

## **Somewhere over the rainbow**

By Deborah Mason

Coming home on the bus last night,  
rain beating on the windows,  
I sat next to an old black man  
playing chess on his phone.  
Suddenly he started singing –  
pausing to ask if he was disturbing me.  
‘No’, I smiled. ‘I like it. Please go on.’  
He sang quietly, in a rich tenor voice.  
Judy Garland and Max Bygraves  
accompanied me all the way to my bus stop.  
As I picked up my wet umbrella,  
I thanked him. I hadn’t been sung home before.  
Most homecomings are quiet affairs,  
unheralded by music. Or any kind of fanfare.