

Bus ride

By Amanda Hodgson

There are shadows, dark thumbprints under the eyes of the mother who is singing with her child. The face of the white-haired woman in the next seat becomes a glorious creased map as she smiles. She is going to the hospital, then for tea and cake with a friend. The mother pauses to drink some water. The white-haired woman continues the song. The child claps small starfish hands Delighted, as the wheels on the bus go round and round all day long.