

## The Mirrored Smile

We found him in the Danish shop,  
My Dad and I. The friendly grin  
of this good luck symbol infected us  
- we had to buy him.

All that week, before Mum's birthday,  
Dad and I, complicit, smiled that smile.  
My mother, not realising why,  
thought we were completely mad.

When the big day came,  
My mother opened my father's gift.  
Her happy smile on seeing it  
mirrored the grin of the lion troll.

The troll became a family mascot.  
Each time we passed him, smiling,  
we rubbed his mane for luck.  
He grinned back, always cheerful.

My mother never let that lion go.  
It stayed with her when Dad had gone,  
partnering her into her new home,  
a quirky link to a remembered past.

Then Mum passed on.  
The lion troll now lives with me.  
Each day he smiles that smile to me.  
I rub his mane for luck, as I pass by.

