

Hitcher

I'd been tired, under **Sign of depression**
the weather, but the ansaphone kept screaming:
One more sick-note, mister, and you're finished.
Fired. **His boss's voice. He is unhappy in his work**
I thumbed a lift to where the car was parked. **He is**
a hitcher too.
A Vauxhall Astra. It was hired.

I picked him up in Leeds. **Anonymous victim**
He was following the sun to west from east
with just a toothbrush and the good earth for a bed.
The truth, **The hitcher is free -the voice is jealous?**
he said, was blowin' in the wind, **Dylan song - hippy**
or round the next bend.

I let him have it **Matter of fact tone. Shows no**
remorse
on the top road out of Harrogate - once
with the head, then six times with the krooklok
Unnecessary violence - show he's psychotic
in the face - and didn't even swerve. **Boastful -**
enjoyed his actions
I dropped it into third

and leant across

to let him out, Sounds polite - is he deluded? and saw him in the mirror Enjoys looking at his victim bouncing off the kerb, then disappearing down the verge. Half-rhyme makes it sound light-hearted - he isn't taking his actions seriously.

We were the same age, give or take a week. Makes us compare them. They are similar. Maybe the voice hates himself.

He'd said he liked the breeze

to run its fingers Using his victim's words to mock him through his hair. It was twelve noon.

The outlook for the day was moderate to fair. He feels better now he has been violent

Stitch that, I remember thinking, Uses colloquial (non-formal language) to show he is just a normal person (!) you can walk from there.