

From bottom drawers the faceless common men
take out a suit, and ~~dress~~^{their} ~~his~~ children
in pairs and threes, an army.

Babies toddle and mother's mother toddles
in his Sunday procession around the park.

Polish gathers dust, noses dribble,
starched blouses sweat and wrinkle.

He would be grand.

The park is a cheap bribe,
after mindless work an aimless wander
and snapshots for dog-eared albums,
sixty-year crush in bottom drawers
then sorting and burning.

The sun dies.

A brief sorting at the gate,
regrouping for ease in transit,
back to the ovens and the forges and the engines,
and the burning.

Elsewhere

an uncommon banker in overalls and a wool cap
makes a six-thirty visit to the north-west pasture
sorting posts and burning leaves
thrashing madly in the smoke and sweat
until relieved.