

POEM OF THE WEEK

This poem was inspired by workmen closing off the end of our street and creating a cul de sac.

BUILDING THE BARRICADES

Is there Revolution in the air, on the ground,
Waiting for the first hint, the first chance of freedom?
Don't know? Why do I ask? Still, trapped in the 60s?
(The 1960s. For clarification). No sir, not me.

There are barricades at the end of my street, building,
Heavy machinery (it looks formidable). Haven't seen any guns,
Probably hiding them. They look ordinary, workmen (and women)
In orange vests (can't miss them), removing trees from the middle

Of Buckleys Road, opposite Eastgate. If it a coup, it's happening
Before our eyes; hieroglyphics on the footpath. So mysterious.
There are barricades at the end of my Street. I've seen them.
Walked around them. It is said that they are there for roadworks.

I wonder. When will someone start singing?
"Do you hear the people sing?"
(Singing a song of angry men?)
Can you hear it? No?

It fills the air! Vive la revolution!
Pardon. Yes sir, officer,
I'm moving on. Yes sir,
peacefully.

It's all so mysterious.

Leslie Bush
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