The Meccano Set

I recall only one Christmas Eve on Lynch's Lane with the distinct edges of a photograph the others all mixed together like jujubes in a glass jar only one Christmas Eve when I prayed for a Meccano set for building skyscrapers and bridges and towers in the air the Meccano I didn't get while Grant Baker did

the fathers dropped in for a drink, a small one, Skipper, and sang with Bing Crosby singing in the snow, the snowfalling, always falling, on Lynch's Lane while my grandmother danced from window to window watching for Santa Claus with reports about the weather and neighbours and this Christmas Eve we all danced with her

the air afire red light broken
curses Grant's father in his underwear staggered in the lane retched pictures in the snow clung to the fence police pulled him dragged him like a toboggan Grant and his mother watched watched him taken away

I recall that Christmas Eve because Grant got the Meccano set I wanted and didn't get and all winter he wouldn't let me play with it and in June Grant and his mother moved away and I bought his Meccano set for three dollars still wrapped in plastic and built sturdy towers of steel that couldn't be knocked down

CARL LEGGO