

Banged- Up Boys

Bitter cold November day in Leicester nick
Serious pat down, more a massage
Unlock lock, unlock lock, unlock LOCK.
Doors and corridors
Disorientation deliberate, unlock, lock, corridor and
Round the bend.
A man jumped from the castellated turrets
Broke both legs. You would.
On the wing, smell thick institutional stodge.
Echo shouting banging constant.
Eleven men, eleven damaged boys.
Eleven year old stole step-dads Jag
Crashing
Eleven year old starting on gear
Crashing
What's your favourite song?
Otis on the dock, my dad's harmonica
Tamlia means happy mum, no more dad.
Rapper dealer man-boy so clever
No not 2pac, Patsy Cline.
I fall to pieces.
I do.
He's out on Christmas eve
Shops shut and empty handed
MERRY FUCKING CHRISTMAS
Steel doors slam shut till morning
Hand waving, a slice of face at a slither of window
Bye Deborah
I'm going home, going for a pint

And the banged up boys

In the banging noise

Write poetry.

Deborah Delano

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