

*Saxby Pridmore*

## WAITING AT A BUS STOP

You just stood there on the footpath.  
There was nothing  
no time-table on the pole  
the louts had pulled the paper out  
and spat on the perspex, and any way  
your wind-up watch was always wrong.  
There was gravel and a bottle top in the gutter  
no string or anything of interest, to pick up and fiddle with.

It would be getting on for tea time  
you worried being late and getting into strife.  
It would be getting dark and the wind off the Derwent  
would be getting colder on your face  
but you'd be warm enough, in your school blazer  
and you had long pants, now.  
The cars were thinning out  
so that meant, the busses would be too.  
There was nothing to do.

In the end one came.

You hadn't realised, just how dark it had become  
till stepping up and the driver snapped his light on  
to drag a ticket off with stippled rubber round his thumb.  
If you were lucky  
he'd rev 'er up while you were in the front  
and you'd get a big smell of petrol.  
You would sit down and think about  
when you'd go to work and get a car.  
Work however hard, can't be as bad as waiting.