

Decoy

It is at times
as if my homecoming were really
unexpected, it is my
children and a huge emptiness
it is the voice of
my mother
calling me back,
calling me to be still
like winterseed or
despair:
it is her last hours
where she slept white-faced to the wall
a superstition or
a threat: the dawn hovering
her enormous shadow
above my bed
growing larger, closing around my
memory of her
alone, reaching to me
saying to me, *goodbye*
be still
you'll soon know your children's absence
you'll soon
be coming towards me
you are already in sight.

Rosalind Macphee