

## Who Are You?

By Chris Farn

Yet again, the long night has lulled me to sleep.  
I wake up stiff in the chair by the window.  
As I look at the clock the blanket slips to the floor.  
Monday 7am, I peer through the curtains' narrow gap.  
The stranger has been again - and I missed them!  
Two bottles of milk sit on the frosty doorstep  
and beside them the same blue plastic crate.  
Who are you?

I check on the kids upstairs, all peacefully asleep,  
then go back downstairs and open the front door.  
I bring in the milk, then the crate.  
As usual there is a sliced loaf and two tins of baked beans.  
Today, the stranger has included cheese, eggs and cereal,  
plus three small chocolate bars for the children.  
Such thoughtfulness, such kindness.  
Who are you?

Every Monday and Friday you visit us.  
How do you know I am struggling?  
I keep things to myself, no husband to help.  
I thought it would be a one-off gesture but no.  
Eight blue crates later, I was knee-deep in plastic!  
So I placed all eight on the doorstep at midnight.  
On Monday morning one was full, seven were gone.  
I'm so grateful but why us?

Three nights I've tried to stay awake in the chair,  
hoping to catch a glimpse of you, hoping to thank you.  
But each time heavy eyelids dash my intentions.  
Are you a man or a woman? Young or old?  
How do you know what to put in the crate?  
You always get it right, never wrong.  
One bottle full fat, one semi-skimmed.  
Who are you?

This Thursday night, I will try again to stay awake,  
to catch you in the act, your act of kindness.  
I will rush to the front door to say thank you.  
I will invite you in for a cup of tea and a chat.  
I will no longer have to ask: "Who are you?"