

POEM OF THE WEEK

A SAD, SORDID, SHOP-SOILED AFFAIR
(A drama in three acts)

Act one: Birth

My entry was relatively uneventful
My mother pushed me
into this unwelcoming world
I don't blame her.

After nine months of having me (or a mini-me)
Growing inside her body was sufficient. She'd had enough
I was born, had no part in the decision
Had no choice. Had no voice?

I'm sure I did; but not on what follows
So, I did what babies do. Eat, slept, defecated
(Not necessarily, in that order)
Was my arrival unplanned? So, it goes

What are they to do with me?

I don't know now, 70 years later
I didn't know then. Love me?
Care for me, value me?
Create a safe environment for me

First questions first: who were they?
Who was I? How was I related to them?
How were they related to me? Who is my mother?
Father? What was that? Did I have a father?

(A fanciful re-imagining and bit of stage-setting)

The truth is, I don't remember
I've cut the scenes from my memory
At some time through my first four years
Of life, the following conversation
Did, could have happened

