

Rush hour traffic

It's known as the rush hour traffic
Yet it's creeping along with no pace
Bumper to bumper they're crawling
But no one is winning the race
Heading for their destinations
But nobodies getting there quick
Horns sounding out, some's frustrations
Others have noses to pick
A white van is causing some chaos
Lane swapping as the other lanes faster
Has to get in there at all costs
Almost causing a disaster
Thankfully she had wits about her
Lady driver in her Skoda behind
And she told him with a two fingered gesture
That she also thought he was blind
Stuck in the queue is a sports car
Engine purring waiting to explode
A gallon of fuel doesn't get far
And it's not getting far down this road
Its blackened out windows hardly contain
The repetitive boom from within
He must have an ego that's hard to restrain
Cos everyone's looking at him
On the two story bus the faces stare out
Blank expressions with no signs of life
Zombie like creatures just sitting about
By the windows with nowhere to hide
Making the journey they make every day
Looking like none of them speak
Looking like cattle in every way
All of their working day, week
Agro, frustration with hustle and bustle
Is the rush hour stand still malarkey
Impatience and stress with lashings of hassle
But not for me, cos I'm walking.

By Lee Haigh