

THREE SCORE AND TEN

My life: a Domesday Book,
a reckoning, deeds and misdeeds.

My life: the Encyclopaedia of Everything,
laid on its lectern open to the penultimate page.

Sometimes I wonder if I'm on some kind of
'Truman Show', me a solitary player

to whom, when it's over, that Audience
of One will offer a standing ovation.

I've misplaced my map – faded, smudged,
torn at the creases – where I'd marked a well,

fed by springs from an underground river. One sip
of those sweet waters, I thought, I'd be home free.

I keep her photo in my wallet.
When I collapse and die at the foot of a

Charing Cross escalator, people will
find it and say, *What a lucky guy.*

Excerpt from *Stone. Bread. Salt.* © Norbert Hirschhorn