

From a Pebble Thrown

Ian Anderson

Take me on the ghost train. 20p and there you are.
Scary in the tunnel night. White knuckle fingers on the safety
bar.
Which way to blue skies? Phantoms pop from cupboard doors.
Mocking, manic laughter shrieks, dark promises of blood and gore.

Interventions at every turn. Opportunities thrown wide and far.
Journeys I might never take. TomTom thinks he knows just where
we are.
Ripples from a pebble thrown make tsunami on a foreign shore.
I would slip right off this high-
rise hell but the elevator stops at every floor.

Twelve, going on sixteen. Such a rush to grow old and wise.
Endless possibilities. Follow, soaring where the eagle flies.
Which way to blue skies? Mummy said don't go out alone.
I hear bad name-
calling, derisory. So, choose direction, and turn the stone.