

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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