An Invisible life.(Banksy paradise)

One dark night before the end of lockdown.

Banksy rolled into town.

Stencil in hand and garbed in a workman jacket,

he set to work.

Bloke sized feet stenciled the way to go,

one way,

arrows pointed painted.

No one suspected.

Crime scene like tape marked the two metre gaps,

in front of shops.

Trans lives matter slogans were replaced with instruction,

on how to give space.

Keep it under control.

Stenciled footprints will tell you the right way to go.

Of course no-one could claim these pavement artworks were

the work of Banksy...

No one saw.