

POEM FOR SARAH

Life was easy, back in the day.
All you needed was a pound for a bottle of perry
And a friend with a bike who was going your way.
No railings around the Radcliffe Camera,
No coffee-selling kiosks at Carfax Tower.

The city was a magical kingdom
And we were its most fabulous rats,
Sitting pretty on our pavement throne
As we feasted on so many dead musicians
And wrote a new song all our own.

No yesterdays to weigh us down,
No future beyond the end of our toes,
We stretched out in the present tense.
Death was just a casual in a Pringle sweater
And the bells always chimed for someone else.

No smartphones either with their beady glare,
No CCTV at the scene to show us how we really were
In our dead men's jackets and scavenged hats.
A few blurred snaps is all we have
As back up for the drunken dream

That still we cling to even now it's us,
Somehow, in our parent's pyjamas,
Standing at the top of the stair.
Still lost in our Forever Land -
Two o'clock, Carfax Tower, I'll see you all there.

G.F. July 2022