

Tim Cleal

Wrong Thoughts

i'm in the wrong universe , wrong town, wrong streets
wrong house. I leave the wrong house walk out into
the wrong street too alive

i head out down Albert Road and along Paradise Mews
through Box Set Avenue by Coronation Cottages

i see a bus driver arguing with his boss
or best wife hands free he's in the right place. I

gallop past the Turf Accountant he's a proper
human I enter the Surgery ne go ti ate the
high hurdle of the Doctor's Receptionist she
knows all the right words nothing she
says at the moment is mentally intellectually socially
scientifically or spiritually Wrong!

I enter the doctor's cave needles lie
Around his desk like snapped off stalagmites. stalag,
I say he's full of health and rehearsed genius

and think , I think he's as sound as a pound
free at the point of delivery I pit stop at the
chemist he's read the tablets of stone the stone
spoke the milligrammatical truth but it was a tongue
twister why can't they explain the difference
or say they can, twixt life and grey skies?

"Do they know it's Christmas time a-at all?" ?
Who is "they" who is asking the question? Of whom
do they ask it? And what is Christmas?

And "older folk are more depressed"?

it's because of too much change, too quickly but

it's nothing changing to nothing – a vortex

into the ground to safety with unseen

unheard unfelt worms with

brains the size

of a

universe