

## 'HALF THE REASON I'M GOING'

It is like going to the Antarctic  
except it is out West and there are  
no snow or penguins. But the great  
unknown can be a city too. She  
wants to try all the fast food that  
she can and watch the cars go by,  
the smog settle over the hills  
with the sun shining through,  
and find out why she has come  
to the city of angels, of light,  
of digital dreams. It is all a game,  
a new world of source material,  
background noise and city hum.  
Six lanes of slow-moving ideas  
but she does not know where  
to go. She joins the dots  
of the scribbled city by subway  
or waits for the occasional bus  
to take her past film stars' houses  
and luxury hotels. She is looking  
for life and that restaurant that  
was recommended by the friend  
of a friend of a friend. Ten hours,  
six days, and a plate of perfect fries  
would cure her homesickness  
and make up for jetlag. The traffic  
never stops, she does not know  
who all these famous people are,  
why anyone would live here rather  
than move out to the valleys, away  
from 'this weird place full of fakeness'  
to where there is room to live and die.

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