

Hidden in Plain Sight

by Paul Hunter

Hidden in plain sight.
Someone's angry and wants a fight.
Boozed up Britain on a Friday night.
Shield your eyes, not a pretty sight.
Loud mouth youths jeer and goad.
A drunken conga meanders down the road.
The air is full of fun and fear.
Loads of dealers selling gear.
Outside or inside no one really cares.
A pumped up drugee cartwheels down the stairs.
Do you want to dance or maybe just to fight?
A place to be seen, hidden in plain sight.