

Flood and time
by Morvern McNie

After the flood they are there
on the hill outside my window.
They stand holding hands in the sun.
Scattered in the grass are things:
a silver bowl, loose plastic sheets with photos
a legless doll, a gold trophy,
a blue sequined dress, a painted guitar.
They protect them from an unbearable loss.
I want to give them all a home.
Each a room where they can place their things.
Where they can sit at the table and eat a good meal.
Where they can tell me the story of who they are
where they've been, how they'll live.
I want to let them know I am stuck behind this window.
I can see through it but it moves with my steps.
Always this window – separating me.
My eyes begin to water, a blur of souls.
I hear the painted guitar
its tints and shades, flood and time
drawing me near beyond the glass pane.