

## Top Deck

*I was a fool to choose the upper saloon  
Where the youth meet to blow off steam.  
Downstairs seats the elderly  
Their distinctive odour a comparative dream.*

*Mobile phones emit tinny timbres  
Each of their words a foul mouthed cuss.  
I close my eyes for want of peace  
Not a chance on this crowded bus.*

*It's all my fault, I took a risk  
In hope that manners would win the day.  
A prayer for humanity much misplaced  
The very difference between I and they.*

*The half-way point brings little respite  
My enemies replaced anew.  
Aggravation is equilibrium  
Pressed to the window by this motley crew.*

*It's time to leave this Satan's Wagon  
As I reach to press the bell.  
I sigh as I am left in dust and fumes  
Tomorrow brings another hell.*

1st  
1st

Prize  
Prize