

SIGHT SEEING

And then she was gone
As purposeful as you like
In slack-suit and flatties
Head up, back straight, chin in
As though what had happened was nothing
Compared to what might happen
If she stayed, strapped to a street-corner
By a hot-rodding, social order specialist
Whose theories were certainly not fashioned
To cater for any differences of opinion
Gratuitously tendered at the first opportunity
To restore an out-of-order promise
A miserable kitchen scene surely for the in-towners
Who came to forget what they dearly wished to remember
Over the same old eggs for breakfast
And the same stale smile.

She walked discreetly away from her name
Called jokingly at first, then anxiously
Then matter-of-factly, out of duty
(Unconvinced that action mattered
Even if he knew about it)
As though (for all intents and purposes) the inevitable
would have to obtain
For the time being, at least
Until a phone call later did the trick
And the hand of fate moved on a lifetime
In a love-me world of all ways, don't forget.
And who said anything about hanging out your washing
In someone else's backyard?

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