

Dad

He was a nice old man

My father

Long of limb

Shoulders broad

Large, strong hands

His specs frame

Held fast by sticky-tape alone

Around the house he was

The sound of a blowlamp

The smell of turps

He was Rawlplugs, paraffin, cross-cut saw and paint

He was the singing in the shower

Tuneful but too loud

The call upstairs for dinner

And the family whistle that found you

Within the densest crowd.

Tweed, Arran, gabardine, Vyella

Red tie, brown belt, best suit on a Sunday.

And now?

A mere shadow

A wispy sprite

Glimpsed at the corner of my eye

A fleeting face

That forms then fades

Like clouds on a summer day.