

## Poem

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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