

## Under The Coventry Ring Road.

A coil of concrete anacondas,  
constricting, perched on Parthenon plinths,  
sucking, swallowing, the poisoned chokers,  
defecated undigested into multi-stories.  
Rattling tails tickling, the Sky Dome, the Station, Greyfriars Green  
and Mary Herbert's Garden.  
Does Alfred know?

It has places,  
where the weather fly-tips its unloved possessions,  
corners crammed with the debris that the wind and its accomplices discarded.  
Where the brown, once crackling, deciduous leaves  
assemble to decompose.  
Where sienna-stained water on drizzling days  
filters an irritating rhythmless drip to the drains.  
Footpath traps, where pigeons cough diesel phlegm and vie  
with Banksy's apostles to fresco the brickwork.

Boot crunching broken bits of biro pens,  
springs, clips, tubes and tips, a solitary shoe  
curled and laced, cigarette butts, shattered translucent plastic lighters,  
car park tickets, scratched scratch cards and plastic straws.

There is a duvet there now, it tripped me trying not to notice.  
I apologised without turning.  
I can't recall if I was coming or going.

Joe Reynolds