

## **Ghost cities**

Windows stacked up back to back  
Neat rows of teeth that stretch  
Into a flat and empty smile.  
Another of those cities built  
And building still, shaped  
Like a shoebox and just as brown  
Bare and bored, waiting for guests  
That never come, waiting for a small  
Disaster, death of the grocer  
Floods that leave the fields fallow  
A tiny tragedy of perfect proportions  
That give this place a place, and  
Breathe its name into existence.