

Suburbia



Artwork by Fleur Spolidor

In suburbia grey
children play,
the mothers there are so styled,
all the nails there are filed.
Lemonade stands and ten-penny bands
smallish dogs and bright shoes of crocodile.
Red jungle gyms, bright Tupperware and Avon,
broken trikes, old tomato soup thermoses.
Where have all the fathers gone?
Long time passing.

Poem by Sasha Nealand