

Anyway

by Jim Paterson

She rarely picked the horses
nor put the crosses on the coupon.
Tea leaves were her forte, up to a point.
The point was either

The Day She Got It Right -
confirmed in a parcel of black pudding -
over-endowed with the giftie?
It can be crippling to see ourselves as others -

or the day she decided on teabags.
She never seemed to like communicating.
Perhaps that was it at the end.
She said she wouldn't have him back.

Anyway —
getting to be time to roll these orange cubes.