

# Running Naked On The Motorway

W E S L E E

you didn't dodge the raindrops  
the way they say bees do. The rain

pelted hard. You felt every drop –  
flashed and honked by truck drivers, men

coming home in cars, but no-one stopped.  
A look of abject terror on your face,

determined to get to somewhere safe,  
and the man following behind who had taken time

to pull on his trousers.