

Facing the Music

At the top of the High Street
In the middle of December rush
Small groups gather gladly
To rest from the hunt for presents.

Guitars and panpipes from Peru
Nifty bit of blowing
Fast and furious fingerwork
Faces full of fun
Fingertips freezing in Fagin's gloves
Bright beaded blankets.
Grandad broadly grins with pleasure
Gives a shuffle and begins to dance
Two year toddler spins round and round
Arms, eyes and mouth all wide open.
Facing the music.

Mature child Maddie
A woman with a moustache
Tucked up by faithful mum
Her strange face attracting stares
But her eyes are alight
Facing the music.

The light is fading fast at 4pm
The crowd is getting bigger
Christmas lights come on.
The rhythm is exciting,
CDs sell well.
Grandpa and toddler dance on together
Feet start tapping and strangers smile
Facing the music.

A girl looks across the street.
What's going on?
Others turn and stare.
Two dark figures on the ground
In front of a boarded up shop
Away from the light
Facing the music.

Two policemen arrive
Feel for a faint pulse
And the hand falls flop
Radioing for assistance
And the friend stands up.
Backs are turned again
Facing the music.