

Nan's Bones

1

From nowhere that aroma; oxtail on the stove
And sitting outside with you I'm six years old.
St George and Dragon prop the kitchen door;
By the garden gate the Anderson shelter
Now grandpa's apple store.
Clean morning light washes vegetable beds; colours
Pom-pom chrysanthemums; sharpens three poplar trees.
Leaning in, head to head, you show me how to pop,
Score the seam, rake my thumb, release the peas;
Your floral apron cradles their weight;
The colander rattles to my eight.
Nine is lucky for a wish, you say.
I dip into the pile, join the rhythm of your hands
And silently we touch that day.

2

The familiar dissolved to a social App;
This eye to eye an illusory continuum,
It's in the casual there's a place to relax,
To break bread, pick through the crust and crumb
Where mutual silence somehow makes sense.

Here I'm a temporal waif, out of my comfort zone;
Yet you inhabit this space,
A notional contact, no skin on skin no sound;
An emotional synapse that flashes your trace.
Cold steel grates through stones; I'm breaking new ground
Planting beans, peas and tomatoes.
Knocked from each pot, roots enclosed
I firm them in; every new row fresh and black;
Dirt on my hands; reaching back, always reaching back.