

people passing by but give witness to  
    those things beyond the eye  
that define the complexion of each day  
    the vast tissue of connections that  
decides each act their day nothing less than the open  
    acknowledgement of those unpayable debts a practice  
like fully living or dying  
    like seeing or hearing for the first time  
like the gift of giving or receiving freely  
    like the world suddenly  
without sound or suddenly full of it

**BLACK MARKET**  
*Tokyo, 1946*

In the burned-out open-air square there are  
no stalls no animals cars or banners just thousands of men  
some still in uniform some in partial uniforms  
some in topcoats and fedoras some in chinese coats looking  
for something that can't be found the disaster  
evident from the piles of valuables spread on blankets  
from a bird's eye view the man-clusters slowly drift  
into new clusters the catastrophe has already  
happened this is the post-apocalypse all the odd jumble of the past  
the detritus of former lives is struggling  
to be reborn in the buying and selling a new life everyone is looking  
down see the one who squats on his haunches to  
inspect a book see the tall man in black who refuses  
to buy further back a white-hot light boils overhead  
everyone is becoming less and less they are  
fading not even becoming  
a negative of themselves and in that bright light  
the buildings are dissolving and that light  
that unnatural musical light is breaking  
in waves over a future which is unaware