

## **Grandad's Pockets**

Large, deep and orange

So, so very soft linings

Kept my hands warm in the winter freeze.

Trudging through the deepest snow

Wearing large hats (with ear flaps)

Long, crinkly scarves wound tightly round our necks

But.....

No gloves. Lost again.

'Never mind,' Grandad smiles

Lifting me up so high to his shoulders

Wrapped in his warmth and love.

'Put your little hands in the breast pockets

Of my coat

As I carry you home.'

Many years have passed.

Now I'm a grandad with a grandson

It's winter with paths full of snow.

Wearing large hats (with ear flaps)

Long, crinkly scarves wound tightly round our necks

Still no gloves..... they're lost again.

'Never mind,' I say lifting my grandson

Into my warm and loving arms .

'Put your little hands in the breast pockets

Of my coat

As I carry you home.'

*Liz Crossingham*