

GRAEME HETHERINGTON

THE TWO GODS

In red and white at dead of night,
Snow glistening in his beard like stars,
My father lit the porch and hall
As Father Christmas with his bag,
The silver sledge and golden deer

Between my brother's bed and mine
A shining sky-blue pedal car
With room enough for only one,
My father towering overhead
With lathered chin and strap in hand.

HOME (2)

My mother stares, makes dreams her home
And doesn't seem to hear what's said,
My father strident in his talk
About his greyhounds, golf and car

And whispering to me that she's deaf,
Her mad eyes mirrors where I read:
You came unwilling to his world,
The forcep marks are on your neck.