

Ping Pong Ball

By Karen Antoni

A fluorescent ping-pong ball,
Bounced down the stairs on the number 1 bus.
Darting up and down,
Making a wren-tit song
Not the misophonic sound of a tin can clattering around.
But a musical zoetic sound.

When the bus door opened,
at the next bus stop,
The little Ping-pong ball hopped off

A joyous thing to see
A ping-pong ball
Bouncing
Batlessly
Free.