

LEFT COMES INTO CONFLICT WITH RIGHT

Walking as I do on the left,
same side as I drive,
I sometimes come into conflict
with fellow citizens who are
firmly committed to the right,
and stick to it at all costs.

Here comes one, heaving into view
suddenly, from 'round the corner.

I continue, watching, anticipating, eyes fix't,
as she edges closer to the wall
I'm already hair's breadth up against.

She edges closer, tight to the edifice,
almost as if to climb it,
or crawl up, razor claws extended.

I continue. She suddenly veers out
into the hollow between body streams.

Reprieve from yet another attempt
to exert a right-handed will on the world.

Is it because I'm essentially ambidextrous
that I'm not rigid-minded
about always walking right
in left-sided Australia, right hand ready
to grasp imaginary handrail, alert
to possibility of fall under this unbalanced
book and camera-filled backpack's weight?

Or is it that I'm simply trying to be a good citizen,
walking as caringly as I might
drive a car if I had one? Never mind.

There will always be those who contest
all good intentions. ❀