

SINE MA (Watch without Mother)

We used to queue
Outside the 'flicks'
On a Saturday morn
To get our kicks

Two shillings in
A sixpence – sweets
Then join the rush
To get our seats

The building – a palace
The biggest we'd seen
Never saw the ceiling
Just a twenty foot screen

The level of noise
Went down with the light
As a mysterious force
Turned day into night

Wide-eyed but dreaming
We'd try to figure
If this week was Tarzan
Or Roy Rodgers with Trigger

How often the howling
Against evil and danger
Would turn to applause
When appeared 'The Lone Ranger'

But all too soon
It would come to an end
And back into daylight
Our way we would wend

We'd escape from reality
But as kids we would seek
To play as our heroes
At least till next week!

Mick Streeter, 1982