

## Cast-Offs

I left my book in the hostel.  
It was cheap enough to be a hostel,  
but really it was just a cheap hotel.  
I know where I left it.  
It was under the sheets. He said reading was overrated.  
He said he wanted to go see a  
bullfight.  
Blood and matadors.  
How Spanish.

I wanted to see coastlines  
and chapels  
and remnants of Turkish invaders.  
The romance and the  
colour.

By the time I got to Portugal,  
I was alone.  
He hadn't finished sampling  
all the Spanish beer  
and I really wish I'd remembered my book.

*Catherine Sweet*