Goat

Don’t fall for it – the sidelong look, thatpuntpuck
of a pupil - Goat wants nothing more

than to slip a cleated mitt beneath a fuss of skirts,
raise merry hell.

Button up. Keep very still.

Don’t think about that knock-kneed hopscotch,
dapper, quickstepped, keen. The long, tall grin.

Goat means to take your shoulder as a bit
between his teeth, skip in and out like nifty ribbonwork.

Call him Stickpin. Call him Sheershank.
Don’t call to him at all – \textit{But oh, my girl, you will.}

Call it fancy. Call it whim.
Call it a door opening on the slant stair

to the room you didn’t know was there,
though you’ve lived here all your life –

And come down with the dawn.
Now you’ve been gone too long -

the dance was over weeks ago, your guests
have all gone home.

\hspace{1cm} \text{Now you’re shoeless, skint}

and swindled. Now the daybreak wants to know.
Now the piper’s piping up beyond the gate - \textit{too late, my girl, too late.}

\textit{Abigail Parry}