

## MANUSCRIPTS

grandfather

(waiting for papa to return)

Terry Anderson

an hour after the rain had fallen  
it still clung to the air  
in a loose misty veil  
fireflies had come out  
glittering against the night  
like sequins set on a purple curtain  
streetlamps stretched down the street  
in an endless row  
each circled by a sparkling halo

into this silent night  
a small figure crept unseen by all save me  
he passed the sleeping houses quietly  
gently humming  
a soft tune that had sat on his lips for many years  
the baggy grey suit he'd worn through many nights  
hung limply on his small bent over body  
each thread was in place  
his black shoes polished with love  
a velvet hat crowned his head  
small patches of fine grey hair  
lay on his neck  
beneath the brim  
two eyes twinkled with the memory of yesterday and tomorrow  
at his side a small woodgrained walking stick  
swung back and forth keeping the meter of his dignified walk

i watched him disappear in the shadow of that night  
somewhere down the endless row  
far far away  
closer to him than me  
there was a light left on in the front room  
waiting for papa to return