

## **Subculture**

*Its where you go to invent yourself to strangers – Guy Garvey*

You know, there's a moment when it's clear,  
in that bar where there's no wedding ring  
glint on the pock-marked counter  
no jukebox warrant  
making people stay for another old song,  
that bar where we're wised-up cubs, rough coats  
and we don't need instrumentation  
and loss because everything is sharp and who needs  
some guy's five o'clock shadow; let's leave  
that bar, a dollar tip at the edge of the tobacco spit  
ashtray, half a bicycle outside tied up by a chain;  
somebody's dog whining on a too-tight leash,  
let's shuffle out the split door  
liquored up on something strange;  
step over to the Exxon near Waverley  
and buy a pack of Lucky Strikes to split,  
sit and inhale the still-warm evening  
*Sure, man*  
you're somebody's desperado while  
I'm the heat off the sidewalk deluded  
by summer sun