Special FX

I was backstreet following the wynd,

maze-muddled by every corners’ blind

turn, and lost my way. I tried the trick

of finger-feel way marking the change of brick

but in that evening’s last glim of summer light

the strung out ghosts of washing hazed my sight

of the miniature meteor tracking out of the gloom.

It had zeroed-in, locked on to the curtained room,

targeted the window pane. From over the wall

I’d heard the whack, the claimant’s call

for six, the counter yell of four, before

my instinctive hand stop relished the brief sore

of success; when, from out of the dark ran

my young self to a stop. It’s then boy transfixes man.

Had one stepped forward or the other back

to make the strike, the lucky catch, into that lack

of light? *Here*, said self to self handing over the ball.

*Thanks* he replied, returning to the game. That was all

we exchanged across the years. I still wonder, did I know

it was me or had time’s film flipped deliberately to show

that, whatever the play in the fade flickered light,

the pane never shatters, the spool always loops back

and back into the night.