



...may 1, 1994...

**i caught the bus from altrincham
with pauses in between
to watch t-shirted mothers
walk their strollered babes –**

**a holiday bank monday
with may pole openings
rotating streets and people
like jugglers tossing coins –**

**at piccadilly station
waiting the bus of change
a wizened grey-haired granny
chattered my ears away –**

**then i caught the oldham bus
with sunshine warming skin
until dreaming morphed into
the stop that took me home.**

©pamela swanson
www.poetpam.com