

Riding a wave (after Bukowski)

I was trying to get home after a meeting
where I'd felt kind of central and important
at the same time as being fearful and vague
like I was missing every third word
and still trying to ride the meaning
and document it at the same time
like a surfer with one eye on the curl
smiling into a waterproof sports camera
held at arms length
the other eye on the shore.

A power failure at Birmingham
meant the train was held in a queue.
Every twenty minutes a signal light would turn green
and we got another four hundred yards up the track
for another twenty minute wait.

I was so tired and hungry I went walking up the carriage
looking for a fight.

I was a lot meaner and about fifty pounds heavier
since I quit drinking
and no-one would look me in the eye.
Fucking cowards.

That cunt Kinaski never had any trouble finding a fight.
He was so dumb, falling flat on his fat ass drunk
most often people would just push that dick over with one finger.
The guy could write a good poem though. I'll give him that.
Shame he's fucking dead.

One of these days I'll get home.

[edited in 2012 from a 2006 text written on the train]