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The Mystic Night

Amber Busha

*T*he cold night air nipped at my bare skin
Like an angry hound - I shivered as I imagined it
Chasing me - only my scent in its nose.
The street lights dispense an orange haze, creating
Halos around themselves
That reflect off the black pools in the streets.
The splash startles me as I step into one, the freezing
Water an unwelcome sensation to my
Tingling toes. The night smells of the heavy
Fog rolling in from the river.
I turn a corner and hear the gentle slap slap
Of the Thames against the bank and
I wonder, "How many times has William Shakespeare
Walked these streets at this hour? I think of Eliot,
He must have written once on a night like this;
You know the fog does tend to lick its tongue
Into the corners of the evening...
Three figures are huddled outside on the only open
store -
One passes a brown paper bag to another -

He shakes his head and the first slurs,
“Oy—it ain’t peer pressure, it’s just your turn lad.”
I smile as I hear the familiar slosh of a half empty
bottle
Turned up. “Lucky guy” I think to myself -
He’s too fubar-ed to even feel the damp cold.
Shu bu jin yan yan bu jin yi
The profound words of knowledge and a deeper
sense
Of meaning, as simple as Trig I guess.
I dove into the river and swam to Picadilly Circus
To see what was there.
I passed Big Ben on the way and he winked at me.
“I suppose “The Waterboy”
Is a fitting name,” I told him and grinned.
This night will be one to remember
The night London came alive -
The goofy clock, the laughing pubs,
The history lesson from The Victoria and Albert,
And The Globe is always overdramatic
At this time of night.
Don’t go near Westminster or
The Tower of London now -
All you’ll hear is droning hymms

And the chopping of heads.
They all stopped their mystic chatter
And sang to me, "We were born before the wind,
Also younger than the sun,"
I smiled with sorrow at the thought
Of a life measured out in coffee
Spoons as I asked myself,
"Do I dare?"
