Chasing your tale

Judy Rathbone

We met her yesterday, now
One of the headstones in the quiet
Family gathering on the hill
Overlooking the rolling countryside
Beautiful view for unseeing eyes
And today, you say – “Is she dead?”
With brow as furrowed as the fields

You name the dead, a bittersweet recall
For in this roll call, the realisation of being last woman standing
Creases you, seemingly just for a moment, before the fog closes in
and I am left, bereft
With generations of sadness
In the stillness of a sunny afternoon.

Author

Judy Rathbone is a family therapist and systemic supervisor, currently exploring her personal and professional identity in the realms of semi - retirement!

E-mail: judyrathbone@googlemail.com

Citation