

**It is not a smooth walk.
Past the Job Centre we
Glimpse the open doorways
Greeted by the sudden
Smell - spicy sandalwood.**

**Under the railway bridge
Bikes and scooters scramble
While pedestrians stroll
And wend their waste-strewn way
Along paper pavements.**

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09:38 - U

i

Loi Oriental Store

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4 1 78%

Mary Ann Garc

Myla and Davis

Marcella 40 Takeout • Delivery

Crossfield St

Ffinch St

Tanuki Gaming | Board Games

Game store use Tail Coffee

Strong Arm • Steady, Deptford

Barber shop

otford →

it gets

Poundland

Not too busy Lai Cha - Bubble Tea Top rated

ord Market Yard

Not busy

Iceland Foods Not busy

Carriage Way

Deptford Lounge

Busier than usual

Hullabaloo 40

Top rated Douglas Way

Giffin St

Deptfa

Autumnal air smells clean and whole.

**Passing open doorways wafting soap powder
spice and balms from jars.**

These are London streets with booming cars.

We're off to the market!

to see what others miss,

with all the men, women and children

and literally everyone else.

Random, dusty, broken treasure and

plenty to go round.

And round we definitely go,

touching, smelling, hearing and laughing

at the screams of vagrant electronics,

and trollies of unfortunate veg.

We have coffee and samosas,

bought from dark unknown places,

then off to the arches where we chant and we hum,

**where we bend over backwards and pretend to have
fun.**

WISH YOU WERE HERE

DEPTFORD STATION

Beside the station

The bridge hovers above us.

I smell the coffee.

THE BRIDGE

Wafts of sandalwood

**Fill my nostrils: then under
the bridge bins hit me.**

ST PAUL'S CHURCHYARD

Smooth curvy cobbles,

I smell the red, red rosses.

Bodies rot beneath.

DEPTFORD HAIKUS

I

A panoramic view

Between brown water and sky

Brings me urban tears.

II

Standing on the edge

Between high tide and the low

Catching sensations.

III

Bundled between friends

Following the flow of swans

Tapping past my feet.

RECORDING OF WEEK 4

**You're standing, moving closer, moving away,
Ears out on stalks, listening, smelling the air
And feeling the ground beneath you.**

The sound of a long cane;

Distant traffic;

You hear a train, I can't.

Your voices envelop me

**in a much-changed place where I've been half
a lifetime -**

Not yet with you but I shall be tomorrow.