

Peter Lugg

THE BITTER SUBURBS

Street lamps give the place an evil glow.
The last bus slinks off into night,
gleaming with the manic moon's reflected change.
After milk bottle clatter time
dogs loll near fires redefining sprawl,
& couples cut fingers on the knife edge of love.
Discord simmers on the stove,
but none dare touch its burning lid.

Some sit back in heavy chairs
considering the day's directives, alone or in pairs.
In other homes, children distract their keepers
from life's dog-eared tarot
with laughter, and plastic trucks of love.
Lights click off, one by one.
In some rooms, the TV blathers until late,
its coloured eye boring through the drapes.

Somewhere outside, windchimes peel the night.