

When Dawn Arrives

Madness

He hums tonight through his streets,
My unlatched window the tune repeats,
The kerb-crawling car winds down to a stop.
A few seconds mumble then whisks him off.

Sick and tired of abuse,
Controlled signs of hysteria,
But like when dawn arrives,
He remembers his leisure.

He runs tonight through his block,
A crack in the curtain is unlocked.
No meeting with a mother or greeting a friend
A sharp-looking boot-jack with some time to spend.

Sick and tired of abuse,
Controlled signs of hysteria,
But like when dawn arrives,
He remembers his leisure.

He cries tonight
Through his manner
I can see his conscience
Get the better
From a door-way stepped in
Shadowed leather
Exchanging handshakes for money
And pleasure.

He crawls tonight through his scum,
From my dirty window his body's numb.
Beneath the street-lamp tilts shoulders bent,
Then meets his pick-up who pays his rent.

Sick and tired of abuse,
Controlled signs of hysteria,
But like when dawn arrives,
He remembers his leisure.
His pleasure