

## Hard Shoulder

Driving down the Parkway, our headlights  
frisking trees right and left, what lies  
beyond the green verge is anybody's guess.

Half-asleep I dream industrial estates,  
hyper-markets, places that call themselves mills  
and are not mills. One day we will turn off.

We duck under the flyover, choose one of three  
equidistant routes past staggering girls  
in the night club dawn and the blue-lit waterfall

marooned in nowhere that lights up squatting  
homeless boys we are too afraid to house.

