

## CHANGE

The chill of change adds ice to the cold as I walk through this small town – my home now  
but it's not.

He's there everyday the big man, a constant unbroken presence, I feel an envy.

He has his place, sitting outside the Co-op, a large cushion between him and the hard pavement.

His left arm held high in a dirty sling, a yoghurt pot holds a large stone and a few coins.

Occasionally, he jiggles the pot and looking up from his book asks softly for any spare change.

The voice surprises me, I expected gravel and rasp, almost to be frightened by him, and yet I  
approach.

– I don't think you'd like it, I say, as my shadow falls across him and his lined face lifts in a  
frown and dark, tired eyes narrow – it wouldn't fit in your pot.

He stares at me hard, quizzically, for him change is always good.

– I've got too much of it, you see.

His look changes, attention caught, theatrically he puts his hands out.

– I wish you could take it from me, I'm dripping in it, loaded with it but I'm not enriched by it.

– You'll be alright Blondie, the big man says softly. Change is change, nonstop, constant. Who  
said that? Someone did, either the Greek guy or that Austrian. I forget, maybe both – and he  
laughs, head back.

Bending down, I trickle change slowly into his pot till the big stone disappears.