

Avenue Deja Vu

Drunk
one night
a sense of the somehow familiar sneaked up
to push me behind the Dali wheel
for a slow trawling drive
in big rain
without wipers
down Avenue Deja Vu

To the left
me

To the right
here

In the rear-view mirror
that place

Straight ahead
this place

No
not quite

But somewhere
very similar

Me

A fusion of gametes
brought together
as a result of alcohol over-consumption
on a bed of coats in a room upstairs
at the end of a Policeman's Ball
A plastered rutting hump
on dizzy mixed drinks
by a pair of folks
who looked
a bit like
me

Only younger

back then

the bed's osteoporosis legs had snapped under the
weight of jackets
hats
coats and action

Hit the floor all Laurel and Hardy
spilling them out
either side

Organs separating at the very
moment
causing the seed to land on arid polyester
and barren tweed

All was lost
save for a lone individual
who
not daring to look back

swam
with all its might
into the dark beyond
towards the pickled egg

back then

having rearranged his quiff
he wiped his dripping nose
on the back of his smoking hand
and on leaving the room did the exact same
with his dick
on someone's duffel

back then

she dropped a sherry hiccup
as she tried to find her
shoe