

London, The Ungodly Hour

by Tianna Ellis

2am

Cracked glass under my feet
No fucking cigarette
And I'm tired
Dog tired
One barks at me from behind a railing and I bite back
Shove it, mutt.

There's no such thing as moonlight
I can't see a fucking thing.
I feel like I've been had somehow
Cheated out of something
I can't think what of right now of course
But it'll come to me
Don't you worry.

I'm not even close to home.
But I can't take the trains or buses right now
I can't take anything except these gaping amber streets
And thick air.

The river café is closed
I could howl
And no one would hear me.

Laughter and I look up at the blue and white people
Sitting above me in a revolving glass dome
Drinking wine with accents in their names
I think about where I come from

And realize that I could never have been one of those people
I go on
And so does life.

The water below me is ink
I could dip my finger in and write like Shakespeare
Suddenly I hear a saxophone and a voice the colour of the mellow
street lights
Know what?
Screw it
I'm dancing home.

