

## Putting the wheels on

It wasn't meant to discourage you  
Banging nails in the seats of your half-built truck  
Two planks of wood at the back of the yard  
In a garage anorak as the Seventies rain  
Beat like the hammer, the nails coming down  
Like some sepia, B movie frame

What was I meant to do? To explain – what?  
That this thing was going nowhere on its back?  
You're flying a kite son, let it go -  
No ! I came to the place that you were at  
Put my coat on, screwed down the bolts and nuts  
It takes guts, it's the little details that...

How was I to know, in between the years  
That I was not the one to put wheels on your dreams  
I was an old rag and bone boy myself  
Put my own pieces on by trial and gut  
Just sort of banged it all into place  
I wanted to help, don't you see, from the heart

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