

## WHERE ARE WE GOING?

*Where are we going?*

To the music

Driving along the wriggling lanes to Hawick

The sun is still high in the sky, lambs getting bigger and the red campions are over

*Where are we going?*

To the music

Mad young farmer kicking up a storm on his four-wheel runabout, dust on the screen

part of me tut-tutting, but the other half smiling at the zinging chutzpah

*Where are we going?*

To the music

We park in a side street, where the primrose and blue bunting is looking a bit sad, it's all over now

Shouty young lads stomp along the high street, spindly legs sprouting from their shorts, yelling 'fuck off' because they can

*Where are we going?*

Just along here

Past the once elegant town houses, windows blanketed to hide their empty shame,

Charity shop hi-tech surveillance of dead-eyed knick-knacks snuggling in tired dusty corners

*Where are we going?*

Just there - bright lights and conviviality

Travelling musicians singing songs on a road to somewhere

*When are we going home?*

Just one more story – one more song

Going 'home' in the twilight

hares stutter in the lanes

while a tawny white ghost surfs the hedges

beside me she cries

wanting to go to a home she can't remember

the beckoning shades of her parents calling from their long-forgotten hills

her sad sobbing breaking my heart

*where are we going?*

Only into my arms

Nowhere else to go