

Sonj Zoref  
21st Jan 2014

### Sunrise over Huddersfield

A golden flood of orange and pink ascend the horizon,  
over the hedge of the leaning conifers  
that part conceal the block of peach painted  
flats with their broken windows and graffiti,  
and fill the house with a soft comforting glow.

I hear the sounds of fresh morning children  
filled with innocent excitement,  
playing in the playground outside school  
and the obscenities from next door filter through  
the paper thin council house walls.

I wave off my youngest at the front door  
and watch adoringly as she shrinks into the distance,  
the fresh waft of dog shit  
fuelled by last night's binge of stolen chocolate  
and cat shit, waits to be ritually binned.

The wind whispers through the trees  
and the holes in the upstairs airing cupboard wall  
drowning out the sound of the police car  
that's just pulled up next door;  
causing a commotion of scampering feet.

The schizophrenic across the street invites himself  
like a lose canon, to get involved, an excuse to whale  
and shout, arms and legs flailed everywhere,  
telling me, them, anyone, everyone, no one,  
to 'turn the f\*\*\*\*\*g music down'. (*there is NO music*)