

## Calaboose

A fissure of black draws the eye,  
jagged, crooked.

Above stares a two barred window –  
the bars lurching glassless  
to the left.

A cloud of colour  
wreathes below,  
dirty blue yields to pastels –  
pinks, orange,  
but greys too.

*A moment in time* the artist says –  
but whose?  
Inmate of the cell above,  
recipient of a grenade perhaps?

Turf war in Ecuador  
blackening,  
maiming...

A poem written 4-5 June, *Shoreham Art Trail*, by Chris Luck  
The artist mentioned is Susan Miller.

Calaboose *previous version*

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that blackens and  
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