

Idle Thoughts
Precinct

A PRECINCT was a good idea:
No cars allowed, so it would be a
Pleasant, peaceful, quiet spot.
It hasn't worked: well, not a lot.
It's clear, away from busy street,
You still must needs think on your feet.

It's traffic-free: it's not a road —
Unless they want to come and load,
Which is why you find, bad luck,
You may be jostled by a truck.
What's more, because it's ever thus,
You're nudged quite rudely by a bus —
Because the planners all agree
A bus goes where it's traffic-free.

Clever columns, ads in mind,
Stand proudly to beset the blind:
White cane passes underneath,
So what's above can thump the teeth.

In precinct's space, the yobs can seize
The chance to ruin tiny trees
And carve initials on a seat
And trample shrubs with trained feet
And launch a ritualistic brawl
And pee profoundly up a wall.
All this, and more, may be enjoyed
From seating, partially destroyed.

A precinct was a good idea.
Alas, all human life is here.
