

Never have I aped a service station,
a welcome break for nose to tail traffic,
a cash machine with a large commission,
a picnic area on the bald grass.
Newport Pagnell and I share no resemblance.

Unless, perhaps, you count the time I stood
on the bridge, gazed down at the hurtling cars,
couldn't work out my purpose, couldn't
go forward or turn back. Suspended time,
for an instant, became, briefly, who I am.