

## Haberdashery Days

Many evenings were spent  
perched on the counter  
after closing time  
spellbound  
by her grandmother  
who glided about  
the haberdashery

after the sweeping, tidying  
rearranging  
came the best part  
the treasure-trove spilling  
of rich and lustrous buttons

choosing their favourites  
in turn  
lending each button  
an exotic origin  
an imagined history

the butterflies  
in her tummy  
surely had butterflies  
in their tummies too  
when her grandmother  
her twinkling eyes  
the finest buttons of all  
said that maybe someday  
a lonely prince  
will come knocking  
on the haberdashery door  
years looking  
for his priceless  
missing button

it is hard to believe  
that almost seventy years  
have glided by  
that she  
is the only thing left now  
of those haberdashery days  
hard to believe too  
that still  
she waits  
for the knock