

Commuter Waltz

Not that I'm wishing to call into question your right as a ticket inspector on this busy train to insist that we all show our passes to prove we have paid for upgrading the track and renewal of rolling stock, frequently promised for this year or next by the ministers seeking to cling to their posts, not to mention the costs that are soaring for all engineering works now overrunning again; and no doubt you regret that the daily delays are the cause of a rocketing heart rate and scampering stress, so unlike your sauntering eight thirty-two, as she crawls to St Pancras where under Victorian splendour amassed are a throng of your colleagues all waiting to check once again we have paid for the intimate pleasure of squashing our noses up under an armpit for sixty long minutes and bearing in mind that you've hiked up the price for a season so soon since before, please allow me to beg 'cause though clearly I know it says 'standard' not '*first class*' on this crumpled ticket it seemed such a shame when the nice seats were empty and that's why I sat here though technically speaking you're probably right that I still need to pay you the fine.

