

HUGH DEACON

LYGON STREET

Pumped up rev heads slumped
in their fully sick machines
doof doof their arrival.
Their immature mating calls
cruelly ignored by
pretty young gypsy girls,
heads and breasts held high
stilettoing past outdoor tables.
Their flashing brazen eyes
and enticing thighs cut a path
of pure seduction.
Mothers look up and reminisce
old men stir and sigh.
Chair legs screech, cutlery clatters
waiters flitter and flirt.
Rich, strong aromas
hover
and sway in the summer breeze.
Families and friends greet and feast
with a traditional passion.
Doof doofers do
another hopeful lap.