

## RE-DIRECTED

### A poem by Jill Caskey

We move as ants ...  
Check-in here  
and over there for that.  
Baggage here, most staff gone;  
do it yourself ... another machine

Checking bags once more.  
do I have flight ticket,  
my passport and all ?  
Thumb-prints please, no ...  
that doesn't work  
Come with me ma'am, over here.

That way ma'am, join the queue  
Eyes checking image then  
checking you. A few more wrinkles  
but you're OK to go  
Bags in that one, iPad there ...  
That bottle of water must go.  
Drink it down and move on through.

Beep, beep ...  
metal detected 'move over there.  
Hands above head ,feet apart'  
That titanium shoulder and hip.  
Collect all your stuff and move  
ever closer ... DEPARTURES.  
French perfumes Ma'am, all duty-free  
then Cointreau ...  
or Gin, for that fashionable Sling.

I've not been well and coming unstuck;  
Rest here Ma'am we'll see how you go  
The frail and infirm all around  
and me feeling old!  
Keep heading for England I say to myself  
then the doctor is called .  
Ah, not fit for a very long flight;  
Stay over for just one more night  
Return to Sydney is best ... sorry Ma'am.

Back to M Social my funky retreat  
Smiling welcome ... you're not well?  
Same room for you Ma'am  
Tomorrow stay longer ... must rest  
Cosy room and comfy bed.  
The best.