

FRANCIS BLESSINGTON
THE WAREHOUSES

These are desert visions:
Cyclopean cinder blocks,
coloured in summer, bunkers
against industrial blight.

They bask like unfinished installations
in asphalt parks, reassembled
pyramids, new catacombs,
pantries of our desires.

Gulls congregate on the roofs,
garbage pickers, only to stammer
off at diesel smoke,
returning after all alarms.

Inside a woman with a flashlight
glides like the ghost of an Egyptian slave,
blessing the silent city, foreseeing
excavation, use, and the final reburial.