

There were three of them

only two linger in the memory
the walrus and the goat
miniatures, given to me
and articulated
when I was not articulate
and made of real fur
when real still appealed
and they joined the others
to sit on the bookcase
or in a den or doll's house
till the day I decided to play
dead, not me but them.
and took them outside
accompanied by the others
to the hydrangeas
in the back garden
a site out of sight
and a simple ceremony
two shallow holes dug
bodies placed carefully
and a glass of squash
and a biscuit in acknowledgement
and left in peace
till I decided to play God
and raise them from the dead
dug up, dusted down
and considered, puzzled
not sure what I'd expected
thinking death was more
well messy but relieved
though this time was in sight
and no glass of squash
or biscuit to soften the blow