

High Street Blues

Tuesday morning, on High Street,
Bristling in the golden sunshine,
Pallets of tinned meats
Outside Janosiks,
Piled up high with casks of fizzy Wine.

Blue sky boss-man, kicks out his knife,
Slicing, juicy watermelons
Huge and ripe,
It's limited shelf life
Attracting glances from the beauty salon.

Façades and shutters, varying degrees,
Fruity Vape flavours,
Noxious fumes,
Delivery trucks park up hurriedly
Pushchair Toddlers, scoffing their Quavers.

Erdington Mum, chatting shit
He said, she said, gossip and farce,
I-phone agonies
Yo, she's Twitter Lit!
Angsty yoga-pants, scratching her arse.

Window shoppers, Star nails Art,
Skin tones, Lycra, "Syrups of Figs",
Natural Healing,
"Your fresh start!"
Teens jostling outside, playing John Wick.

Quality menswear at Wilton Market,
Or get it part worn down the charity shop,
Lose your winnings,
Flush down the Slots,
Flogging redemption down the Pawnshop.

Corner Canteen, trench coat schemes,
Coffee, eclairs and leatherette blondes,
Tender fingers,
Fresh whipped cream,
Lunchtime dalliance at Baguette du Monde.

There's a monkey in the window
Opposite the old GPO,
Local Art by,
Some Pheasant Plucker?
Shoppers shaking heads, mouthing NO.

Beer can pile up outside the Swan,
"We buy any Car" zero percent owing,
Shutter up the boardwalk,
Central Square looks done for
And the Hairy Lemon's going.

The Times we live in
Have taken their toll,
But the High Street's alive
And it's thriving,
On goodwill and profiteroles.

Erdington's a hot scene,
Thousands shop there for local pride,
Polska, Romanian,
Afro-Caribbean,
Top brands locally, from far and wide.