

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.