

Christmas Post Relief Worker, 1975

A Cold Coming, Eliot's Magi had at College carols three days past.
To some three hundred morning doors I'm coming cold, yet cheerily,
A bearer of mass handwritten good will.

A singing Royal Mail ambassador: warm-blooded hopeful youth,
Undaunted by pinching ears and fingers. My shoulder bag grows light;
Its contents may well lighten up these homes.

"Long, long time ago..." Six long verses of that sad-sweet melody
Bring me from 145* to 23 Grange Lane. Plus cul-de-sac.
Lungs enjoying their clear-air exercise.

Behind frozen breath I walk in bliss. Greeted by each passer-by,
Smiled at by those who open doors: the Christmas postman, loved by all!
One dog may bark or sprig of holly stab.

Up close I see lit trees, touch wreaths, hear children call, catch baking smells.
Excused my household chores, my thoughts feast on the warm midnight mince pie
That always heralds Christmas in our home.

*pronounced 'one-four-five'

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