

Previously, on the me show

Eyes wide at the sweat soaked, body-jamming,
leg-shake, head-turning, jerky dancing of it all:
I knew less then than I thought.

Before marriage, mortgage, children – nights
felt longer. My most urgent existential questions
revolved around where we might end up.

Not in life, that evening. Venues with guitars
and singing, sent surging out of speakers,
in fly-posted, black-painted rooms.

We'd gather outside thronging pubs,
lean on walls, pints slopped down on narrow
shelves, alongside optimistic ashtrays.

Impure post-dusk blue of city skies, distorted
by the star-killing stain of streetlight halo.
Anything might happen.

Prospects tempered only slightly, by the itch
of shapeless discontents. Vague concerns
for planet, latest war, often parked, when escaping

to the bar. Naively hoping such issues would be
addressed by grown-ups, politicians later. And not
during those exalted hours of vacant grinning.