**Abandoned** *by Jackie Biggs*

He’s on his own throwing stones,

a scruffbag lad on a dusty square

down a deadend street

at the end of nowhere.

He’ll target windows

until all of them are blank.

A jagged piece crashes

and smashes into flinty sparks

on a concrete floor –

a small highlight for this

early evening boy

who wants to stay out there

until darkness rises

and the heat of day drops

a grey covering

over ragwort and buddleia

that pokes from cracks

around a small building …

Door hanging open

roof collapsing

‘keep out’ sign peeling paint

by a broken down fence

and a useless gate.

‘No trespassing’ whines

 in distorted red and

‘DANGER’ shouts in crooked capitals

but the boy can’t read the signs.

The last complete window

flares like a sheet of flame in glancing sun.

He chooses half a worn brick

hears firecrack of glass

sees the blaze shatter.

He kicks up smoke filled with dust

and heads back towards town

where orange streetlights start to glow

as the sun goes down.