

1974

Written by Subika Anwar-Khan. Performed by Caroline Nash.

In the soft glow of dawn,
that breaks across the fallen leaves,
I look out of the window,
of our new home.

Our first home, together.
The kettle hums with possibility
and faith is found,
in every back garden.

We walk through the fragile sunlight,
hand in hand our enthused eagerness,
is filtered by a veil of autumnal mist,
of what's round the corner.

The morning unfolds a whispered secret.
Today is the day,
of unveiling promises in colour,
between black and white panels.
A rectangle of anticipation.

A shipping container, holding hope
with arched windows as wide eyes,
peering in prosperity from the blue skies,
means we don't have to get a bus all the way into town.

The centre thrives like a city,
with a buzz of commotion,
and a flurry of fanfare.
Dreams stitched into the very walls.

Coming alive with a thrill of
new stories,
forming in every corner
a new community.

Our hands become busy with bags,
filled with goods,
for a new future,
that the past could never promise.

Flashing aisles at Tesco,
boasting the largest in Europe.
Saturday girls, parade promotions,
with dogs to sell paint!

Do whatever it takes.
Prices cut at Superkey,
to undercut competition,
to prove their legacy.

Beeps at checkout tills,
cash exchanging hands,
and signing cheques,
transports us to futuristic dreams.

I'm wanted here.
Sought after to teach,
the new generation,
who will occupy these halls next.

Stocking up on supplies from Smiths,
eases my quiet anticipation
to welcome a new class.
This is the beginning.

To and from enterprise
We walk, I walk.
To and from the Swinging Sporrán
We walk, he walks.

Faces familiar,
in moment shared behind counters,
uttering 'No partner in crime today?'
'We're both so busy with work.'
When wishing,
He was by my side.

My freedom is wrapped in the glow of fluorescent glare
His found in whiskey glasses.
As I stand in front of a windowpane
Knowing, hoping that
We'd never quite be the same again.
I soar. He pours.

Look up and you'll find a story
within each hollow square
clutching echoes of heartbreak and healing
until they're gone.
Until the next.