

Samaine Bouinou

At the bus shelter

Cold wind and rain on the bus-shelter.
Wind-blow and rain-rap on the roof.

Light and aloneness in the bus-shelter,
It is late, night falls, there's a wet bench
A street light, grey road, dripping rain.

And ... a huge perspex-faced photo of a street, rain,
Everything in it dark as midnight, a perfect place to write:

Every man is entitled to a roof over his head.

How much was spent on this poster-street in its rain,
A street without a shelter?

Translated by **Fred Johnston**

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