

THOSE WHO WAIT

(i)

Grandfather's head; like clocks of his namesake;
rusty gears... a dusty, broken face.
Father told me Kindness killed him off;
more ethical than the alternative.
Like comparing abattoirs to harpoons.

Kindness... what do you look like? Festooned
with barbed edges? Can you be made from scratch
with products found around the house? Do you
negate bar stools and pool cues in the way
that Rock does Scissors; Scissors does Paper?

(ii)

Standing room only at the ceremony.
Father's hands plunged organ keys off key;
like heads of narcoleptic pianists.

They knew the atheist in their midst
and seated me behind a salt pillar.
What would have happened had I arrived *late*?

For such a big man the casket had shrunk
tragically come the end. In his prime
six brass handles wouldn't have been enough.

Unless wrapped in the fists of Superman.

(iii)

Children heard his attic ghost rattling
some contraption; rhythmic & metallic;
like drunken steps of iron arachnids.
Nightly, mum must solve the conundrum
of the knob on the door. The typewriter
always as it was before. The task
for those with old Fagin's dexterity;

to paint shadow puppet mythology;
distracting grown men all too scared to sleep.

(iv)

Mum tackles ground zero with eubanks.
Not one of us has got the heart to say;
You've been pushing paint rollers all along.

It's Father's day to raid the corner shop.
He goes kissing his crucifix beyond
the bell tower and all the way back home.

I would sprint; hoping for heart failure.
Until Guinness told me about Good Things;
how often they doth come to Those Who Wait.