

## **The Paramedic's Daughter**

Windowsills are garden plots

Up here on our estate,

There's barely room to clang a pot

Yet still we sing along,

A cooking pan cacophony

From balcony to balcony,

*'Don't Stand So Close to Me'*

Rings around the precincts

And slips into a cul-de-sac.

At number five the paramedic's daughter

Bluetacks watercolours on the glass,

Waves a rainbow to the widower,

A masked man in carpet slippers

Tending yellow roses for his wife.

His radio suggests a silver lining, a blessing in disguise;

*In the silence of Venice*

*The waters are clearing...*

*Dolphins returning,*

*Reversing global warming...*

Turning down the volume,

He grits his hidden teeth

And waves a rainbow back.

**By Russell Berry**

