

His Name is Earnest

I arrived on a train

White day darkened doorway white apartment window

The armchair is firm where the sofa is soft

Yesterday's babies sing in an arena of photographs

Her eyes sparkle with a quiet grace, telling stories she will not say

Her speech is her son:

His name is Earnest.

I fight for your gentle fight

You kept me safe and warm and wanted and now I harbour my canoe in a patient bay.

She gave me a life of devotion

I give her my love, emotion, the sweat flowing from my heart, a retrospective replenishment

Her breast, tissue of irony

Once nurturing, now flowering disobedient seeds

We don't wait we don't wait we won't wait

We sit in the living room and that is what we do.

Your hair is nearing a full white

A spirit is not a fire

I stir the spoon in your vitamin drink, I do not fracture the glass.

How do you fit

A soul where they know they don't belong

How to fit

Eighty years of laughter dancing leaping life into an ensuite unit, sensibly carpeted

That is not the life for her

Strong son

The sun moves along the carpet, the plastic yellow truck brightening

Enlightening

Life is energy

The sigh of the older lady becoming the cry of the baby

They are of the earth but they don't chase time here

A pause

Sorrow

Maybe tomorrow?

When, how, what if

Why not focus on another day of birth, a beginning again

They are at peace

As far as we know

She can walk away but she stays stood,

Ready to go

Accepts a cup of tea with her husband and a hug from her grandchild

Day glow on her face

Home and never alone

This is theirs.