

Life Cycle

I watch you: brow furrowed against a screen's blue light.
When you turn to face me your eyes are sleepsoft again,
and something rises inside and soars to my mind.

There is a ghost at the gaping window taking us in –
the dented feather pillow asking you back to my side,
the humid air clutched around chair, laptop and bed,

and you and me poised against the outside,
suave in our separate roles of recliner and reader.
Workaholic, you always wanted to get ahead,

to be chief earner, master of our little tribe,
while I took the role of mother – that deep experience
which swallows ambition and time.

Withdraw from your pursuit and return to me,
who lies belly-rounded, waiting with summer-hot skin,
whose hair is dishevelled carefully for you.

There is a ghost at the window whose face I know,
whose aspect leans in, curious and questioning.
As the blue light of day flames amber, she knows

that something of history remained unfinished -
that while death swallowed skin as dust and grit,
in the space between us something of her

was to be reborn that night.