

in my heart

 there's a market full of men
who want attention to their bargains who
are yelling to the point of inflammation
of the bronchi, of swooning blue-faced
down into the haze of fruit flies bothering
over-ripe tomatoes

 years of lifting boxes
of their perishable livelihoods they suffer
groin hernias spinal strains slipped discs
but can't afford the time that mending demands –
the meat and veg are on-the-turn the stink
has lured the foxes

 this they gripe to keep
their homes and live the so few hours
when the awnings of their hearts
relax their little pinches

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