

## A Metro Minstrel

Wolfy O'Hare

A sudden rush of metallic air,  
The crowding wait begins -  
And there he is; boy and guitar.

Not playing, but re-tuning.  
Between gauche performances  
He inclines his ear attentively.

Everyone's disappearing son,  
A uniform of baggy this and that;  
Patinas of blank, unshaven days.

In *not* playing he enchants  
An inattentive public;  
He tempers his intervals alone.

There is stroking tranquillity  
In his estimation of accord;  
A private joy in a public place.

Poised between escalators  
And routes all over London,  
A minor chord falls to earth.

The doors open and close  
Guitars and boys recede;  
The driven day dilutes them.

Later, speeding through fields  
Leaving London in the rain.  
His face is called to mind again.

The dark beyond the glass  
Opens to an evening of nowhere

And being lost - is almost infinite.