

## **After the Parade**

After the parade,  
We saw them,  
Quick marching to the  
Armoury.  
Soldiers now,  
They passed our throng  
Still flawless in their  
Number 2's, but  
All the stiffness gone.  
Relaxed,  
They were allowed to smile  
As Mum's and sisters waved  
And called their names.  
The one who fainted,  
Resurrected,  
Let back in the gap  
He had left in the rank,  
With minor wounds  
To self esteem.

Ian Collinson

July 2009

## Taking the Epistle

*Pillar-box, Hilton Crescent.*

Some people have no faith  
in themselves.

Like this man in socks  
and sandals  
shuffling his hand-  
ful of envelopes,  
sliding them  
grudgingly in.

They are *his* letters  
after all.

Others, less precious,  
still cannot resist  
a parting glance.

The angry have no qualms,  
stamping up to  
punch in complaints,  
would argue with  
the post box if they could  
but it knows when to  
keep its mouth shut.

Love-lorn teens  
are written out of course:  
no pleading with  
postmen any more.

Best of all are  
toddlers: their manic glee,  
hoist up, piped into the world,  
small hand flapping  
in the aperture, waving  
goodbye.

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### **Mad to work here**

There ought to be a place  
where we can go,  
with desks and  
telephones -  
pass each other notes:  
'ring so and so',  
discuss where we might  
order  
this and that,  
make tea  
and laugh about

our customers,  
recall the times  
we used to joke:  
'You'll miss me  
when I've gone.'

### **Message in an egg box**

It's come to this –  
tipping the contents  
of desk drawers  
into skips.

File copies  
of long forgotten  
jobs carted off  
for recycling.

Next time you buy  
eggs, think of us,  
scooping out this  
shell.

Ian Collinson  
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