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| **Jumper**  When I want some sort of human metronome  to beat calm celebration out of fear  like that when German bombs fell round our home  it’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 daybreak  but, not for a moment, did the knitting stop.  Though we shivered in the cellar-shelter’s cold  and the whistling bombs sent shivers through the walls  I know why she made her scared child hold  the skeins she wound so calmly into balls.  We open presents wrapped before she died.  With that same composure shown in that attack  she’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 metronome  to beat calm celebration out of fear  like that when German bombs fell round our home  it’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 daybreak  but, not for a moment, did the knitting stop.  Though we shivered in the cellar-shelter’s cold  and the whistling bombs sent shivers through the walls  I know why she made her scared child hold  the skeins she wound so calmly into balls.  We open presents wrapped before she died.  With that same composure shown in that attack  she’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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