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| **Jumper**When I want some sort of human metronometo beat calm celebration out of fearlike that when German bombs fell round our homeit’s my mother’s needles, knitting, that I hear,the click of needles steady though walls shake.The stitches, plain or purl, were never dropped.Bombs fell all that night until daybreakbut, not for a moment, did the knitting stop.Though we shivered in the cellar-shelter’s coldand the whistling bombs sent shivers through the wallsI know why she made her scared child holdthe skeins she wound so calmly into balls.We open presents wrapped before she died.With that same composure shown in that attackshe’d known the time to lay her wools aside –the jumper I open’s shop-bought, and is black! **Tony Harrison** | **Jumper**When I want some sort of human metronometo beat calm celebration out of fearlike that when German bombs fell round our homeit’s my mother’s needles, knitting, that I hear,the click of needles steady though walls shake.The stitches, plain or purl, were never dropped.Bombs fell all that night until daybreakbut, not for a moment, did the knitting stop.Though we shivered in the cellar-shelter’s coldand the whistling bombs sent shivers through the wallsI know why she made her scared child holdthe skeins she wound so calmly into balls.We open presents wrapped before she died.With that same composure shown in that attackshe’d known the time to lay her wools aside –the jumper I open’s shop-bought, and is black! **Tony Harrison** |
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