

## *Motion*

# *Light Relief*

I'M a driver who has been  
Dismayed to find the lights on green –  
Dismayed to find I've had to go,  
With problems pounding in my head,  
And not disrupt the traffic flow  
By pausing for a rest instead.

I'm a driver who will wait  
On red, relieved to punctuate  
The fretful journey of the day  
At tranquil havens which have been  
So welcoming in every way,  
Because the traffic lights weren't green.

I grasp the chance, behind my screen,  
Provided that the lights aren't green,  
To shut away the world that's real,  
And empty out my bursting brain,  
And just relax behind the wheel  
Until the lights go green again.

It's heaven, when the lights are red  
And I've the time to scratch my head  
And stretch the muscles in my face —  
A slightly disconcerting stunt,  
As wild expressions briefly race,  
Mad-mirrored, for the man in front.

*Cocooned's* the word for what I've been:  
Delighted that the lights weren't green.  
Alas, the world no longer shows  
Respect for solitude: instead,

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Though I would rather pick my nose,  
It interrupts when lights are red.

This sacred time, these days, is breached.  
My window's tapped and I'm beseeched  
To buy some fruit or things to read,  
And someone leaps to wash my screen,  
Or sell me flowers I don't need. . .  
So now I pray the lights are green.

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