

INDISCRIMINATE

Old wooden escalator rattles upwards,
icy air howling in our faces
as we clutch the handrail tightly
and hold our bags close to us.

Camden Town.

Rush hour.

Wet roads.

Dark.

Sainsbury's.

The railway bridge

(the North London Line that'll take us home later, if we run).
Dreary North London in dreary winter drizzle.

People choose to live here,

can you imagine -

It's cold inside, absolutely freezing.

There's a wood-fire and clean sawdust freshly laid on the floor,
and we huddle inside our jackets, pints held close.

(When I'm rich and famous I'll own this place
and there'll be tea and coffee
and hot buttered scones -

but for now it's pints and peanuts,
and I'm cold and I'm hungry and -
and I would brave cleaning my teeth
in the not-so wonderful toilets,
only I find I've forgotten the toothpaste, and -)

"Hello."

You speak my name and we both smile.
You're dressed in the same clothes,
or so it seems to me.

And here we are again.

This place again.
Here, where we first met,
me and you and your perfect smile,
and I fell in love, or tried to.

Wanted to - because it helps take my mind off things.

Because I needed to, and
you - you don't mind,
what does it matter to you,
you and your smile,
which I think of as false,

but which really is just indiscriminate.

(But - Jesus, why should you reserve it for me;

we only met the once.
Just, I wish you would.)

"A drink?"

"Oh, no thanks, I have one,"
gesturing to my pint on the table.

We smile again.

(We don't have anything to say to each other;
we don't know each other at all.

In a moment you'll amble off and speak to someone else.