



The Market
Amanda Finch 1995

*Following Dad through the busy market
Reaching for his hand, it doesn't grasp mine
All alone
In a packed market in Spain
Tears fill my eyes
Not knowing whether I'll ever see Mum and Dad again
Someone reaches out, they set me on their shoulders
Finally, I see the dark curly hair of my Mum
My tears turn into happiness
Relieved to see my Mum*

Dad was never allowed to forget this one.