

## County Lines

Scratching her wrist with  
gnawed nails, black polish;  
hidden herringbone twill  
of scar under-sleeve.

Avoiding their eye.  
Always  
avoiding their eye.

The carriage window  
frames translucent faces;  
reflections inspecting her:  
They know.  
They all know.

Fields flash by. So many  
fucking fields. So flat.  
She can see her own face  
now, staring back.  
*White girls are ghosts;  
invisible, innit?*

Return ticket bought for her.  
*No need for no hassle.  
Breathe, bitch.  
It's just a day in the sticks.*

There's enough crack  
in her rucksack  
to grow fat for a year.  
So  
what's stopping her?

They'd torch the flat.  
(Mum's front door  
winked on SnapChat)  
They'd post the film  
of her and him and him  
and him.

And if they found her...

Better to travel to  
Somewhere-on-Sea  
To feed estuary boys their fix.  
*Supply and demand, innit?*  
It's just a day in the sticks.