

John Hill

Making a Mark

Drawing a line that ends with a word
A word that refuses to rhyme
My train of thought has left the track
Derailed and axed with irrelevant facts
I'm 'On the Road' but no Kerouac

Along the Pershore, so much to explore
Home of Ten Acres Society
Where 'Hurricane' won a world title
And Bowlings' renowned notoriety
The Edwardian pool has run dry

Arterial route to the heart of the city
Industrial rivers transport and commute
Bus stops are hotspots for elderly shoppers
With heel-to-toe traffic in rapid pursuit
Red lights recede into darkness of night

Finding my feet: one step forward and repeat
A loaded Canon ever-ready to roar
Taking shot after shot after shot of a street
Fingers and images frozen and raw
Storing fragmental moments on board

Making a mark that hangs by a thread
Whether it's flying a kite or a B-17
Assembling a tent in a windswept ravine
At silly mid-off or simply mid-field
Getting an answer, remains to be seen