

Things I'd like to tell my father

The list grows daily... I'd like to tell you
about the weathered white of oyster shells,
crunch of steps on cultch, the iridescent sheen
of mother of pearl beside an upturned hull,
a tang of salt, the hurl of gull.

The list grows daily...
Yesterday, the rush of water over weir,
greens and gold of falling leaves,
a twisted trunk colonised by fungi.
So much wonder in what is discarded.

Autumn slips into winter,
the anniversary of your death
marks two decades of joys I cannot share.
The world blazes with a fierce beauty
and the list grows.

Grandchildren shoot up like saplings,
our little women ever busier, tending.
Oh you would breathe it in,
celebrate each thing and its season,
and you would be right...

though still I'd like to tell you.

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