

BRIAN

He is the old gas cooker in the upstairs flat.
A low slate sky.
He is roast lamb and crackled potatoes on a Sunday afternoon,
The taste of heavy red wine.

He is a long distance lorry on the road at night,
The smell of cigarettes in a quiet room.
He is difficult, discordant, jazz.
He is the Parthenon.

He is Mumbai, London,
Sometimes Sussex by the sea.
He is a solitary rock on a Yorkshire moor.
He is the colour grey.