

Shiple 1996

Her smile across the table bridged the missing years  
and for a fleeting instant the boy and girl appeared  
we didn't realise it would cause any talk  
when alice and me went for our walks  
down church lane to the lambwaths track  
that wandered in a circle all the way back  
past the council houses and the curtain twitches  
across straits bridge over dry ditches  
to primrose bank where I stopped for a smoke  
laughing and talking because life was a joke.  
onto far fosham where during the war mrs kirk  
during a normal farming days work  
captured a german who'd jumped from his plane  
and parachuted down safely in her back lane  
only to be greeted with her loaded shot gun  
and wisely decided he'd rather not run  
and she received a medal straight from the king.  
down her cart track rutted and twisting  
to marton church where at the manse next door  
they'd give you water which the lady would pour  
cool and sparkling from a large metal jug  
in to the gleaming white pint pot mugs  
back to straits bridge over dry ditches  
by council houses and curtain twitches  
up church lane  
home again  
we best friends didn't realise it would cause any talk  
when alice and me went for long country walks