

Tramp, Tramp

Written by Dave Cartwright

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I only knew him as Angus, from the children. He always seemed to be on a mission, some destination fixed in his steel blue eyes.

I saw him this morning, at the top of the lane,

resplendent in his new suit.

I say new:

to me or you, abreast of fashion,

his pin-grey stripes and wide-lapels

suggest an ignorance of passion

for masquerade

or style.

But what does he care?

With giant stride and fierce stare

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he'll beat a pathway through the wood,

then march the streets

that bear the weight

of peacock souls

who suppurate

in avaricious mood.

Does he pass the time of day?

I hardly see him talking.

“He is mad,” the town-folk say,

but Angus keeps on walking.