

## 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 untrammelled 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”.

***John Hawkhead** is a widely published poet and illustrator. His book of haiku *Small Shadows* is available from Alba Publishing at <http://www.albapublishing.com/>.*



**The Pangolin Review; Issue 6, 8 September 2018**