

Mum

You, curled up reading in a deckchair for that last time when I watched
Through the window of the garden room in summer's last warm rays,
Or coming down the hall, another place where you are not,
To be standing at the door and waving as I drive away.
A Woman's Weekly, in our village shop, remains unsold
Since we've gone one down on people I can still call Mum
(So I may be less informed on how EastEnders will unfold),
Yes, looking all around here, I can see there isn't one.
So, no more smiling for the photos as you always used to do,
No more loving me for who I am, not needing to explain,
Even for a world this wide that's one less of too few,
And no more holidays in Devon, never minding all the rain.
 'Let's do it all again,' you said, as if time might allow,
 But of your footsteps on its face, this earth is emptier as of now.

Simon Ellis

. *Simon has recently lost his mother, and sent us this sonnet he has written to lament her absence*