

Read Between the Lines

by Rachel McCrum

Gordon Lightfoot 'If You Could Read My Mind'

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Young enough not to know and old enough to think
I did, crushed in the back of the car,
daydreaming damp in a wet dog blazer
on the Sydenham Bypass in Belfast in the 90s

where we like Alanis and grunge and believe
we're cynical enough to understand everything.
But we still get a lift to school with our dads.
Soft rock radio in the background and it all sounds

the same. I didn't listen much then.
Though there's enough strangeness and story
in this one to have stuck around
when the light-fingered guitar again trips down.

I knew about castles and wishing wells
and I thought I understood it then
but – no. Not quite enough miles
to catch the real between the lines.

Always was tone deaf. Driven past
chemists, dreaming of drugstores,
adolescent in a steamy school-run car
just a little ghost, waiting for a fairy tale.