

### 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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