

## **Those were the days**

I remember when Bonfire Night was for one night only  
and when there were just the 12 days of Christmas,  
not 12 weeks.

When its success was judged on the amount of joy you had,  
not the number of gifts congregated under the plastic tree -  
and I remember when trees weren't plastic!

Ah, those were the days.

I remember when it was safe to walk the streets.

When you could hear cars approaching by their rattling exhausts,  
not the beat of their sub-woofer.

I remember when there were jobs  
and people wanted them.

Ah, those were the days.

I remember when we invented sex, music, fashion,  
when we were just misunderstood  
and Sonny loved Cher.

I remember when kids went out to play,  
collected in exuberant groups  
and babbled about everything and nothing.

Held conversations,

didn't email

or text,

or go 'online'.

When words were spelt correctly and had vowels in them.

I remember when telephone conversations were held in the privacy  
of your living room,  
or a little red box at the corner of the street,  
not in a train or restaurant.

Ah, those were the days.