

Lonely Londoner

There is a mist over the Thames this morning;
London smells patently lonely; it has been
three days, and I long to say farewell
to this city of circumspect loners. It was
not always like this; I confess, I once
dreamed of London as my familiar Mecca.
That is all swallowed up now in the clipped
sterility of my contacts with Londoners.
I will not miss the protocol of British politeness,
ever.

KWAME DAWES