

Granddad

Granddad was smelly but in a good way

Pipe tobacco and Extra strong mints

He walked with a limp

Which grandma said he got in the war

But he said he got from grandma

Cuddling him too hard and they'd both laugh

But she'd look a bit sad at the same time

He was brilliant at mending punctures

And knowing the names of things

In walks through the garden

And in the nearby woods

Where he was rubbish at hide and seek

Often as he got older

He would play a game where

Very convincingly he'd pretend

Not to remember who we were

And so one by one

His memories melted away

Like the seaside summer icecreams

Which had run down his arms as a boy

Until one bathroom morning

Only an empty mirror stared back