

Vertical World

It looks hard this cold morning, moving that ladder
three storeys tall and on a sloping pavement.
He settles it, climbs quickly, no-one below.
Deftly he handles paper, broom, bucket,
then his left foot stretches way off the rung
balancing his right arm's reach.

He's covering an enormous blonde, gigantic
teeth and lips smiling from a blue background.
Piece by rectangular piece, she disappears,
gives way to a chrome and pine-wood kitchen.

He manhandles the ladder again, then, poised
like a capital X, aligns another sheet.
With broom and glue, he obliterates the blonde.
He works alone, no-one holding the ladder.
Next week it'll be a car, or toothpaste,
or a cheap flight to Alicante.