

The Way Home

by Marit Meredith

From somewhere deep within, beyond
the known, the humdrum -
where the self still might dwell,
she looks out, yet again
on a journey
with no purpose.

Shuffling to and fro
arms flailing at invisible spirits:
muttering, swearing -
grabbing at the hem of her skirt
she grins, oblivious of decorum -
doing all the things she'd never do -
in another life.

Visitors come less often,
then visits trickle to a stop,
the incomprehensible jabber
cause for unease.
'Who are you? I don't know you.
Go away.
Are you the doctor? Are you?
Where's my daddy?'
Her back turned, she wanders off
searching for the way home
wringing her hands,
trying to think, but thoughts
evade her.
Where is he?
He's gone, but she doesn't know.
He, who swore to care for her
as the demeaning took hold -
sleeping the innocents' sleep
beneath a stone:

'My beloved husband',
but she doesn't know
he's passed on, through the portal
she had hoped to reach
before the self that she had known
got lost - in the cobweb of disease.

