

## Double

Driving, exploring seeing double,

Mar Menor and Med, two seas; can it be, am I seeing double?

A motorhome duo with NL plates pass, double Dutch.

Turn a bend see a poultry pair; serve around them without a care, hills in the distance in binary rows, dilapidated windmills one here, one there.

Road works, STOP sign in a man's hand, a van in the mirror, four sun-glassed eyes in the cab, on twins.

Tweedle Dee goes green while Tweedle dumb goes red, driving, exploring, looking for a hotel with a double bed.

New road, new lanes, smooth and tar scented, a brace of boy racers zoom ahead.

Constant speed passing time down the road the brace don't race, taking a break, nay engaging two blue lighted motorbikes each writing frantically in duplicate for the hour of two is a coming, a meal awaits and so does a double.

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*This poem was written during a visit to the beautiful La Manga Mar Menor area of Murcia, Spain. If you haven't been then it is well worth while. Paul Stretton Stephens is a English writer who lives in Cornwall. More of his work can be found at [www.pstretton-stephens.com](http://www.pstretton-stephens.com)*