

Idle Thoughts

Shiny Stepping-Stones

WALL-EYED houses sandwich car-snarled street.
Today's the day when drivers drive no more.
Today, their tin-box treasures meet defeat
In city trunk roads' final great *encore*.

Side-by-side and nose-to-tail, they're jammed,
As hapless tin's converted to a pall –
A shiny tableau to recall the damned
Who tried to drive, then ceased to drive at all.

We now have gleaming stepping-stones that guide
Our leaps from roof to roof to cross the road –
A venture that we never could have tried,
If traffic had not stopped once it had slowed.

And now we find at last that we can meet
Our cross-street neighbours, and then pause to talk.
On shining footpath, we've traversed the street
And thanked dead cars that made it safe to walk.
