

ROSS CLARK

THE ROOF RITUAL

Just past sixty and
retirement, my father

comes unexpectedly
with ladder and bucket,

insisting *No Son, I'll do it.*
You hold the ladder.

With canvas gloves he
scoops dollops of black
and tacky leafmould
from the guttering,

spilling some on my
head and shoulders

as I hold the ladder
steady under him. His

love is in the eloquence
of not saying much.

MARK MAHEMOFF

SECURING THE LOAD

My father makes lovely knots
and I appreciate his virtuosity
as one loop seems to disappear
through another