

HAMISH WHYTE

My First Typewriter

My first encounter with a typewriter
was in my grandfather's office—
hardly an office: couple of tables
and chairs—and the typewriter,
a hulking Imperial.

Saturday morning: Grandpa
would be doing something, checking
viscosity of oil, counting drums,
while I was left at the typewriter
to write a letter to Granny.

Index finger pushing the big keys down
with all the force of seven years
I clattered out: **i a m i n t h e o f f i c e .**
i s a w u n c l e j i m m y a n d t h e c a t s
i n t h e s t o r e .

Then as now
that tremor
putting life into print.