

In the City

Why not, in the bright night,
Lucifer-coloured cars gunning and edging
Slowly down the strip, ablaze
With sound, ghetto-blasters in the
Darkened doorways, and every clean-limbed
Colour of whore in Christendom
Joking outside the endless delis — why not
Imagine, just for a moment, losing
Myself in this, putting down the
Burden of anticipation and accepting
The shades a city can paint, turning me
Now garish purple, now cucumber, now
Moving in rhythm with the strolling
Dancers, tossed by the fiery juggler,
Before I stream raggedly off to work,
Next morning, in my millions?

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