

Sack of Potatoes

Balancing, on the trapeze of the sofa's arm,
our feet tingled.

You locked your arms around our waists and
tossed us over your shoulder – as if we weighed
less than a sack of potatoes.

You called to 'Bert', helpless with laughter,
and slowly began the mountain climb up
to our bedrooms.

We slipped from your embrace to the blankets
beneath, eyes closing. But during the night we
would wake you up, still wanting to be
a sack of potatoes.

Without complaint, you left your bed to join
our own, letting us tuck our feet beneath the sheet
and yourself. We'd wake, free from nightmares,
watching you twist your stiff neck, and want to
play our favourite game:
being a sack of potatoes.

Some nights you read to us – all of us sardines
in the sardine tin of your bed. Your voice, low
and soft, washing over us.
The steady hum of your laughter; singing tunelessly;
calling out on bike rides -
those were the best pieces of our childhood.

Now, we're too big and too heavy to play
our favourite game – though not too old.
We'll wait, on the trapeze of the sofa's arm,
waiting for our bedtime stories, and the
mountain climb to our bedrooms.
Waiting to be
a sack of potatoes

One more time.