

## **Wheels Turning**

**With eyes at the same level as the flat earth horizon of the kitchen bench he would arrange his “Matchbox” cars in an endless circumnavigation. His knuckle-less fingers, bunched together in a point like bristles on a brush just dipped in paint, gripping first one car, then another, and moved it to different parts of the line, perhaps a move prompted by its colour or its shape, or its racing stripes or its hot rod flames, or perhaps just driven on by his constant murmured narrative. But always the eyes on the wheels turning, the wheels turning.**

**He would journey, bare backed, glowing in a skin unmarked by Life’s plotted courses. His head, as if struggling with the Atlas weight of the worlds it contained, as if at any moment that teetering golden globe could roll down the slope of those tiny shoulders, tilted in concentration.**

**One day, not far from here, I can see us standing next to a car packed with dreams and ambition, like balloons in a box. He’ll be turning the wheel and pulling out into a world I have no map for. He’ll be leaving. Leaving us with love and worry and all those cars in a box. Always the wheels turning, the wheels turning.**

**Patrick Hall**