

Driving Alone In The City At Night

Joshua Burnside

Driving alone in the city at night
I thought I saw you
Caught in the high branches
Of a beech tree bowling in the bluster
Above the big houses of
Solicitors

Built at the end of the twentieth century
Computers were big, everybody was wealthy
Then the horror of it all flew into my vision
Like an owl for it's dinner with lethal precision

And into the dark, you rode on the wind
Shaking your head, as if to rescind
Some crucial law of quantum mechanics

One cannot be here, whilst over there
So you must remain, my kind brother
Yes you must remain, my sweet brother

Until eventually all of our buried skeletons
Are gently uncovered by smiling Americans
And all is explained
How we came to such unfortunate endings
By the cracks on our skulls
And the dull arrows in our graves

A hedge around us
Smoke rising from the edge of the pitch flood
I'm not upright in light of it all

And flashing blue, the ambulance grew
For an old local man, my old man knew
He was found in the morning, under the white land
A half-pint of Guinness frozen to his hand
Naked and soulless
Half-naked and soulless

Oh Dear

But you must remain,
You must remain
You must remain
You must remain
You must remain
Yes you must remain
My kind brother
My sweet brother
A little while longer than I

My kind brother