

*The following poem has some words missing.
Your task is to select a word for each space.
One of the group should act as a scribe and capture the reasoning behind your decisions.
You should also decide on a title for this poem.*

Between my finger and my thumb
The squat pen rests; snug as a _____.

Under my window, a clean rasping sound
When the spade sinks into _____ ground;
My father, digging, I look down

Till his straining rump among the flowerbeds
Bends low, comes up twenty years away
Stooping in rhythm through potato drills
Where he was digging.

The coarse boot _____ on the lug, the shaft
Against the inside knee was levered firmly.
He rooted out the tall tops, _____ the bright edge deep
To scatter new potatoes that we picked
Loving the cool hardness in our hands.

By God, the old man could handle a _____.
Just like his old man.

My grandfather cut more turf in a day
Than any other man on Toner's bog.
Once I carried him milk in a bottle
corked _____ with paper. He straightened up
To drink, then fell to right away

Nicking and _____ neatly, heaving sods
Over his shoulder, going down and down
For the good turf. Digging.

The cold smell of potato mould, the _____ and slap
Of soggy peat, the _____ cuts of an edge
Through living roots awaken in my head.
But I've no spade to follow men like them.

Between my finger and my thumb
The squat pen rests.
I'll _____ with it.

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