

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*