

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.