

## **Bring Back Sundays**

Bring back Sundays. Shop shutters slept and households slumbered in the still of the hottest summer. Silence pealed streets awake to the sickening dread that everyone was dead, killed by some enemy virus, until deliverance by the neighbour sudding his bonnet to wireless cricket and the smell of bacon.

Bring back Sundays. When us latchkey kids chewed a pencil and half the week's baking, played out over fields whether sunshine or raining. Saved up the grease in our hair for that once a week splash in the avocado bath - Imperial Leather scented steam and a heaven of polystyrene.

Bring back Sundays. When sharp pressed pants and a muscle clean shirt went to grab my Grandad for the strict twelve-till-two of the working men's club, for a pint, or three, shaking his flat cap at your seasonal safari jacket. Bring back Sundays. When my Mum beat batter, sipping a schooner of sherry, while our ears filled with Blue Eyes and our mouths with laughter.

Bring back Sundays. When your leather soled footsteps sang up the path and your key in the door opened our arms, when the shield of mint met us first and your barley breath peeped from behind it. When your golden smile, framed in Old Spice, moved in for a kiss on my childhood cheek. A giddy of Dad, swinging cream soda (and tuppence for the empty). When me and my brother thought you were twelve feet tall and your heart was strong, before that autumn.

Bring back Sundays, bring them back, bring them back, bring them back.