

Childhood in Shadow

Shadows lurch, searchlights flicker
over many thousands of dawns
wobbly leapfrogging memories.

Set the timer, pierce the past
return to find myself a woman
brewed tea now ice.

Children's toes step into gifted lives
plastic spades turn richer earth
colours, textures, sift through easy fingers
and time spills lazy.

Shadows twist
measures, rhythms, tones of truth
know lives
fade in, fade out
of lullabies.

This sun dips, shudders on the little water
disturbs nothing in their play
a drawing of simple brilliance.

I squint, now, recognize pleasure.