

Restoring Our Parents' Grave

From above we were kids
colouring at the kitchen table,
three heads together, propped on palms,
three forearms and three careful pens,
steady between the lines.

From below we were well-loved faces leaning close,
with eyes that focused elsewhere
and hands about some subtle business,
like the surgeon moving dimly
behind the bending light.

At the cold stone-face the exercise of hand and eye
became a bond of grief
and the wakened letters of their names
became our names
and the stone our window.

And what was there to see?
Below, two cans of dust that once were love.
Above, the blackbird in the shady yew,
the high and urgent aeroplane, and in reflection
we three scribblers, leaning at our tears.

Stephen Lloyd

2nd Place in the Open Poetry Category

2020 International Competitions - Wells Festival of Literature

www.wellsfestivalofliterature.org.uk/2020-competitions#open-poetry-competition