

Establishing Shot

It might as well come here as anywhere.
 Pick any card: street-lamps, tall leylandii,
 rotated ryegrass in available light.
 A long, slow take. Half-closing-day. No-one
 playing out. A goal-mouth chalked on brick
 is a frame within a frame just for a moment
 before the artless pan resumes: bollards
 and gutter-grass; and those who've just dipped in
 expecting wide-screen, a lone rider
 descending from high plains; the sans serifs
 of Hollywood, strong language from the outset
 or a director's trademark opening
 will want their money back. We may as well
 admit this is THE END too, while we're here.

A Tunnel

A tunnel, unexpected. The carriage lights
we didn't notice weren't on prove their point
and a summer's day is cancelled out, its greens
and scattered blue, forgotten in an instant

that lasts the width of a down, level to level,
a blink in "London to Brighton in Four Minutes"
that dampens mobiles—conversations end
mid-sentence, before speakers can say

"a tunnel"—and the train fills with the sound
of itself, the rattle of rolling stock amplified,
and in the windows' flue a tool-shed scent,
metal on metal; a points flash photograph;

and inside all of this a thought is rattling
in a skull inside the train inside the tunnel
inside great folds of time, like a cube of chalk
in a puncture repair tin at a roadside

on a summer day like the one we'll re-enter
at any moment, please, at any moment.
Voices are waiting at the other end
to pick up where we left off. "It was a tunnel."