

## **LotsofPeopleinaRoom**

I have no answers but how I love  
lotsofpeopleinaroom and me coming in  
as the teacher especially when my life  
is one big question or even two  
or three people and the librarian,  
the community worker, the volunteers  
with their telltale lanyards filling in  
for actual people, making a dent  
in my stack of handouts. How I love  
the urn, the hour of it, being introduced  
as Anna Woodfield, the woman with rhubarb  
sticking out her bag, the man who whispers  
he has had to learn to speak again  
and, lining the way, the kids outside  
the vape shop giving me directions  
when I don't know where I'm going;  
the passengers on the wobbly train  
to Sowerby Bridge or Sandal

who have held my hand unknowingly;  
the would-be passengers where trains  
don't go, watching ghost buses appear  
and disappear on the screens. How I love  
the casual love, duck or darling,  
love someone's granny in a café  
making me poached eggs when I am far  
from home and love when I am back  
home, feeling like myself again, just  
hanging with the downward dogs  
in yoga. How I love a handful  
of people but love my neighbour more  
some days, so much I would keep her  
talking. Let me let her in when she comes  
knocking at my door. Let me remember  
all she brings is sugar sugar sugar.