

Garth

Even in the dark English dawn the mechanics begin, as
you navigate dim lit hallways, crown of snow in charcoal grey, the
clink of chipped mugs the soothe of a bubbling kettle. It is
time to fly and your firm grip grasps the wheel.

Tires kiss smooth pavement, shapes of stone, bits of brick
whiz by my window as thoughts wander into a garden
watching Wellies weave through a web of Wisteria,
broad beans in a bowl, gardening gloves, a small shovel
Busy counter shrouded in sunshine. Your workshop lives near the garden
filled with pulleys and levers, equations of a mind filled with motion.

Newspapers sleep on the tile now with
ball point pens and scribbled Sudoku puzzles. It is evening
and the room is calm, a white plate with Christmas cake
whispers of faint Vivaldi, a house filled with remnants of a life well-traveled.
Off again, the front door gently closes, choral society in a church with a steeple.

Overhead a harsh wind shakes me. I'm not ready. But the bustle has begun.
Doors swing open, the car begins to beep, bags are being lifted and
wheeled as I tie my shoe and clutch my passport.
You walk us in before goodbye. A croissant, a cup of coffee, a crowded
crumb filled table. Time stops for a moment. You smile.

Laden with stuff we hobble toward the gate.
Lapbelts buckle, as your son closes his eyes.
Silently admiring the mechanics of a man
forever making things work.

Stacey Lawrence, February 2012