

Bourne
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creative writing
workshops

The Condom in the Road

by Sue Hitchcock

There's a condom embedded in our road,
Just a pale shape in the black asphalt.
When I first saw it, I was appalled,
But unwilling to touch, what I felt
Was that the problem might be solved
By the perpetrator or, if he failed
The refuse collector might be bold
And hurl it into his cart – job nailed.

Cars crushed it, embedded it, now it is flat
A constant reminder, irretrievable, done,
No interest to anyone, not even a cat.
Yet each day I see it, I'm the only one.

I hear that in France they use plastic bags
To fill in the potholes they find in the road.
Squashed in, doused in petrol, lit with some fags,
It solidifies well – repairs “a la mode”.