

Johnny and the Hurricanes

Sundays too we worked in Electric park,
Collecting cash, choosing rubber numbers.
Dimming the lights for the eight big hits
We'd smoke a cigarette like a last perfection
With our scoops of popcorn and black persuasion shoes.
What did we know of love's distant duties
With our kissproof rouge in the wavy glass of the bar?
Behind the Bubbler speakers, Rollicord guitars
And twanged-up patch of uneasy wonder
The Hurricanes sang 'Beauty Check Machine'
And 'Last ride on the ghost train',
Screwing up their eyes, blinking for the glare.

FJ Williams