

Caught in the Corner Shop

After Marie Howe

I see her flying up the hill,
wide-eyed, open mouthed, hair catching her ears

and running to her front door with men from the shop behind her
and behind them kids on bikes and skates knowing something is up.

She doesn't look at me. Just sidesteps the blanket I've laid out
on the pavement to sunbathe and read magazines.

Last week a group of us were in the shop. I put fizzy colas in my pocket
and she stuffed 5 cream eggs up her cardigan,

the foil peeping between the buttons.
She must have gone alone today.

The day she learned not to grass.
The day I learned to keep my mouth shut.