

LORRAINE WOOD FROM BIRKENHEAD - FINALIST

The colour of your hair

Your dirty feet cling to the bottom of your pram whilst you're wheeled from street, to street. Parks pass by in a whirl of green, but you don't know the name of the colour, or the colour of your hair. What is the name of your sister, or brother, or if you have a friend? Or who is the stranger in the street, on the corner who looks at your feet, and the toy dog that has stuck, so you cannot reach. What time is it today, and when will you know the colour of your hair?

Swept along by the bin man's truck, in the gutter he finds the dog that has fallen from your pram. Squashed now in his window, along with all the lost toys, dogs and teddies. Whom did they belong, what children are lost too?

Twisted curls fall from across your face, and decide to hide the smile long forgotten. It wormed its way out of your life the day you fell asleep in the arms of your only friend and became lost. You woke, they were gone and you were alone, as the pram was now pushed by a stranger, and you don't know the colour of your hair, or if you have blue eyes you can only see in front; not ahead.

Your trousers don't have a label as the seams have neglected to say. Which way the buttons go, across or in a line, they become disorientated and wobble at the thought.

The wheels of the bus grind to a halt at the lights you can see each change. Each flicker stares back at you, afraid to look again, as they are gone changed again. Your wheels match theirs, the timing is wrong as you meet at the crossroads, a junction of time forces you along to the end.