

Wartime Winter

Warm coins melt spy holes;
In frost fields the red sun shines;
School milk thaws on pipes.

Pencil shavings smell
Sharp as harvest straws, crayon,
Polish, 'Number One.'

Dad's waistcoat yields pinched
Fag-ends, pencil stubs, his Dad's
Watch: 'Six-o-clock News.'

Old soldier, he hefts
My brother's kitbag through snow
To the train. Mum cries.

Like film memory unwinds from fifty years:
Black and white platform; buttons bright as tears.

SELWYN PRITCHARD