Off Grid

Anne Clark

Just me, and this boy of mine
Underneath a sheltering sky, by a railway line
Waiting for the wood to catch,
The damp twigs
The last match

Evening, passing time
Waiting for the moment
Waiting for a sign

Boy's up close, pressed against my side
Daze of rippling water, glimmering with light
Stars up in the stillness,
to the quiet, to the night

Howl of the wind, cry of the train
Inky black ball
writes the story again

Just me, and this boy of mine
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Just me, and this boy of mine

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