

GEORGIE EVANS

The In-and-Out Businesses of the Town Centre

Down the road where cobbles puff
their stony self-important chests,
windows dust and silence plays
its practised best.

A new pub's rooms are haunted by
the names of shops they held before.
Those forgotten urge the pub
to close its door.

Somewhere in these cloakroom streets
I find the coat that keeps the key.
It's mine till locals win it back
with morning plea.