

Diane Cluck, Ambulance

an ambulance at the crossroads
the crossroads in the city
and no one will let it through
though its lights are streaming every hue
and the bleeder in the back thinks
this is the moment of my death
i'm about to die in a traffic jam
and everyone's so angry at me
because i have the nerve to die right here
because i'm making you miss things at home on TV

you are at the crossroads
there's crossroads at the city
and no one will let you through
though you've waited
hours on the queue
and the phone in your backpack
pick it up
cos' you'll be late
call your wife and tell her that
she should save you something to eat
because you're caught here looking at
the blood in the street
rushing past the trash
and the tires at your feet