



## I NEVER SAW HAPPY

I never saw happy until  
I saw my Grandfather  
playing the spoons at a quarter past midnight on  
Christmas eve.

He was leaning back in his chair  
his foot tapping to the fiddle,  
head tilted back and eyes shut.  
Almost asleep with the drink.

We felt the music build a  
wall around him, showing him  
some picture.  
For no dark could bring peace enough  
for such smile of happy,  
the smile on his face was splendour driven  
and not for us.

It seemed to be we  
couldn't move to the music.  
It was all for him. We stood rigid  
around the wall, watching  
him be shown.

It had to be her

standing within the circle  
dancing among the notes  
moving his spoons and  
still loving him,  
showing me happy.

*a. maclaren*