

A closed window

You wake to a doctor, sitting where your leg would be.
How brave, they say, as if a body is to be endured.
 Through a closed window — a wind-tossed tree.

You wanted to be normal, not to be reassured.
 What is lost? An empty room soon fills with echoes.
How brave, they say. As if a body is to be endured,

you keep score, sitting in the stands. Who knows
 what a nine-child home swallows with its noise?
 What is lost? An empty room soon fills with echoes —

two girls, one lost at birth, and six growing boys.
 There's nothing to be ashamed of, nothing to be sung.
 What a nine-child home swallows with its noise

is no more bitter than the taste of your own tongue.
 Is a wood and plastic limb a tender, living thing?
 There's nothing to be ashamed of, nothing to be sung.

They come at night — mask, needle, saw — calling ...
 You wake to no doctor. Sitting where your leg would be
 is a wood and plastic limb. A tender, living thing
 through a closed window — a wind-tossed tree.

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