

OUT OF THE PAST

Come out from under the Reo, Da,
And look into my little brown eyes,
I am twelve, I am twelve, I am twelve.

Wipe those hands of their axle grease,
Smile on me, Da, as though you saw me.
Wipe those hands of their axle grease.

Touch me, Da, like a Da, like a Da,
Say hello and smile and touch me, say,
My shoulder, there's a safety zone.

Touch me, Da, wipe off that axle grease
Before, then touch me, with your gnarled
Hand, the thumb shot by a bullet.

I remember the spot. I remember the smoking
As you built: built what? O Da,
What did you build with all that building?

The dock has washed away; the roof needs mending.
The fireplace stands with some staggering
In its loins, the grass needs mowing.

Come out from under the Reo, Da,
The bogeymen have all gone away,
I won't let anything hurt you, Da.

There'll be money in the bank; our credit
Will be white as newblown grain,
Come out, May is here, the depression is over.

Come out, Da; and Mum, you come out of the matinee,
The menopause is over now, hurray.
I am twelve, I am twelve, I am twelve.

Ruth Herschberger