

'My Heavy Leather Coat'
Bernard Pearson

Walking into town.
Where the old, shop
For company,
I find that
I am wearing it now.
Like the welsh hills
I sag beneath it.
Paroled from grief,
Yet swamped like Macbeth
It came from the love
My mother left me.

I wish I could say it
Keeps me calm,
That, being inside
This pantomime cow
Lullabies me through
The unguessed days.
But instead, it keeps
The weather close
To my skin,
Llike a hair shirt.

In it, I appear clown like
And could certainly
Hide a custard pie
Or two between
It's dark recesses.
Or a white dove no longer
Struggling to be free.

It is only for occasional use
On windy days, when there
Is a danger, I might get
Swept away.