

DOROTHY HALL

BUS INTERLUDE

In the whale belly of the bus
old men sit,
tufted hides imperfectly tanned,
bull heads lowering,
eyes side-flicking.

Moustached and bearded youths
peacock in sweaters,
flung limbs sprawled.

Nubile girls
cosset their self-awareness
darting impartial glances.

Stern matrons frown,
knitting patterns of disapproval.

At the back a group of students
enfold illusion
Munching on hope
they swill large draughts of protest.

The bus stops.
They surge to exit.
Jonahs spewed onto dry land
prophesying.



IAN. HENSON