

The Wallet

I found a wallet in the middle of the road,
with four big ones inside the main fold.
In the see-through side flap, a sepia photo
of a smiling child sitting on Santa's knee.
Inside the wallet there was no credit card,
no library card, no donor card, no folded
wing of paper for a finder to read an address
and return this wounded bird to its owner
so I knocked on every door in sight and asked
if they knew Father Christmas or the child,
and the answer from everyone was the same –
they didn't know them, they didn't live
around here, nor could they remember
ever having seen either of them before
but as I walked away, four big ones wiser,
my conscience clean as a whistle, my rent
overdue and my bank balance roadkill,
I told myself, sure I know them both –
that's me on Santa's knee, and although
he's late, looks like Santa finally found me.