

## **Stuck - to dad - with Araldite\***

*\*Withstands rough handling - fills uneven breaks*

When Sunday service fell, dad rose and swore  
By Araldite – king of the glues. He'd scour  
The house for lame and leprous furniture –  
Dicky handles, wonky legs – things insecure,  
Firm in his faith that glue could set all right.  
We bonded, as he conjured tools with sleight  
Of hand – matchsticks, lids for mixing glue in,  
“That's the resin, epichlorohydrin.”  
With tongue protruding, he'd unscrew the cap  
And squeeze a tear of honey out. I'd gawp,  
Kneeling beside him on a kitchen chair,  
As he then milked the hardener tube and stirred.

Now my finger strokes a hardened amber vein -  
Soothing all that's come unstuck with what remains.