

Mundanity of a Lockdown: a Series

By James Robertson

I Look Out Of My Window

I look out of my window
steam rises
from the unwashed mug
yawn a 100 and 54
scratch a strap
fused to the flesh
blow

there is a tree at my window
scant of verdancy
twigs twist like veins
riddled by plague
body swayed by and
by the daily wind

I turn away from my window

I look out of my window
plates piled up high
to a mountain, only
achievement today
seventh season complete
red eyes they feel it
groan

there is a tree at my window
arms bend a wider ring
hickory-dickory dock
up crawls a ladybug
holding its own
against the daily wind

I turn away from my window

I look out of my window
scrape tomorrow's dust
out of from my sight
I never listened to jazz
mould inhabits my cup
repeat that lick, Coltrane
moan

there is a tree at my window
from the delicate finger
tips sprout specks of green
catch the unsmogged
light, it's cutting its way
through the daily wind

I turn away from my window

I look out of my window

Hold

snap a shot
you shall
frame it on
the wall

the full days
picture fades
the colours
grow cold

once smiles
pierced the dark
loving boy
lost spark

hold it close now
close to heart
keep it beating
steady, past

The 60s Didn't Prepare Me For This

medium shots
of Westminster Bridge
under
the Thames
does babble
Tesco's plastics
drift along

the sun is out
the lights are on
action calls
but no one's out

the City Press
catches the gutter
close up
mice
scurry Piccadilly
background sound
cut out of the mix

the sun is out
boom mic stood
film strip rolling
but no one's out

proudly shot
Pinewood's city
the set up is
so real
it could fool
the wife screams
in black and white

the sun is out
break for lunch
a "real London"
but no one's out

cue the saucer
flying over
model
streets set to rubble
St Paul's implode
people don't know
who disappear

the sun is out
practical effects
a new costume
but, no one is out

layers of plastic
and metal, glue
hot
under the collar
cue the killer plants
a tin death machine
chimp zombies, too

the sun is out
money shot please
destroy Soho
but, no one is out

28 days past
days look longer
than they did
on your screens
nothing has
changed
digits move forward

the sun is out
the sun is out
but, no one is out
nothing is out

(the 60s didn't
warn
me,
prepare me
for this)

Usual Walk

no clouds
in the sky
air
no diesel
hard taste to tongue

sun-drenched
leaves
glare
shot off
stark naked asphalt

lone pitbull
prowls
wag
collar-less
defecates a footpath

barren roads stretch
out
no diesel
driving to
the sky