

'Stolen Hour'

Fokkina McDonnell

One hour was stolen from the time
behind you. The memory of it lost.
Your shoes and socks are still there,
waiting for you. Below your parents
take breakfast in a quiet kitchen.

You were briefly married once,
bought Christmas cards from the RSPCA.
But even in the eyes of small dogs
you could not find an answer.

In an empty parish church on the coast
the stale smell of tobacco lets you
stumble backwards into that vestry
with the church warden, his pipe
and his misplaced hands.