

A19 Northbound

One winter day I'm driving from Little Weighton
to Whitley Bay when the afternoon sun
bleaches the eastern trees to faded
model railway scenery and I sigh
for the best part of an hour.

Twenty minutes later, whaddyaknow,
illumination arrives on a white horse
and I've never ridden one but I'll give
that one a go if I don't first find someone
to rein me in.

I'm seeing so much light and dark lately
I'll end up being able to differentiate.

Two isolated trees are coated in
back-of-the-cupboard curry powder
and I think about taking a photo
like I think about a lot of things.

Four or five miles before Mount Grace Priory
I see a pylon in its own heavenly light
and until the next lay-by I worship
electricity and North Yorkshire fields
and the god of godlessness.

One hundred miles or so click by and I find myself
a whole lot later but not really any further on
and I'm throwing caution to the wind
and my coins all at once
at the Tyne Tunnel northbound machine
which was removed bloody years ago.

It's hard to keep up.
It's really hard to keep up.