

You took the last bus home - With a nod to Brian Bilston

You took the last bus home
And left me bereft, dripping in the rain
The bus company had a policy
“ No food to be consumed on board “
He took one look at our crispy box of loveliness
And cold heartedly refused me entry.
I begged a little but to no avail
We had had such a delightful evening
Bingo at the Evangelical Hall
You offered me the use of your dabber
I was enthralled
“ Eyes Down “ I looked into your liquid pools
And missed the first few numbers
How I longed for a full house with you
But sadly a solitary line had to suffice
I held your hand as we walked along
We skirted round the burger vans and kebab shops
You were on a low carb diet you said
But the vinegary waft of fish and chips
Broke your resolve
As we strolled I peeled back the batter
And fed you little morsels of cod.
I gazed in awe as you licked your rosy lips
The B27 arrived
The chance of a romantic fumble on the back seat
“ No chips “ he said and pointed at my parcel
You popped on board, buying your ticket
Without a backward look at me
As if you didn't know me
I looked for a bin to relieve myself of the offending chips
Mum wouldn't want me to be litter lout
I turned to see the B27 disappearing from view.
You were sitting on the back seat
Chatting happily to a man wearing a fedora hat
I don't think this relationship has got far to go
Well you took the last bus home
Leaving me bereft.

