

Betty and her Winnebago by Olga Dermott

After Roy died, Betty signed
Christmas cards from her
and the dog, one kiss each.
Zumba class on a Tuesday,
drank Jagerbombs at her
grandson's 18th. Could talk

for hours, the sound of petrol
in her voice. Betty still kept
the accounts polished, along
with Roy's biking trophies
in the front room. Out early
and late. Her semi-detached

bungalow was small - tiny
as Ismael - swallowed whole
by a great whale of curved
metal on her driveway. We
were always breathless as
Betty reversed, oblivious

to the potholes; the entire
lane watching as she sailed
through the shallows, past
the odd numbers, our captain
in pink tracksuit, pink lipstick,
ready for the next adventure.