

Clyda Jane Dansdill

H77

Innocent

She's wild

like me

when I was young.

Six is a good age,"

I tell her.

She answers by saying that her sunglasses turn

the brickwork a lovely shade of red.

She smiles, pink lipstick,

shows me the tube, a shade called "Giggle."

Mum still hasn't told her that her father is back

in jail,

went there in a drunken stupor,

smiling

like a jack-o-lantern in November.