

young love

she loved to come here year after year
even though the roof was gone
and the grass had grown up through the arena

as a child she had had the best years of her life
at the fair
pushing and shoving each other around
to wild music
the yellow dodgem car
was where she had her first kiss
it was all she had left of love

she was lonely
and wished for
the freedom of her youth

Jo Beth Gray