

On the shoulders of giants

London is a chip dressed in marble,
the largesse of bronze,
red-eyed and bussed for tourists, like us,
up from Berkshire's blunt shunt into Paddington,
Piccadilly, Eros, Lower Regent Street.

And the giants come.
They lift up their eyes above Green Park
to a sky-line of the possible.
On their shoulders we balance
like pigeons.

Gareth Alun Roberts