

## **Wigan**

I could give it all up,  
move to Wigan.  
Get a one bedroom flat  
in a suburb gone to seed.  
Grow my hair long  
and get a tattoo of a snake on my arm.  
Dress in black jeans,  
denim shirts and fancy waistcoats.  
Paint murals to get by,  
a bit on busking on the side.  
Weekends drink in dark half empty pubs  
and only use the first syllable of names –  
“Hi Ste, how’s And? I’ll shout across the bar.  
I won’t disappear completely,  
once, a month catching National Express  
to cities in the South.  
There sending postcards home to the wife.  
Then sooner than you’d think,  
on a morning like this,  
there’ll be a knock at the door  
and a young man will step forward,  
say “Hello dad” and punch me on the nose.

**Mathew Lloyd**