

MacQueen's Quinterly: Knock-your-socks-off Art and Literature

By Jane Salmons

Girl Missing

They found nothing in the allotment shed, bar a whiff of stale fags and paraffin,
a stash of rain-soaked, smutty mags. They scoured the rough patch of land
beyond the flats with sniffer dogs, dredged the pond, tied pink guilty
ribbons to lampposts, lit altar candles and prayed. They said
to vanish without trace was out of character. With flimflam
skill, they shammed a pledge on tv, cried soft
cozening tears. An antidote to shame.

In the clover field behind the
school, swallowtails and
blue karners flutter.
Their secrets float
away on the
breeze like
dandelion
clocks.



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