

Close Neighbours

by Paul Hunter

Overnight, our neighbours began to look at us differently.
They're a strange lot in the Close as you're about to see.

It wasn't our fault, we weren't to blame.
But around our house was a cloud of shame.

We followed their lead with regard to the bins.
Tell us what's wrong and we'll confess to our sins.

They look straight through us or cast their gaze askance.
Whatever have we done, will we find out by chance?

No more friendly greetings or even a cheery wave.
Anyone would think we'd held an all night rave.

We hadn't let our dog poo on our neighbour's lawn.
We didn't slam our car doors at the crack of dawn.

We didn't play loud music all through the day and night.
We didn't install security lights shining much too bright.

We didn't have a barbecue when their washing's out.
We didn't have loud arguments or sing or scream or shout.

Somehow we've broken one of their unwritten rules.
And now our petty neighbours are treating us like fools.

By chance we discovered a note on our car.
It was hard to believe they had gone this far

'No one in the Close parks on the road'.
As we reread the note we began to explode!