

Hodology

We break bread with each other at five thirty in the morning

Emerging wrinkled and harsh at first, under the flickering blue of the kitchen lightbulb we swell

Gentle with the spreading of butter on toast, tired and cold but gilded by honeycomb hexagons

Steam from our tea fogs the future and there is no wicker basket system of tidiness in our kitchen

But the chaos is comforting, although I cannot find the salt.

We leave to go our separate ways, slip into ritual as we shuffle through hodological space:

Those preferred paths we take that serve as a compromise of different domains,

The ancient and known factors our commute must take into consideration:

Security (dark mornings leave you to cling like a moth to the streetlamps)

Minimal work (unspooling shortcuts like neurons from memories passed down)

Maximum experience (wherever you step you can hear the city chatter, millions of voices like wasps on the wind).

The city hums like a hive, and doesn't wait for the dawn

She knows our sound

And knows our call And replies

To my prayers

Are always scratched in clay cursive on the back of the bus seat,

In the electric hum from the streetlights and

If you don't like the music keep walking

Because

Tonight we are stained - digital under flashing lights

And if you don't like the melody keep walking.

Notice:

How buskers sing in time with the sirens and traffic lights and footsteps

And although the grass may be greener on the other side
These alleyways are covered in so much graffiti it feels like a forest
Spraypainted sonnets.
The city knows
That we have outgrown the old gods
And sculpted our own from skeleton prose and cement
To worship when there's nothing left inside (we splinter in the beat)
You can watch as the sun sets, scrawling amber across the skyline
To soak up city-smog and sorrow.
We go about our days like wasps on the wind,
Thrumming softly in quiet collaboration