

Hell's Angel

At the Casamozza roundabout
she caught my eye.

Grey haired, plain black dress, white pinny
roaring away up the exit to the mountains
on her motor scooter

Feet squarely planted, as though sitting
in her armchair peeling potatoes
Her white apron strings
blew behind, fluttering in the wind

Where was she off to, this hell for leather hell's angel?

Hanging up washing in the warmth of a sheltered valley,
pegging socks and shirts to every low lying branch
matching their colours in different configurations?

Spinning the plates and dishes from breakfast
into the tumbling, rushing river swollen with snow melt
clapping her hands as they crashed over rocks, swirled around eddies?

Or lifting up her apron, kicking off her shoes
and dancing by herself through the chestnuts and green oaks
on this warm sunny morning

Telling him, she'd just pop to the shops