As a Perfectly Foolish Young Man I Wanted 21

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The Wanderer of Golders Green

I awake each morning
With fresh hope
And tranquility;
I might go for a saunter
Down quiet London backstreets...
Soon my aimlessness
Depresses me,
And I realise
I'd been deceiving myself
As to my ability
To relax as others do.

I decided on a Special B
Before the eve.
I bought a lager
At the Bar
And chatted to Gaye.
Then Ray
Bought me another.

I appreciated the fact
That he remembered
The time he,
His gal Chris,
And Cary Downed
An entire Bottle
Of Jack Daniels
In a Paris-bound train.

A tanned cat
Bought me a (large) half,
Then another half.
My fatal eyes
Are my downfall.
I drank yet another half...

My head was spinning
When it hit the pillow;
I awoke
With a terrible headache
Around one o'clock.
I prayed it would depart.

I slowly got dressed.
I was as chatty as ever
Before the exam...
French/English translation.
Periodically I put my face
In my hands or groaned
Or sighed -
My stomach
was burning me inside.

I finished my paper
In 1 hour and a half.
As I walked out
I caught various eyes
Amanda's, Jade's (quizzical) etc.
I went to bed;
Slept 'till five;
Read O'Neill until 7ish...
Got dressed,
And strolled down
To Golders Green,
In order to relive
A few memories.
I sang to myself -
A few memories
Flashed into my mind,
But not as many
as I'd have liked -

It wasn't the same.
It wasn't the same.

Singing songs brought
Voluptuous tears.
I snuck into McDonald's
Where I felt at home,
Anonymous, alone.
I bought a few things,
Toothpaste and pick,
Chocolate, yoghurts,
Sweets, cigarettes
And fruit juice.

Took a sentimental journey
Back to Powis Gardens,
Richness
And intensity,
Romantic
And attractive,
Sad, suspicious and strange.
I sat up until 3am,
Reading O'Neill,
Or writing (inept) poetry.
Awoke at 10,
But didn't leave
My room till 12,
Lost my way
To Swiss Cottage,
Lost my happiness.
Oh so conscious
Of my failure,
And after a fashion,
Enjoying this knowledge.

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