

Life In The Old Town Yet

by Peter Yates

Music, laughter, singing, dancing, screaming, shouting, seagulls calling, smashing, sobbing, drunkards falling, boys on skate boards, grannies on go carts, students of the arts and smelly old farts,

Scholars are made whilst policemen raid.

Moaning, groaning, loving, hating, guy smacked in the face for double dating, stags and hens all celebrating, buyers, sellers, secret tellers, borrowers, lenders, unemployed pretenders, winners, losers, playmate choosers.

Hair done nails done, laundry done, self-done?

Booze shops, fag shops, clothes shops, chip shops, bookshops (yes bookshops, students live here too you know), Chinese buying chopsticks, Indians buying Saris, Poles buying uniforms, Irish buying drink, drink, drink, Scots buying deep fried mars bars.

The Queen's on the lawn having a scone ('hold the jam hen').

Diners tip, pickpockets dip, cheating dads and gentle mothers, good Samaritans helping others, fishwives brawling, morals falling, dizzy blondes and silly old fools, breaking all the golden rules.

Unisex, unicycle, university, much diversity.

Scaffold up, ladders down, rooms to let, flats for sale their walls could tell many a tale, the clock above eats up time, those below drink cheap wine.

BANG

'One o'clock already, I better go fer me lunch'.

Aye there's life in the Old town yet.

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