

AT LUNCHTIME

(Written over forty-five years after Roger McGough's poem of the same name in *'The Mersey Sound'*)

When the workshop stopped quite suddenly,
just before lunchtime,
in order to avoid damaging any more emotions in the room,
I and the young lady in the grey-stretch-pants
were briefly thrown together,
and since-we-had-been-invited-during-the-morning to take risks,
and, being a-bit-of-a-lad and never wanting to-miss-an-opportunity,
I said that I would like to make passionate love to her.
At first, she did all the right things,
like starting up in her chair, and blushing prettily
and putting her knees together, and saying that
"Anyway... she was married-with-three-small-children" ...
But when I explained that, al that was irrelevant, and this being the New-Age,
and that as I came from Findhorn
and because we were obviously karmic-ally-related
and therefore, we had done it together,
many-times, and in many-life-times before,
She relaxed a little bit,
put her prudishness into her pocket with her workshop-programme
slipped off her knickers and joined in the adventure,
Starting to take a few risks herself.
All the people in the workshop,
and there were many of them,
when they came back from their lunch ...
Were a little bit shocked-and-surprised,
and amused-and-annoyed
that we were having-it-off in a corner of the room.
But, after a nudge-and-a-wink, and a giggle-or-two,
they got the gist-of-the-exercise and realised that ...
this was a serendipitous-opportunity
to 'be-in-the-moment' - and to 'take a risk-or-two'
Thus, reliving (or relieving) their own karmic burdens
As well as massaging their auras
and so, they joined in the exercise
and were dancing-and-crying,
and being silly-and-angry
and doing-five-rhythms
and shouting-and-laughing
and taking liberties one-with-another
and doing all the things that people
Don't do - most of the time - in Haywards Heath - or anywhere else.
And even the workshop leaders
who had a bit-of-a relationship going together
'communed' together (quite well) – though a-little-more-sedately.

Next day,
back in the workshop room again,
we were all a bit embarrassed - and yet also elated

Especially me and the nice lady-in-the-grey-slacks,
who, not really knowing quite what to say,
shyly gave me some of her poems instead
that she'd written throughout the night before,
Telling me that she loved me - and that she'll love me still
through all of time and in many lifetimes
as well as in several parallel universes.

Well then, it was my turn to not know quite what to say.

I was just-a-little-bit-flabbergasted:

my proverbial socks were blown clean off:
“Golly-gosh, I-mean-to-say”, I said rather lamely, “How amazing
because this is exactly what I am feeling too
and isn't it a pity
that we all can't feel this way
all of the time. ...

And then it happened ...

Quick-as-a-flash
Nothing-else-mattered
and we tore off our separate sensibilities
and made mad tantric love
with our passionate souls all aquiver.
And the ripples in the cosmos spread out – across the rest of Sussex
And then wider - over the whole of south-east England
And wider still – even beyond the Home Counties –
to the fastness of Essex and beyond

Into the spiral arm of the galaxy.

And, so - that's what happened

And now is happening
and will now continue to happen
in every workshop, in every programme
in every group, in every gathering,
in every council meeting, or grass-roots body,
in every local charity and citizens' watch groups,
in parish councils and special-interest-groups
in every bus-and-street-and-town
in every country, on every planet, in every galaxy

People are behaving
as if their souls have known each other,
intimately,
in many different times before,
in many different ways,
and will always meet again,
(which they will,
even though they may not know it),
and so, they don't really care

If this old world of theirs will end sometime,
somehow, this lunchtime
- which it has.