



CROSSING BORDERS *by LSE students and staff 2011*

Pluck out your earpieces. Cross the border
into London.

WARNING

No persons are to enter
Into this void.



The Waste Land told us
Death had undone so many
The city holds them.

To what land does this city belong?
What country does it not contain?
Bussing it down the road,
Double decker outlook, two tier view.

There was once a man, an ambitious man,
He woke every morn; he ran, swam and planned;
There was later a man in an ambulance van,
He'd confounded himself
With his compounded wealth.

Financial flows crossing borders
cause on-going austerity,
with bankers remaining arch hoarders.



Overwhelming voices, with nothing in particular to say...
She bathed her feet in the sidestep of others,
"Competition breeds careful consideration" the lips did whisper,
"While contemplation coughs tremulous in all its dusted anguish."

The Thames
Meandering through history.
An entrance; a barrier,
A symbol of its pride;

More unity on the periphery,
As a pair of heels
Fly to three directions.

The humdrum of feet and wheels
Salute kerb, flowers, newsstands;
I stared watching her mouth move, his mouth move
They examine me like a manuscript



Knowledge knows not the warmth
Of the sun. Books line up dark
Shelves, the rain keeps on pouring.
A solitary confinement of



Unlocked doors and open windows,
If in ten years I stumble across a memory
Of grey streets and looming buildings
Wordlessly watching my heart swell and deflate
I will miss London.

My drug is to cross back and forth
Looking for something.
Wary eyes of the migrant and the faint hope of man.

Turn the corner;
New street;
Foreign language.
Brownstones white marbles, concrete - “κυμά;”
It’s all the same and different, facades and emblems of
grandeur.



By London fields where our glances
froze,
We stood dissolving in tranquil rain.
Mere sediments of our parting woes
Formed puddles of cyclic London pain.

Some borders are never crossed.
Shyness, schizophrenia, laissez-faire?

I’ve amassed an amazing mass of mastered
techniques and skills and experience
and lies which figure in figures that lie.
Crossing borders is all about your CV, darling.



Blue plaques, the men and women I met,
In the tattered pages of my grandfather’s books
Lived here
With so many that ‘don’t belong’ one finds good company.



Feed me on your milk and
honey
and take the gold from my alchemy
She wished for love and golden life
Left it all
Forgot it all
And left for Vienna.
A capital.
A community.
So integrated yet so detached
What is my mark?



“Please stay on the right
What is my mark?
One step divides us
Gutter or glittering tower
No passport required.