

## *Air Show*

Look out, look up! Leave the dishes drying,  
gather the children, turn off the TV,  
and come and see the Red Arrows flying.

Oh there's work to be done and the work is trying  
but no one needs another cup of tea.  
Look out, look up; leave the dishes drying,

Bournemouth's in bloom and the Mayor is buying  
and who's not glad to be beside the sea?  
Come now and see the Red Arrows flying.

Each new formation wholly satisfying,  
soaring from the page like poetry  
looking out and up. Leave. The dishes drying

shudder as the planes go higher, plying  
blue sky with endless possibility.  
Come now and see the Red Arrows flying,

weaving through the clouds, hello-goodbyeing,  
memories regrouping, new thoughts breaking free.  
Look out! Look up! Leave the dishes drying  
and come and see, the Red Arrows flying.

*James Manlow*

*Poet Laureate for Bournemouth*

*A poem in celebration of Bournemouth Air Festival*

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