Uncle Lucifer

Dear lady, I confirm it is indeed me
hiding in the unbidden shadows
of your child’s bedroom.
He tells you I am here, and you chide him for silliness
as you tuck him in – “there’s no such thing…”
choosing not to see me as you pass.
But I pour a tincture in your vulnerable ear:
“Cowboy Gun”…

And on this special morning – he unwraps it;
a silver-barrelled, pony-handled six-shooter: Such fun;
such untrammeled joy in his blazing eyes,
and off he scoots to shoot-up everything;
vases, flowerheads, you – the sun,
off along the garden path
for a summary execution of the neighbour’s cat,
where I wait in the shade with ancient advice:
“The world is yours, my wild and beautiful dark-eyed boy”.