

NEIL CLARKSON FROM MANCHESTER – WINNER

Open the Door *after Miroslav Holub*

"Open the door", he takes my hand,
but the frosted glass shows no one is there
just the wind and rain
and the click of colour from passing cars.

"Open the door", he takes my hand later,
a hum of voices at the bus stop from
the morning shift perhaps, or the frenzied
Bat from round the back is shuttering past.

"Open the door", he points,
tiredness blurring into tears.
I open the door and no one is there.

We look out over the border hills.
Somewhere over the cliff of the horizon
are parents never seen.