

Electric Train

The grass is brown and
Grey fatigue tramples along the track
Where fast trains compete
And pink bog paper
Slowly melts with the last snow.

A heron, white and leggy in a yellow field :
Frost icing on sponge mud
— And where do all the lorries go, good heavens,
Where the hell do they all go ? —
As marsh lands are dried
To house the needy, the jobforsaken rabble
That gather on the fringes
Of benefit.

And — really — I would have loved you
(but not your prick)
Only here you are gone tomorrow
And summer, too, has lost its depth.