The Hour In Kennington Park

The bees and the parakeets fly freely;

They show me how captivity works best

If granted freedom, an hour all, to be

Taken alone like a dog bored of rest.

Illegal, the metal poles to climb; use

trees to exercise, and benches, to bench.

The young on dates - criminals! it’s Footloose

for kissing, but we will dance nonetheless.

I, alone, watch others in their bubbles.

I pass the trumpet player, a busker

Of lonely age: his bugle call doubles

As his epitaph and mourners cluster

In groups of two to hear the old man play

And so there ends my freedom for the day.