

## Our street was down

on its luck, the blokes  
broke, the bimbos baited,  
our limber nights touched  
by a cop singing, trigger finger  
on his FM radio.

He was blond on his beat,  
the one we loved  
with his cowlick hid under his hat  
and a heart the size of a fist.  
What did we know?

We begged him badge us home,  
little girls with candy cigarettes,  
and every night he walked us  
down Hedge across Main,  
waved us from the crumbling curb  
as we keyed ourselves in.

Never understood our game,  
not that blond one,  
never touched a hand or shoulder  
though sometimes toted  
our bags and hardcovers  
without trying to book us.

A good guy.

Now we wonder  
if things were safer then  
or if he was the only decent cop  
in town.