

Mothering Sunday. At the "Garden of Rest"

The day is aching here with loneliness.
A squirrel darts and stops; the tree shakes gold
Out of its hair; the morning mists caress
The stones, the yew, the dewy dappled cold.
That bench looks fresh deserted: someone slept
Here, while the distant traffic snored awake.
You would have given him that kindness kept
Within your smile for all; so for your sake
I'm glad he found rest here. And what of you?
My father cried out in his dreams, with fear
That you were cold; the bitter rains soaked through
That cruel winter that we left you here.

I memorised each blade to mark the plot
To lay my flowers for you. And then forgot.