Small Talk

We leave Euston in the rain, just another train journey and a long haul to Glasgow. The usual thing, I have a book to read while some stranger will insist on talking, though this one has a face of such pure and frosty skin under her bonfire of wild hair.

Wha’s tha’ ye’re reading, Hen? I’m a great reader too, in between gigs an’ that ...

After Crewe, other details slip in – how they found her mother’s head and limbs scattered here and there among the snow drifts by a frozen burn somewhere near Dalwhinnie and how the weans still shout where’s your Mam’s legs noo, then?

and that her Da, saying nothing, but still angry as hot hell, is banged-up for ten years or more, back there in Barlinnie, in the old Bar-L.

Angela Kirby