

# Wire, Indirect Enquiries

You gained respect as we passed  
Not a wave, a gestured wink  
I was forced to think  
I couldn't ignore  
I've seen you before

Joking aside, face to face  
It's the one I cannot place  
A hint might enlarge your imprint  
I think I've had a taste of a savoury  
Denial would be a waste

Lying prone  
Hiding in a column, between SALE and ZDRK  
Sky, sand, and moorland, shepherd's delight  
But not in the sun  
Which stops you from walking

I might find you  
But I lack the patience  
Passed a corner, you'd been stolen  
Ate a meal, you'd been defaced