

Declan Wiseman – Roundabout

1.

around we go

spinning

circling

running

free

where cars should go

you travelled up in your car

to take us to the footy

Oldham Tranmere

Blackpool

another few hundred miles in the tank

there and back

to Coventry

past midnight

a night out in Colly

crawling home

a roundabout

you take off

I follow

charging round it

free

2.

orbit the roundabout

no exit

no exit

no exit no existence

diversion followed

to nowhere

gees pull you

brain sticks to one side of skull

diverted to diversion

distraction

depression

round and

round

revolting revolutions

another three hundred and sixty five
still in the same stasis
social skills melting
into blurred backgrounds of zoom meetings
yellow signs
keep you suspended
in this series of
revolutions
on track to nowhere
the wheels
keep turning
stuck in second gear

3.

signs lift
pedal to metal
woozy
disorientated
normal
new normal
new old normal
opening up
hug friends in
 parks, pubs and at bus stops
run free
round roundabouts
ecstatic circling in the glowing
urban twilight