

Bangor to Holyhead by bus

by [Bonnie Thurston](#) in the [July 23, 2014](#) issue

There are no plummy accents  
when traveling by coach,  
just ordinary people  
going about extraordinary lives.  
The bus grinds through  
small, forgotten villages,  
stops for elderly women  
with rheumy eyes dragging  
plaid shopping trolleys,  
stops for old men  
under flat woolen caps,  
hearing aids at odd angles  
whistling in their hairy ears,  
stops for weary young mums  
with impossibly complex prams.  
We bump by sodden fields of sheep,  
into market towns no longer  
proffering produce, only plastic.  
Yet three times on this journey  
I have seen standing stones,  
great, gray plinths alone in fields,  
reminders of time immemorial,  
reminders there is more  
than what appears to be.  
They watch us hurtle by.