

## THE DARK GIRL DRESSED IN BLUE

I was on St. Pancras station with a half an hour to spare  
When I fell on a wheelie suitcase – it caught me fair and square.  
“Sir I am so sorry, oh what have I done to you?”  
Said the owner of the suitcase – she was a dark girl dressed in blue.  
I saw her ankles, then her face, and I felt no sense of pain.  
I said: “Oh please, it’s nothing” as I got to my feet again.  
“Well let me buy you a coffee, it’s the least that I can do -  
For sending you a-sprawling so.” Said the dark girl dressed in blue.

We queued at Pret-a-manger for two lattes, one to go.  
Then she rummaged in her handbag and I heard her cry “Oh no...  
I only have a fifty euro note whatever shall I do?  
I’ve just got in from Paris,” said the dark girl dressed in blue.  
I saw her situation and I acted in a flash.  
“Give me your fifty euro note – I’ve got plenty of cash.  
Say I give you forty pounds and I’ll pay for the coffee too?”  
“Oh, you are so sweet, and clever!” said the dark girl dressed in blue.

I sat down with the coffee and just then they called her train –  
She scribbled down a number saying: “Hey, let’s talk again”.  
Then hauling the wheelie suitcase she disappeared from view,  
And off to Market Harborough went the dark girl dressed in blue.  
I drank the latte on my own, feeling slightly strange,  
Then I took the fifty euro note down to the money change.  
“Blimey, not another one – we can’t change this for you;  
It’s a fake, where did you get it from?” “A dark girl dressed in blue.”

I thought of the smile she gave me at the moment that I fell,  
And then the caffe latte and the forty pounds as well.  
I called her scribbled number and a voice said “Who are you?”  
And “No, this phone does not belong to a dark girl dressed in blue”.

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*I don't know why the cosmopolitan atmosphere of the new St. Pancras brought to mind a song of 1862 by George Leybourn and Harry Clifton about a young man on the sixpenny omnibus who was beguiled by a girl who only had a five-pound note. This story is my modern day equivalent, fortunately also fictitious.*