

The sun coming up over City Road  
chipped into splinters through the blind  
maybe seen from the wrong side again  
maybe only breaking you  
for a moment from a dream  
The kestrel hulkily launched off  
a corner of the tower block  
haunting the air that still has no  
colour or has a colour that still  
has no name, makes the desolate  
places below seem alive, the zones  
that are grinding themselves now  
into wakefulness dream for a  
moment of being a civilisation.  
Although it's a dark shape  
and very small in the soon-to-be  
chattered sky, say as small as  
a mustard seed, the bird catches  
the new light as though it were  
polished bronze, bronished gold,  
or sharpened steel. It magnetises  
all the elements of this day that  
may not be, this once, a Today  
or a Wednesday or a Thursday  
but may be a day for which  
no name has yet been made  
and draws them all like a  
fisher drawing in lines, towards  
it - because of the uterinity  
of its awareness, conferred in  
the acwawacy with which it moves  
of its being alive

The first hard of  
Songs from the Red Notebook  
was sung played & recorded  
by John Gibbons & Armored Weston  
in 2003 in London