

Iron

I ironed my babies' cotton vests, baby grows, cot sheets,
each miniature sock for them to put their knitted feet in.

I made everything tender, pressed soft from dusk until dusk,
milk fired breasts aching, dripping silk to touch their skin.

They went to school and I ironed the wrinkles and grey hair.
I flattened my breasts, stomach, thighs, hips. My tongue.

I steamed Lego pieces, tracks of trains, dolls and garages,
clumps of dust under table legs. Everything flat, I walked out.

I strode into an emerald forest where the leaves were crumpled
and the rough crinkled bark cloaked round berries, bursting
in an explosion of red sap, staining green creases and the fold
of dusk's golden air. Even my iron will not flatten a forest.

I love

to walk at sunrise and watch the dawn. In a gust of seaweed I walk through the sleeping town. At the harbour the fishermen stack blue roped lobster creels. I stand wordless with icy wrists, dawn's midwife. The sky contracts in pink swells and two fisherman sail east in their night lit boat. Against the pink streaked sky a lighthouse flashes it's heartbeat. Seagulls whimpers suspended above me as light spreads. The sky expands, there is no crowning as it births the sun. In a slit of scarlet the horizon stretches open. Light emerges as day, celebrated in an afterbirth of yellows. After the birth I walk back home, through the bay's graveyard of benches. Each bench inscribed with its own memorial. They sit overlooking the spot where children pop seaweed pouches next to the old outdoor swimming pool. I pass the doocot, an empty pigeon fortress now housing damp. Glowing cracks press out of curtain drawn windows, veiling a mother who fed her baby, crying for this night to end. Both sleep as the sky shines silver and grey. I hear the rattle of a delivery van in the sprawl of the waves forming and reforming. I turn a key in my front door, cord clamped and cut. I whisper in the beginning I was there.