ghost bus
by Chris Goode

white | wraithlike
it travels

in a London of the underworld
darker than midnight
where Thames flows arterial blood
and the Tower is built of bones

down streets of cobwebs
white shadows that were people walk
featureless | colourless
like beings from the deep

at the wheel an eyeless geezer
guiding us into Tartarus -
pass right down the bus
to Clapton Pond or nothingness