

There should be nothing here I don't remember

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the fair, helter skeltering down the hill
the music, excited voices,
the smells, chips and 'tator pie,
clouds of sweat and vinegar.

Here were houses, brick built,
outside lav's, back yards, washing lines
sporting overalls, startling white nappies
and Geraniums, flags of colour
teetering on windowsills.

Hopscotch patterned on pavements
Small girls balanced on one leg,
stones landing safe on number nine.
cricket stumps chalked on walls
my brother slow bowling,

I should be standing at the crease,
Skirt tucked into navy knickers,
the bat tight into my body,
Hoping he doesn't break my glasses.

My mum should be leaning out the back gate
her eyes missing nothing.
Not even the missing buckle
on my sandal.
There should be nothing here I don't remember.