Star of Braintree

I think I saw my sister
Soft-skinned star of Braintree
In the image of my nan, passing.
Youth following four years behind
And age ahead, sixty years senior
Their faces, same
Move slow in single steps, sister
Don’t seek your mother’s tears
Or her image of being, broken.
The fate of females before you:
Mum’s misery, born of her mum’s madness
Will end
Join me at her bed, sister
Summon her Spring in yours
And the image of your dad, a son.
The opiate drips that outline her
And enduring moors of Milngavie
Are the same
Ease my fear, nurse sister
Become her, not your mum
Or the image of hers, passed out.
Slow mid-life Matalan sadness
Or late senility, after decades active
Choose
Awake, sweet silver-eyed sister
From diamorphine dreams
And images of war-roused lovers.
Speed for the skyline breeze unforced
To meet her falling dying mind
And hold her
Soft-skinned star of Braintree
Let her hold you.

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