**Sunrise Over Aldi**

It won’t always be like this, somewhere

boys will put down their postcodes and weep

into tracksuits, step over double yellow lines

and loiter with one another, on the south side

of the city a mother will embrace her daughter

for the first time, try on her new name and

find that it fits her lips. “Caroline,” she will say,

“Caroline, Caroline, you look beautiful.”

It won’t always be like this, somewhere

a seventy-year-old bird watcher will buy a motorbike

and find that he too can fly, a black woman

will show a mixed-race girl how to tie a headwrap

and something in her heart will leap, somewhere,

someone will utter the words; *I love you, I miss you,*

*I’m sorry.*

An atheist will speak Allah and smile at the taste

of honey on his tongue, the dead will climb out of

their graves and shake those standing in line

at the bank. Somewhere, you will look down at the

stars shooting across the duel carriageway and

decide to climb off the iron railings. In the shadow

of the service station, you will wait for dawn.