

## JEAN STONE

### SCRATCHINGS ON A STOCKYARD RAIL

Talking to Dad was always hard.  
That's why I blurted, cheekily,  
whatever it was . . .

"Don't speak to me like that  
I'm a gentleman,"  
he said, real scotty.

The only one of my mates  
sent away to school,  
I had some catching up to do

when I came home to work for Dad.  
"A boss can't mix and keep  
control," he used to say.

Later he conceded  
"You seem to have the beggars  
where you want them, son."

Civility is cold  
and I built no fences.  
I envy his assurance though.

The wife looks after us  
and Dad no longer cares  
she isn't our sort.

I understand his hope my boy  
will be a gentleman.  
*Pull baker*            *Pull devil*  
I hope the kid can talk to me.