

Wednesday 30 September 2020

...street... by Peter Longden

Are they the over-the-fence gossipers of t'north,
safe with their confidante bosom buddies, exchanging the news of the world,
knowing their world barely extends
beyond their street, rumours not going far,
perhaps only as far as say – Sheffield!

Or are they the reliable neighbourly-types who
borrow the lawn-mower because theirs is broken;
neighbours who you can trust to return it that same day?
All clean and cut grass removed,
a bunch of their cut-flowers bundled together in thanks?

They might be the ones who know everything,
can be relied on to have plumber and electrician they can trust;
one who moves the waste-bins back into place,
shovels up the snow in winter, if there is any,
if the car breaks down will help with a push.

They are the ones who joined on the street each Thursday,
when Covid locked down the world to one street,
they were there to thank key workers,
while thinking of protesting at how slow was the lockdown

and at the beginning about the shortage of PPE.

And the ones who should be spoken to,
greeted each morning, not ignored or shunned,
exchanging as much of the pleasantries of the day
that can be found with so much chaos around,
a future of hope for when this pandemic is done!