

An Existentialist on The M1

I have been mistaken for many things,
worn many a mask. Cowboy with a cap gun;
inside left for Chelsea; son of Elvis;
cool dude in Lampton Park playground;
speechless, spotty, addicted to love.

I marched on The American Embassy,
lent my shrill voice and large convictions
to the cause. Spent a week end in Somerset,
became the next great nature poet,
reclined in chequered shade and velvet trousers.

Then there was the West Coast Hippy, high on Life,
curls fringing my face, disciple of Dylan,
vagabond of the endless highway.
Next, the tortured academic squeezing words
through the strainer of uneasy intellect.

The real thing never arrived. Juvenile dad,
I became absent husband. My daughter
and I still stand on the edge, do not fall,
by the grace of god. Imagination
has always been my homeland, my legacy.