

From Blackfriars Station, London

*Peter J. King*

brown Thames, choppy  
underneath the bridge  
(in faded red and rusted white)

above the wide and sweeping  
bend (by London Eye)  
clouds rise, a mountain range  
but moving almost  
imperceptibly

we turn, and out past  
Tower Bridge the sky is  
rippled solid grey (a siren  
scratches electronic fingernails  
down Blackfriars Road)

the water doesn't lap  
it slaps the pilings  
standing still in pairs, truncated now,  
the sad memorials of former  
and more elegantly decorative times