

Steve Cartwright

Eee they were the days

I love this ball.
It come out the canal.
I salvaged it.
Plucked it from erosions mighty paw.
Temporarily halted its demise
Contained the shedding of its outer skin.
So now,
Where Adidas and Nike
Once proclaimed their gilded lies
Only remnants now survive.
An 'ik' or 'as' now weathered
By the water's slippery maw!
Contain no meaning anymore.
Become now just a splosh of fading colour
In the overall.
The stitches pull and tear
Across this botched and
wounded globe,
Yet still it plays
And conjures memories of
Stanley Matthews
And his knee-length shorts
Scoring three for
Blackpool town
Eee they were the days

