

3.11 Kingston Bridge – November (2014)

Back ain't too good today – this
dullest of November days
composed of nothing but
inconsequential acts
of those without identity.

So *why'm I floating*
over Kingston Bridge past
swan-skim on the grey water
(recalling that intrepid pilot Schlumberger
landing on the Hudson).
Beside the pillar at TKMaxx
the man performs some
indecipherable transaction
with his shivering hound.

So *why'm I smiling*, past
young impassive faces, dressed up
in blue – the Dolphin Marching Band
from Poole in Dorset: drum-skins
these days tolerate the rain, as
crisp sticks rattle down on
them: miraculous arrhythmia deserves
a bob or two for all the way they've come.
Clutching her child's bare mid-riff
the young mum argues with her man
outside the nail-care (male and female) shop:
nails are big business on this dullest day.

So *why'm I wondering* what
got into me? – a growing sense of Oneness:
all these faces, all these lives,
they move as if behind a glass while I
track down the little thing I came for :
the precious, nameless, thumb-sized
thing through which
my mouse can speak to my machine.
And this, among the Oneness, is the symbol
for that thumb-sized secret
we search for in ourselves,
to unlock the gate to Heaven.

No wonder that I'm smiling! and the back ain't that bad after
all!

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