

Kismet in Suburbia

Ian Anderson

Gerald the Banker

Fresh start, another day, another life, a quiet cafe. Starbuck euphoria.

Count my blessings, crossword ready. Soon, pipe and slippers in the study by the telly.

I seek forgiveness, I beg your pardons at number 9 Mulberry Gardens.

Gerald the Chorister

Fresh start, another day, another life so far away from hell-raised aria.

Now I lay me down to live in acquiescence, mine to give to all who listen.

Deaf to dark un-heavenly host at 25 Mulberry Close.

Gerald the Military Man

Fresh start, another day, another life so far away from white heat Arabia.

Comrades' pictures on the mantle, lit by flower-scented candle, ghostly, flicker.

Last man standing, bowed but alive at 33 Mulberry Drive

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Gerald: A Most Ordinary Man

Fresh start, another day, another life not so far away in slow-burn suburbia.

All routine and repetition, stamp-collecting, first editions, steam train-spotting.

Numb, the senses and numb, the brain, at 54 Mulberry Lane.

Gerald the Homeless

Fresh start, another day, my cared-for partner just slipped away from sweet utopia.

Bequeathed comforts, ceramic hob, electric blanket, your uncle's Bob: a pretty picture.

Treasured moments, past and present, at 17 Mulberry Crescent.