

WAKE UP NAN

"Where did you get that from Nan?"

"It came out of the closet dear."

"It's a cupboard Nan, a cupboard. 'Its' don't come out of closets these days."

"What do you mean 'its' don't come out of closets these days?"

"Times are 'a-changing Nan. Let me put it this way. Do you remember how I tried to get you to stop saying that in the old days you were happy and gay playing hop scotch and skippy out in the street?"

"No; I can't remember that. I suppose you were just upset that you couldn't be happy and gay out on the streets like I could back then"

"Mmmm...I think it's time I had a little new-age boy talk with you Nan."

"For Heaven's sake young man; I'm over three times your age".

"Yeh, you're right Nan. I think I'd better get Dad to have that little word with you."

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THE JOKER TAKES IT ALL

The plaque is on a little strip of the wall between a tall bookshelf and the window. It's the middle one of three running one under the other. Of course they're running one under the other; as I said, it's a tiny strip of wall. Of the three it's the only one looking wonkey. I keep straightening it but within a day or so it wonks again. I'm sure it's alive; it's a plaque that larks.

Above it sits a large framed photograph taken of my eldest son on his university graduation day. The photo remains at all times as straight as the board on his head. The science field was his accomplishment and I can see him laughing at my frustration with the wonkey plaque below him and saying, "Its physics Mum; pure, plain and simple physics. Leave it alone. If you want to read it, bend your head."

Below the plaque is another large framed photograph of another son. He has his arm draped over his wife's shoulder and in front of them, their three delightful little daughters; all five of them grinning like Cheshire cats. This is the son who laughs though life and plays jokes on me.

When he was still living at home he came in quite late one night when I was asleep in bed. He took off his socks and without waking me, put them on the pillow under my nose. Next day at work however, when he bit into his sandwich for lunch, he found a clean sock on his bread.

I think the plaque above him on the wall should read: To Mother and Son 1993 – The Jokers of the Year.

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DREAM ON DAD

They are beautiful together ...

Father and child.

The sun shines in their presence.

The wit, the glance, the unison

It's there..... no need to search.

He dreams out loud of a grand estate.

She quirks with knowing inborn...

To leave her room for her unicorn.

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