

'Street Lights'
Gareth Culshaw

Back then I walked in toe cap boots
trudged my way along cracked pavements,
passed closed curtains, nicotine wafts.

Pub door open, people chatting
with the streetlights to guide me home.

Corners were turned, signs ignored
rolling empty cans rumbled along,
barking dogs kept the night alive.

Gates left open, creaked in wind
and the streetlights to guide me home.

Today I tread with faster feet
my birthplace left all behind,
pubs closed, forgotten names

I am a man without a choice
but have the streetlights to guide me home.