

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Don't Stop Dreaming

by Janie Reynolds

People who travel
are always fugitives.
I am a traveller.
I fly and I fly.
Through the world's polluted skies.
I am a passenger.
I ride and I ride.
Through the city's backside.
I am a runner.
I run and I run.
Along the road
I've always done.
I look for a horizon
but there is none.

Red and yellow adverts
catch the sides of my eyes.
MacDonalds.
Lucozade.
'Thailand. Land of Smiles.'
'Egypt. Land of Pharaohs.'
'Himalayas. Land of Snow.'
'Tui. Don't stop dreaming.
ATOL protected.'

Taxi driver,
take me anywhere but here.
"You have reached your destination,"
announces a robot.

It says 'Finishing line.'
"You are in fourth position,"
declares a loudhailer
and announces the prize-giving.
Third prize,
a £1 Lucozade voucher.
Second prize,
a £2.50 MacDonalDs coupon.
And first prize,
a £25 credit note for 'Tui. Don't stop dreaming.
ATOL protected.'

I'm so hungry.
And thirsty.
Exhausted.
I need a holiday.
But there is nothing to eat,
nothing to drink.
Nowhere to sit.
Nothing is happening.

Agitated, I just wait.
Wait for the next announcement.