

They've Turned Paradise Into A Parking Lot by Joe Reynolds

Everybody has got a car now,
To be honest, we have two,
We've had new tarmac laid for a drive,
Where the roses and hydrangeas grew.
Next door have two cars as well,
They need them, they both work,
They've got two children at different schools,
A boy, and the youngest, a girl.

Across the road they have put in an application,
They need another dropped curb,
Their eldest just passed his theory,
So they're looking at getting a third.
The house at the end has a truck and a van,
He's a builder, working from home,
His wife's got a little run-a-bout,
To go to the shops you know!

There used to be a neat grass verge,
And a wild cherry tree that rained
Pink petals down, that stuck to your shoes each spring,
Like confetti and blocked the drains.
Vehicle tyres scrape ruts in the turf a foot deep,
The curb-stones are cracked and worn,
Every house has a garage to store all sorts of things,
With an up and over door.

This used to be a pleasant neighbourhood,
Folk would shake hands and speak,
Good morning, how are you? Fine thanks, and you?
No politics, nothing too deep.
But number five had words with number seven,
And they both had a go at number eight,
She's disabled, got varicose veins,
And a mobility scooter; that's a parking space.

It rained all last night, the gutters overspilled,
The floods overwhelmed the drains,
And the dustbin men could not get into the street,
The bins won't be emptied, again!
There's an anger infecting our suburbs,
Festering, choking its life,
Exhaust fumes blackening the epitaph,
For the community that died.