

### The Toasters By The Quay

In another fifty years  
we'll see the light rail completion.  
This city is an industrial  
playground for construction.

Sitting on the steps of Custom  
House library accustomed  
to the atmosphere of reading  
in the crowd I imbibe

Lowel's Skunk Hour  
I memorise each line like  
my mind's not right,  
voyeurism's second-hand smoke fills the air.

I wear a hidden patch  
A more direct injection  
The day's heating up  
I'm toast in a microwave

in a constant humming of engines  
and battering of drills shaking  
the books off the shelves  
out of the library into the street

from out of Ken Kesey's  
One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest:  
I see nurse Ratched  
approach across the square,

her smite dreaming  
shock treatment  
straight-jacket  
takes me there.

She brings my medication  
with her friends in white coats  
surrounding all these big kid  
Jack Nicholson's in hard hats

building transport castles  
in their giant city sandpits,  
every decade a new face-lift  
turns around the sea

it's lit-up sockets  
in a horsey visage  
on toasted millionaires  
by the quay.

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