

Mother

We looked at the stars for a while
before we turned in with the dogs,
and you said it was high time
you learnt their names properly.

But soon you will be among them yourself
and I will be the one trying to name you;
you whose nature I have seen
only as their faint points of light –

As you labour behind duty,
behind house-work, farm-work, books,
and who knows if you have your reward
for your care and effort and exhaustion.

I wish I could kindle a joy in you
that would let me see you whole
or you won't be further when you go
than you were tonight at my side.

Meg Bateman

Màthair / Mother, Meg Bateman
Soirbheas / Fair Wind (Polygon, 2007)

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