

*The Snowball*

1.  
It hits the windscreen  
Like a full stop and I think—  
Feeling the better  
For it—“Somebody out there  
Wants to give me a white eye.”

2.  
And am reminded  
Of the first years at the wall,  
Myself among them,  
The broth of bullyboys' breath  
In that supervised snowfight

3.  
In January  
1952, no place  
To go but the wall,  
The face at the president's  
Window the president's face.

4.  
And reminded too  
Of your head-on collision  
With the plate glass door,  
Your full stop of red lipstick,  
Ah my dear, lipsticked mid-air.

H E A N E Y

5.

Nothing, all the same,  
Like being up against it,  
Nothing like being  
Faced with what you have to face  
To make a woman of you.

6.

You say contrary,  
I say contrary, you say  
Contrarier, I  
Say contrarier, contrar-  
ier and -trarier still.