

## Rumination on The Past

Here's one for you:

have you ever snuck into Ancient Greece?

It's alright but it could do with a sweep.

And another:

did you know,

the collective noun for haircuts of the past

is *an embarrassment*?

One minute the past is a cheeky, lumbering toddler,  
crayoning the walls and trying ice cream for the first time,  
and the next it's an oversized bronze statue  
of *such* a clever man, that rings  
hollow as a bell when you strike it.

The past gets wasted at a rave,  
lets one tit fall out of its string vest and laughs.  
It wears a top hat and shoots  
anything it considers different.

I can say whatever I want about the past  
because it's too dead to have its feelings hurt.

Just kidding, the past is incessantly alive.  
It flops down next to you on the tube, stinking and perverted.  
It comes streaming from the widowed eyes of your neighbour.  
It shelters from rain under a single sheet of newspaper  
soaked see-through,  
both obscure and all-too-clear.