

Morning: such long shadows
like low-bellied cats
creep under parked cars,
and out again, stealthily
flattening the grasses.

At the bus-stop
a flock of starlings
school-children, chatterers
swinging haversacks
pulling ribbons

The driver's got a book by
Sartre in his pocket.
He wears dark glasses,
listens moodily
to the Top Forty.

Life gets better
as I grow older
not giving a damn
and looking slantwise
at everyone's morning.

- *Rosemary Dobson*