



SpeedPoets

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Going to School

I remember
sitting on the kerb
waiting for the bus home
from Gordon Public School
it cost a penny,

It was so hot
the tar flowed off the road
into the gutter
in little streams
like black glaciers
and I picked it up,
sticky plasticine
and moulded it in my fingers
and smelt its tarry being.

first year high school,
grey wool suit with
short prickly pants,
on the electric train
its doors were open
and the wind
blew in burning hot
as it clacked along.

and we never fell out.

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