside a store.
Flowers wait for the florist.

I sit in the café with my coat on
waiting for coffee and watch
a sparrow pecking minute specks
on the concrete
as a girl clacks by on heels.

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