

LORRAINE WOOD FROM BIRKENHEAD - FINALIST

Havana sky

The Havana sunset strips the colour from the red painted roof of the shelter.

Its beaded ridge, dripped with disused times.

Smokey grey eyes of the molting cat, looked out to the breeze
Of music that rattled the pots and pans, left out in the alley.

Marina hung her scarf around the old swing, that rocked alone

Its feet joined hands with the earth and soiled ways.

Primrose with her tall coloured hair fitted her head like an old mop, curls in every direction.

Swapped for petticoats and marshmallows bobbing in frothy cups,

No one explained to her that, to sit out on the roof terrace was forbidden.

She slipped her feet into her sister's old worn espadrilles; it was a distance between her feet and marked the lost years.

She stretched out both her hands, wanting a hug

from the world of light in front of her.