

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

Babies teddle and mother's mother toddlers
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.

Apr 68