

Sussex Poets Competition 2015: Commended

Remember

by

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The first time I met my father
he was holding a cloud
and a plastic guitar.
Upright and military he was youthful,
his cheeks almost rouged,
his hands no longer shook,
the single hair on his nose removed.
I was expecting to hear
tales about India
instead of the string of jokes
that followed about secrets and dreams.
Remember, he asked.
I did.
Remember, he said,
and the chair stared back.
Remember, he said,
I understood
and putting my forefinger
to my temple saluted.