

GARY ALLEN

## THE SOURCE

In an unscheduled moment  
in the afternoon  
everything comes easily together

as if suspended

a quiet Saturday without drama—  
you walk through the almost empty rooms  
of the neutral council flat

that now feels like somewhere to live

the half-read book folded downwards  
the clothes you hand-washed several hours before  
hanging on the mesh of washing lines

in the concrete yard

fail to recognize you in their slight movement—  
nothing remains the same  
and yet is more real

no one moves in the flat above  
no men race horses across the greens  
children chase ice-cream vans

in a far-off estate

the crazy neighbour takes your broken television set  
in an old wheelbarrow  
to a builder's skip

and your lover rests her head  
in another man's lap  
like a hidden stream.