

Wreck

The day you wrote, 'I don't know who I want'
after a year of being sure it was me
I turned my bike onto a one-way street,
hit a car and landed on cement.

I wasn't badly hurt, just shocked. The worst
pain was in my thumb. A blood-swirl
was trapped under the pale base of my nail.
I locked the wreck to a traffic-light post.

Two more months of your uncommitted loves –
The blood clot is halfway up my nail –
I picture the bike still chained to the pole
predawn, when red turns to green and nothing moves.

I haven't gone back – it may not be there –
It may not be worth the cost of repair.

Published in *New Poetry* 8, ed. John Fuller. London: Arts Council of Great Britain and PEN, 1982.