

## **Motorway Madness by John Broadhurst**

Motorway madness,  
Twentieth century sadness.

Eighty, ninety, a ton and more.  
What on earth's all the hurry for?  
Traffic rushing  
Mindlessly, seemingly pushing.  
Intent only on getting from a to b,  
Yet doing it so impatiently.  
Ending up stuck in miles and miles of queue,  
Wondering, 'Is there anything else that I can do?'  
Sit and wait  
Resigned to being late.  
Its the ideal stage  
For real road rage.  
Adults uncomfortable  
Children irritable.  
'What's the hold up? What's going on?  
It would have been better if another way we'd gone.'  
Inching forward noses to tails,  
Choose the wrong lane, it never fails.

All at once it clears,  
Brush away the tears.  
Off they go again  
Like an express train.  
What's the hurry, where are they all going?  
If they'd just stay in lane, the traffic'd keep flowing.  
Pounding onwards, lemmings everyone.  
There's no pleasure, it certainly isn't fun.  
Boring it may possibly be  
With only other mugs to see.  
It still has to be the quickest way  
Of road travel in the present day.

Motorway madness  
Could be turned to gladness  
If everyone would just slow down  
And let a smile replace a frown,  
They'd all get there just the same  
Without this awful racing game.  
If only, if only this wonderful dream could last.  
Motorway madness would be a thing of the past.

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