

ELVIS LIVES

Boom-box strapped

To the handlebars of his mobility-scooter

Rolling like a limousine through the weekend shoppers

Stopping to hang tough

With the wannabe rappers

Oblivious to their mockery, their turn-away grins

A new song begins

Clocks spin backwards, a band strikes three

Love me tender, love me true

Turbulent strings drip pathos over

The condom-strewn paving slabs

Bring balm to any sudden knife

Drawn in anger - spread late sunlight

Over Graceland