Tony

If I was to go,

I would wear green leopard print And my hair in a bow,

Not out of malice but it’s what I believe you’d want me to do,

From the little I knew.

I would stand when they missed out father in your list of titles,

Not because you were one,

but you could have been.

And I would say,

It’s not waves that hit.

You brought me a puffa jacket,

from the swan indoor market,

It said Michigan on it

Which I believed to be a brand name, I felt fantastic,

It smelt like weed for days after our visit,

Told my teacher I smelt like spaghetti bolognese.

You left us at Hatton Craft Centre,

To go to the pub,

With a girl you loved, or liked, or were sleeping with, I was eight,

It felt like a two hour game of hide and seek,

But with a five year old,

And play isn’t as fun when you haven’t got

An adult in eyeshot,

To reassure you they are there if you fall.

If I did go,

I’d have worn green leopard print And my hair in a bow,

And when they came over,

Said you must be his daughter.

I would say,

It’s a leak in a backroom that’s been there forever.