

### **Last Resort.**

Season of dogs twining their leads  
around your legs, sniffing places to piss,  
unembarrassed. Their owners  
look the other way, feign nonchalance.

At the sea's edge, a young boy  
yelps and leaps. Adores the risk,  
the defiance. His mum must wait,  
as she will wait fifty more years:  
her son will grow, but never leave.

Something about these eyes not right  
as she scoops pistachio into her gob;  
it isn't booze, some darker drug  
that seals her in from experience.

A snatch of sunshine and the cars queue,  
cans on wheels, full of angry beasts  
dying for release. Two hours there,  
three hours back and the strain  
to be happy in between.

Scrooge is clearly at large today,  
mean minded old buffer forgetting  
the delight of sand garnished sandwiches,  
pink legs under baggy shorts,  
grins as wide as slices of melon.