

On the move

We've stowed the cases,
Mum says, 'Sit down!'
The train shudders a bit,
easing out of town.

It picks up speed,
high walls slide past.
We're crossing a bridge,
going really fast.

We look out on gardens,
bleak, bare back yards
where tall iron fences
are patrolled by guards.

We trundle by fields,
cows, hedges and trees.
We drink up our Coke,
balance snacks on our knees.

We flash through stations
with difficult names,
read books and comics,
play boring word-games.

Mum tries hard, 'Find
a thing beginning with B,'
'Who cares?' we yawn,
'We want the sea!'

At last, rich red rocks,
deep spooky caves
and, in the distance,
we spy cold grey waves.

The clouds roll away,
then comes the sun,
the train slows to a stop,
'Our holiday's begun!'

Moira Andrew

