



The Absentee Landlords

by Saffron Swansborough

Table-turning, here are a couple of egos
Playing you at your own game. You always

Said only the wildness of Jura would
Make you turn back. And here they

Are. Spittle-chins and moth-held undercoats,
The landlords from London. Their comb-overs

Haven't aged a bit. Unlike your double-rented
Brass doorknocker welded in Dorset

In the 1980s when leather was still in. Mr
Uncles and Mr. Uncles; brothers, sizing up

Your front window with monocles and pointy canes
While you've been behind on the lease, they've

Been eating Victoria Sponge cake with left-handed
Runcible spoons. Not dust-packets six feet below

But pillars of salt, striding with papers right now
To blow you away. You fold a boat from final demands

To set sail for a sandspit in the cauldron of the speckled sea*
Into which you'll sink everything you have left.

**Gulf of Corryvreckan*