

# The London Pavement

I am the vision. Aisling.  
In life-colour vein shucked from black and white  
An African Gaele, a mixit babe —  
You know you can see me.  
As I go skipping on the London pavement.

I am the dream. Aisling.  
The unlocked dream of the sisterhood of man,  
I come to join a race ending —  
In a draw; together. What else? Dream me.  
As you go skimming the London pavement.

I am the spirit. Aisling.  
A spirit nourished by dream and vision,  
I gather up daring unwhispered wishes —  
That elude the slipped-in, set, yet unaware pre-Judge.  
And free them spinning on the London pavement.

Aisling Fahey

Valentine's day 2004

David White