

Passport

My passport is blue and signed by the Queen.
I am a tourist of the past.

An Egg Box is crushed and gone.
Paulden's, Cocaines and Walshes are names on distant stones.
Rebellion no longer occurs above BHS.
Banks are bars and a hospital becomes a home.
The stalls are gone and the scales weigh no more.

But now my passport is brown and I am a European
I am a tourist of the present.

Oak and crystal arches home verdant walkways.
Oceans of millstone flow towards a joyous beach of glass.
Children run from darting spears of light.
A sliver of steel greets denizens of the iron horse
And a pinball promenade takes them to the heart of the town.

My visa to the past has expired.
Hand me my passport to the future.