

## POETRY SELECTED BY KATE FOLEY

### Going Back

You don't need eyes. Put your arm through mine  
and trust your nose. First: sawdust, the iron tang  
of blood, the haslet you used to love. Yes, Thompson's:  
it's a mini-market now.

We'll pass Yvonne's, breathe in shampoo,  
ammonia-acrid perm lotion (remember the Afro I just *had*  
to have?) to *À La Mode* – chemistry of Crimplene, tacking-chalk  
and wool: Oxfam since 1992.

No guessing here – gusts  
of smoke underlaid with yeast and hops. Yes, *The Fox*,  
where I lied about my age, drank gin with orange squash,  
pinballed home, fell into bed still dressed.

Let's cross the road  
to the soiliness of spuds in roll-necked sacks, raspberries,  
a pail of gillyflowers: Clark's – it's been the *Taj Mahal*  
for many years.

Next, the lure of silky haddock in a crunchy coat  
and twice-cooked chips long before TV chefs invented them,  
all fried in lard.

But we'll resist and make for *Chez Monique*  
where a new contraption caused so much alarm – its growl and hiss,  
the dark brown brew in tiny cups.

We're nearly there,  
just Taylor's now, its fresh-baked scones, and a doughnut waft  
that taunted hunger on the way from school.

Finally, St Jude's.  
Remember that new vicar? Far too 'high' with incense and fancy robes.  
Rest assured, the churchyard still has daffodils in spring, the yews  
still harbour rooks and chaffinches.

But this is where we say Goodbye  
and I return you to your rightful place.

Gill Learner