

The First Three Words of a Wish*

**From 'Potions' by Yusef Komunyakaa*

No Loitering Here, Maccy D's remind.
No cash? No warm time at the old Spot White.
The flyover splays giant fingers ringed with light,
rime seals the multi storeys. Wedding ice.
Learn to roost, bird-like, survive.
Heels ring, oaths explode, sex-echoes rise
from heated pipes. This is my life.
My life is this: or not: what spell said twice
could *skin the rabbit*, make it put right
wrongs done to me, to mine?
I wish for morning as I wish for wine,
small change to seek or heart to find.