

## Geraldine Clarkson

### Grammar's House

I remember the garden should,  
the water butt,  
the old-fashioned motor-can't,  
at the house where Grammar lived  
with her sons and her oughters,  
and Maybe in a pram.

I had conjunctions in my eyes one summer,  
still wanted to be a modal.  
'Silly article!' chided Grammar:  
'Why not choose something definite?'  
She made prepositions.  
I couldn't object.

We drank tea with relatives,  
played tag with neighbours,  
till Grammar got passive,  
and visits stopped being regular.  
There's been no comparative,  
but that's all in the past.