

## Hong Kong

A city of verticals, losing itself  
in air and distance above the rage  
of light and fight of commerce  
that floods all streets and alleys.  
Few words survive at ground level:  
Quick, Sony, Restaurant, Best.  
Language becomes Art, expressionist,  
abstract, meaning withheld.

Above us, lives reach into the sky  
through mist or darkness,  
hang out signs for those who care to look:  
clothes dry at a window, curtains half-  
pulled, a plant wilts.  
The spaces between seem abolished  
until, improbably, a model plane  
swoops past windows reduced  
to insignificance by repetition,  
loops, banks,  
lands skilfully on grass you'd overlooked.

High, high in the night a red light  
winks. Someone needs rescue?  
Wants out? But no -  
it's a Christmas tree,  
blinking a minute celebration.

## THE PK POETS

The PK Poets is a series of free to print poetry leaflets highlighting the poetry of a single poet. It is intended to be a sample introduction to the work of a poet who is also a member of the PK Poetry List.

The PK List is a free to join community of poets who share their work using email and the internet. Information about the PK List can be found on the front page of the Poetry Kit Website at [www.poetrykit.org](http://www.poetrykit.org).

### Stuart Nunn

lives in South Gloucestershire and is a retired college lecturer in linguistics. As well as being a member of the PK List, he belongs to the Cherington Poets and the Cheltenham Poetry Society.

He has been published in Smiths Knoll, Quattrocento, Envoi and South. He recently won the Wyvern Prize in the Wells Festival of Literature International Poetry Competition and once got a mention in the Bridport International Competition.

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## #3: Stuart Nunn



## Yate Shopping Centre

She parks by Claire's Accessories, where they know her,  
crouch by the chair to chat, compliment her lip gloss,  
talk as though hairbands, earrings, glitter spray  
will straighten out her spine, let her walk and bring  
running the boys they hope against hope to win  
themselves.

People know them now because they were on Points West,  
but don't speak to them because, well, you know,  
it was murder. So they walk from Tesco's, past Shaw's  
to the greengrocer's, buy fruit, as though when they  
get home,  
it won't be just the two of them, and she'll be back.

He speaks to everyone, as though they know him,  
with his red braces showing in all weathers. His gait  
is worse since we first saw him all those years ago,  
when he might have had a chance. Now he swings  
his empty shopping bag, and smiles, and smiles, at  
everyone.

This is their hunting ground, now that darkness is  
falling.  
They show each other how to hold their cigarettes,  
and talk to girls, and not take any crap  
from parents. They eye each other carefully. It matters  
which shop they look at, how the obscenities wound.

## Chlorine

Such improbable complications of glasswork,  
whose arrangement we weren't to concern ourselves  
with  
but whose name we had to know – Kipps,  
and in the bottom chamber, marble chips.  
He poured the acid in and in my brain  
some kind of reaction started:  
this wasn't education so much as conjuring,  
and I was certainly up for that.  
And over there, the bubbles rose  
until the flask was full of faintly coloured nothing.  
Meanwhile, in another classroom, Owen's soldiers  
were struggling to fit their clumsy masks  
and gargling lungs were flung into carts.  
Invited to smell it, of course we did.  
Mitch reacted first, and soon half the class  
was hanging, as instructed, out the window.  
“Breathe deeply, boys. Taste God's good air.”

## Walking with a Walkman

They probably think I'm a sad old get,  
ears wired to trousers pocket  
like some slouching adolescent.  
But through the centre of my skull  
the Lark's Ascending and the street  
becomes the stretch of moor above Gilwern.

On my left the hardware store,  
optician, charity shop are  
the strings, sweeping the tune  
across the distant hills.  
Estate agents to the right,  
the paper shop and bank,  
the lower strings and brass, the sea  
that glimmers along the horizon.

The sky is blue all right  
with clouds scudding in from the north,  
but the vapour trail becomes  
a small brown bird  
that sings its heart out  
with a sound like Tamsin Little's violin.