

AFTER THE CRICKET

Stuck in the traffic with time to stare.
Going nowhere.

Thronging crowd so intent on leaving.
Bobbing and weaving.

From too much sun and too much beer.
Some lurch and leer.

But no asian-aussies sprinkle this crowd.
All white and loud.

A wall of massed bodies stopped at the light.
Ill-fitting clothes the dominant sight.

Floppies and shades with singlets and shirts.
Baggies and sandals that probably hurt.

The light goes green and over they surge.
Driven by some invisible urge.

Older men striding steadfast ahead.
Heads up and eyes front they seem to have said.

Chins and stomachs leading the way.
Just like diggers on Anzac Day.

Younger men scamper around and about.
"Don't wait for the lights" they shove and they shout.

Over-active, excited and eyes open wide.
They too could stand straight if only they tried.

I'll bet that most just yearn to get home.
Stretch out in a chair with a pint of foam.

To watch it all over again on TV.
And say: "Hey is that me?"

Brian Lewis
War Memorial Drive.
Adelaide.
Dec. 2009.