

## To Fill The Pot

Dad laboured on a farm  
I went with my mother  
During school holiday  
As she cleaned at another.  
I suppose life was hard  
But as kid you don't know  
So long as your feet are dry and  
Your backside doesn't show.

Got a shotgun at age twelve  
Which didn't exactly thrill  
I never liked the idea  
Of going out to kill.  
It wasn't for the pleasure  
But to fill the family pot:  
Not a thing was wasted  
We ate everything we shot.

Big coat with poachers' pockets  
To hide any illegal game  
Walking alongside dad  
Dressed just the same.  
My four ten folded  
Making its size just right  
To slip in another pocket  
Kept safely out of sight.

PC Patsy Fagan  
Would often drive by  
More often than not  
He'd turn a blind eye  
Sometimes he'd stop  
But he didn't really linger  
Wound down the car window  
To wave an admonitory finger.

We ate pigeon hare and rabbit  
Sometimes fat goose or wild duck  
It all depends on the season and  
How good was that days luck,  
We didn't really push it  
Because the keeper was keen

It could cause a bit of trouble  
If we were too often seen  
And then I grew up  
And came that final day  
That I packed my meagre bag  
And went on my way.  
I went into the army where  
I learned different ways to kill  
But just as before the  
Thought didn't really thrill.  
My East Yorkshire village.  
Had so much to give  
I took it all with joy but  
Never went back there to live.  
These days I think a lot about  
The village and mam and dad  
They weren't really good old days  
But still some of the best I've had