

GRAHAM ROWLANDS

FLASHBACK

If concrete had been low & smooth &
lying curved over some lime green river
he would have been over & out. Easy.

Gaslights glowed old haloes across his bridge
on this one night of all nights etching
the wroughtiron railings coiled up sky
& intricately down against his footing.

If his body had been filed in mortuary drawer
almost before he took his slow walk to nowhere
but the slowest walkway down & over & up the old
& most troublesome ironwork on the front pages of
half a dozen tabloids & broadsheets tipped off by
numerous relatives who wanted & squabbled over
but wouldn't be left his tens of millions

then family & friends & passersby in the know
wouldn't have cried out for & clapped &
told him to hurry up & get on with it.