

SPITALFIELDS MORNING

I bumped into Gilbert & George,
apologised and waved them on,
then realised who they were.

Bright flyposting critiqued
our world and urged me to listen
to music by unheard-of bands;

underneath the arches
the record shop hasn't changed,
still has nothing I want to buy,

but I like the idea of being there
after forty years of business expansion
and musical deconstruction.

There wasn't time and it
wasn't the place to take a photo
as the artists opened their front door

but it felt good, my brush
with fame, a sighting of
this elusive, dapper pair.

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