

Visit

How strange it was
To stand above your bones
My father!
To read your name carved in Scotch granite
The date of birth
Of death.
To feel the awful rush of loneliness
Like a salt tide
Taking the breath.
To lay my little flowers in the grass
Daisies, you loved,
And wish – oh wish so much
You knew it.

Thither I brought my unborn child
To stand above your grave
As if to tell you
How it was, with me.

When I was small, I brought you
All my joys
And drenched you with my sorrows
Sought you for shelter when the thunder roared
Or nightmare took me.

Is it not meet that I should seek you now
Touch this green grass that springs above you
And for one lovely moment, feel communion?

Here is your kin come back
To seek its source
Bending above you
Deep in my flesh and bone
Your essence slumbers.

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