

BRUCE ROBERTS

REFLECTION ON A TRACTOR ACCIDENT

Work done, my old man stops,
his labour drowned in his brow.
The phone rings, is answered;
whispered conversation of someone missing,
he leaves and I can't sleep for thinking.

My mother sits; waits.
I think of men with torches,
twisted tractor, man alone,
I cry a bit and sleep.

Reality dawns on a child dream
in morning muted tones.
– *bloody tractors*
he lies pinned twelve hours, conscious, burnt.
– *bloody tractors*
in hospital three days, in shock and dies.

I worry about my old man,
he about me, everyday
ignition on, engine revving,
legs astride our tractors leave
and in the evening
my mother sits; waits.