

Tim Cleal

Little Boxes

the acrid whiff and phwoing! of old
lady and long-gone lilies kicks me in
the head, reaches right up inside the
nose and into my memories
gunnels groaning she heads down
the aisle, steps, safely, off the platform
onto the pavement whilst pausing,
the driver mends the ticket
machine the old lady, with
her wild snatch had kiboshed at
the last stop I watch her
amble up her drive, search for half
a minute for her key, insert the key,
push her door open into the dark
space inside, and when she's in, as
she closes the door she peers out with
the grey green dry eyes, cheeks and
forehead of a retreating tortoise.
conceived in a box. born in
a box. lived in a box. died in a box
was buried in a box
she didn't get out much