

Thank you note to my mother

I thought I'd write to let you know I
got your gift. There was that man
on the meadow again, see, and –
well, don't pretend it wasn't you

who sent the geese flocking to their
Pied Piper, Doppler-faded cries
triumphant, as he puffed on the
lake-sodden tweed, hair salted

with the rain. I got your gift, and I'd
like to thank you. It was lovely, really,
but the thing is that I always hated
bagpipes so would you be able to

send the receipt? The next post cycle
will do; perhaps when I return it I'll get
some fluffy socks for your next birthday
and you can return those, too.

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