

Snatched Lunch

By Amy Clennell

Rounding the corner Bhangra beats reverberate,
the air is redolent with Asian spices.

His pace quickens as hazy December sun
affords scant comfort.

Bare hands dive for pockets.

A silver spear streaks across the heavens,
blanching as it elongates before dissipating,
its sound already drowned by seasonal refrains
and the intermittent rumble of traffic.

Almost there; 'Babette's Baguettes'.

Bacon, cranberry and brie or roast turkey BLT?

Or ...

 small boy emerges, head bowed,
intent on peeling back the paper, oblivious
to all save the exposed head of his chocolate Santa.

Steps from the kerb.

Instinctive sprint, un-pocketed hands reach out,
grab, lift and twist,

like an arcade claw crane game.

Sustains a bruised back from the car's impact
but his prize is intact.

Boy laments the loss of his chocolate treat;
play dough rolled out on the road.

Half embedded red wrapper flapping
as if to halt any further assault.

(Based on actual events)