

## The Reading

In the Owl Bookshop a dark eyed woman  
with silver hair reads her poems, whilst we  
smile, murmur, exchange looks: we know  
this launch is both a debut and a finale.

She remembers - her roots, her stepmother,  
her grandparents, she remembers landscapes,  
textures, the smells and sounds of her childhood.  
Her daughters and her friends read for her,

as her words are passed on, retold with care.  
The woman shimmers, fatigued. We notice  
her frail wrist, her falling voice. She signs  
her name and whispers that the chemo's done.

This is the memoriam. There are triangles  
of thin bread, fishballs. Wine glasses  
are filled, as we move towards  
each other, as she turns away.

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