



Wish on a billboard

For a time when ...

billboards fall flat on their perfect faces  
 golden arches buckle at the knees in shame  
 and we're freed from going anywhere 'quick!'  
 ... 'while stocks last!' ... 'before it ends!'  
 ... so we don't 'miss out' on that 'must have!'

And fat was used to make gravy not deemed as  
 ugly and unsightly lumps to be hidden, sucked out  
 (and in), massaged away, jogged off, measured  
 and cut out - or provided a menu of celebrity  
 cooking shows for those surfing for something  
 to escape world news.

Kids associated 'board' with scrabble and not  
 nothing to do. Offers weren't ~~limited~~ limited  
 and we accepted fixing wasn't quick.

Buses had people going up and down through  
 windows not wrapped in wrinkle free banners  
 promoting the same.

Googling was staring in wonder at the sky  
 or the sound of a blocked sink - not entry  
 into a world that home delivers and unsavoury  
 feast for curious young minds to consume.

A time when watching the sun ~~sizzle~~ sizzle into the  
 watery horizon was a celebration of the end  
 of another good day - not a sear on ~~the~~ the  
~~burdened~~ social conscience ~~we~~ of already  
 burdened young ~~minds~~ souls we leave to carry  
 with them into the future.

... and seagulls went fishing and stopped  
 squabbling over chips !!!

