

Steve Cartwright

Down the ginnel

Down the ginnel we did tunnel
Through the pathways in the dark
Spying out the lairs of Sarah
In the sprawl near Roundhay park.
No.20 Gledhow Wood Grove,
Seat of the ancestral home
With its high and mighty ceilings
And its rattlebag of rooms.

Poked about and dug her out,
There look I can see her still
Sitting with her feet both dangling
From the top floor windowsill.

Oh my golly there goes dolly
Three floors to the ground below
Screaming mummy horrid dolly
She can't even fly you know.

Hiding from the wrath of mummy
Holds her breath till she's gone blue
Or packs her bag and leaves her portal
Off to no. Twenty-two.

Went out with her to the corner
To the sweetie shop we skipped
With a halfpenny from her brother
Sherbet dabs on sticky lips.
Soon came out and crept about
By the overhanging hedge
Murder man is hiding somewhere
Chop you up and kill you dead.

Down the ginnel we now scurried
Saw your friends from days gone by
Saw the house where 'can't remember'
Pushed the needle through her eye.

Now were flying down the ginnel
Hurtling through the deep of time
Prep school first school off to high school
Leaving infancy behind.

Places friends and family greet you
Each a memory to bring
Year on year they slowly form you
Winter, Summer, Autumn Spring.

Thank you for this frantic journey
Through the pathways in the dark
Spying out the lairs of Sarah
In the sprawl near Roundhay park.