

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