

Grief Song

by Katie Beswick

After Immanuel Mifsud

Night fell and cars lit their headlamps.
Night fell and street lights flared.
Night fell and the sky glowed gold.
Night fell and birds flew to their nest-beds.
Night fell and I waited at the window
hoping you'd be home by morning.
Night fell and the birds were inside me
flapping against the bars of my ribs,
they fashioned nests from panic.
Night fell and I was still at the window waiting,
I must have looked like a single shop mannequin.
Night fell and clouds flashed red.
Night fell and my fears now reality,
a door knock, a policeman stood alone.
He held his hat in the fold of his hands,
he held his chin upwards, slightly lifted,
he held his breath and I longed for my mother,
he held my gaze and I called for my mother,
he held out the facts and I wept as a mother.
Night fell and I stepped into darkness.