

1964

Uncle Bill

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Uncle Bill

Would steal in and shake the house
With his seal laugh, take his flask,
Wink at water or a glass,
Tip it thumb down his throat, mask
The flame with the back of his hand,
Flame that crept like a mouse
Through his face and shook his hand;
And only eight, could not understand
Why the flask must be emptied so fast,
Until, Christmas Eve, his heart froze, down
He came flask and all, dropped down,
And I bawled at his final twitch,
Cursed and called him a son of a bitch
For spoiling my last Christmas.

PETE GREEN