

At my father's grave

I look at the towering oaks
see the dancing swirls of branches and bark.

I gaze to the far end of the cemetery
watch naked fronds of a weeping willow

gentle a breeze over the bench
where we never sat together.

My feet feel cold in the fading yellow
leaves folded into your grave.

I'm not really in the coffin, you know.
Then, really, where are you?

Look behind the stone.
I shuffle forwards and look down.

Snowdrops peeping
above the frosted ground.

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