



Alma Mater

Oxford.

Imposing colleges; Queens, Baliol. The spires we aspire to, our parents want for us; the myth peddled by Oxbridge. 'Clouds in my coffee,' Carly Simon sang. Dreams. Elusive. Like a perfidious lover's whisper.

Been there. Done that. Couldn't hack the system. No room for the back streets of Newcastle kid, one who didn't do the accent or the poncey gin cocktails. Just smirks, nights alone, listening for laughter from the Union bar...

I sit in the doorway of a store, with my shivering dog and a rust coloured sludge of tea. No sequel, no happy ending, no Part III.

Oxford...

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