

**CHRIS POWICI**

*The Town*

I sit at my window and there are wolves  
coming down the street, wolves sidling past  
bus shelters and news-stands,  
rubbing their backs against pub walls  
and parked cars, sniffing the rainy air,  
and leaving their piss  
steaming in pools  
outside laundrettes and takeaways.

And there are people  
emerging from shoe shops and cafés  
department stores and banks,  
passing between the wolves  
and hurrying through the rain  
down other streets,  
streets of lamplight and leaf fall,  
to paths of stone and doors of wood.