

# Kiosk



*Carol Watts*

A border kiosk opened in the night.  
In the dark, in a corner of my room.  
In that district of my mind that carries  
heat of tarmac and exhaust, the noise  
of European tramways.

I search for my papers in another language.  
That language is mine, it thickens to graffiti.  
How long have I stood by while it thickens.  
Always so foreign, now I house it in sleep.  
Look at its hate.

I have no papers to get by. The kiosk sits  
in the corner of my room and the day  
is beginning, its first flush. How will I reach  
the sanctity of streets. There are men smoking  
there, taking a break.

Perhaps the radio will distract them while  
I dress. But the kiosk has a naked electric light.  
Walls are peeling in its dryness. Birds  
start up outside, already on the move.  
My breathing clangs.

I refuse to host this border kiosk silently  
but it is rooted deep as a wart. They tell me  
to wake up and find my papers if I am  
to breakfast. I have no papers. They sit  
between me and the door, like guns.

A border kiosk opened in the night, in the dark.  
My papers are insufficient but they say they can  
go by the eye. Look into the screen and all  
will be well, and there will be coffee in the sun.  
So day comes.