

## Saturday lunchtime in a Sheffield terrace circa 1990

She does all the talking  
Sitting in the same chair lighting up again  
Mentions the cupboard I once climbed in  
Ten years since  
Having removed all the food tins  
Me and Grandad sit half listening

Her voice mingles with the extractor fan  
Taking away the fumes from her frying pan  
But not the smell of cigarettes or the smoke  
Drifting through the peace and the quiet  
Radio 2 is on (at a very low volume)  
None of us really notice Terry Wogan  
What I notice is the ceaseless chirrup  
Of sparrows in the backyard  
Scuffling around the white bread crumbs  
That she always puts out 'specially

When at last she stops talking  
Me and Grandad go round the corner  
To the Mason's Arms and he buys me  
A bitter shandy with his pint and I feel like  
I am in his gang of two  
Like we are being men together