

Grandpa is Very Old

Grandpa is very old, you know;
In his ears
Bristle the hairs of many greying years;
His neck is folded with the loose, cloth skin
That hangs below the stubble of his chin;
And on his hands
The purple veins
Lie thick like worms
After the summer rains.



And when he bones me on his knee
I feel his body smile at me,
And when he hugs me with his arm
And pulls that face so scowly-grim
I feel I'm looking after him.

Gregory Harrison