

A Ride Away
By Debbie Milner

Onwards out of Polegate is where I paid my fare,
Sitting in my window seat, the driver departs with care.
Past tall green trees and hills etched with chalk,
Where my thoughts went to my weekly walk.

At a gentle speed, we continue on,
A stranger nod's, we stop, then he's gone.
We pass a cosy cottage, a sleepy farm,
Sun shining through brushing my arm.

Edge of Lewes is the next stop,
A red faced lady rushes fit to drop.
The doors open with a swish,
They wait with a gush of sea air and fish.

My destination is now in sight,
Brighton is where I will enjoy my night.
Then I will return with no stress,
By Bus I can relax and do much less!