

## David Jacobs

### OLD

Propped in a garden chair like a child's guy,  
He inhabits the balcony, sipping juice,  
And peering through the balustrade at cars.

He wears a cardigan and a floppy sun hat.  
Shrubbery and plants handsomely thrive  
Around his presence in tubs and window boxes.

'Would you like your chair moved round'  
Enquires his daughter, 'A magazine perhaps?'  
She waters the plants as if conducting them.

Then she's away to the streets, carrying  
A shopping bag and looking headmistress stern.  
No hint of worry breaches her countenance.