

THE FLÂNEUR

or THE OBSERVER OBSERVED

Not a dandy with a tortoise on a lead, not he,
but a gentleman exemplar of his breed is he.
An incognito prince
far from drawing-rooms of chintz
for the boulevard's a home to him indeed, says he,
yes, the boulevard's a home to him indeed.

He's a roving connoisseur of town and city, while she
may be plain or *jolie laide* or pretty-pretty. Ah, me!
If she's strolling on her own—
if she's clearly all alone—
she's a girl who walks the streets, and such a pity. Yes, she
is a girl who walks the streets, and such a pity.

So he botanises faces in the crowd, and we
are fascinating specimens allowed, says he,
in his register of vagrants,
their common name and fragrance,
each cultivar and epithet allowed—*mais oui!*—
each cultivar and epithet allowed.

The Flaneur by Lydia Kennaway

Post-Psychogeographic

Not another peregrination
by a white man
in all the kit
following a minor river
in northern England
likening its course
to the pulse of the nation.

Not another pilgrimage
by a man of dubious faith
stuffed on cereal bars
tracing Anglo-Saxon
ambiance onto a bridleway
flanked by pesticides and polymers
of uncertain origin.

Not another proselytiser
of a defunct *genius loci*
copying binomial nomenclature
from an Amazon-bought
book of wildflowers
hoping to assuage the lack
of a sub-regional topography.

Not another polemic
by a poet stuck for synonyms;
stuck, indeed, for much
meaningful to say about the minor
river, its muddled
communities not ~~seeking~~
~~documentation~~ arsed.

Post-Psychogeographic by Jake Morris-Campbell