

This Winter

It is the coldest winter for twenty years,
The roads were blocked with snow, had to be gritted.
We waited at the bus stop for an hour,
When it did arrive, the bus dropped us off.
Half a mile from where we got on.
A lorry had jackknifed on the road ahead.
We had to walk nine miles in the cold and wet.
My feet were frozen, the snow soaked through my shoes,
So was my face, my hands numb despite gloves.
Luckily I was wearing your warm jumper,
You love protecting me.
Forming a group with people from the bus
Going the same way, we set off,
Nadine threw out a heavy book,
So she could carry the turkey better.
Everyone helped carry Susan's shopping.
And Steven shared his bottle of coke with us.
A sense of camaraderie with strangers,
The people on the bus you never meet,
But wonder about, overhear conversations.
All going about their daily business,
And going home to the cosy warmth,
Not expecting this disaster.
Trudging through the snow, slipping here and there,
It took four and a half hours to get home.