

Nudging Clouds

The smell of rope and I am there,
sitting on the swing
beneath the apple tree,
white-socked legs dangling.
It's spring and blossom
snows onto my green school dress.

I twist round and round
until the ropes are a plait of my hair,
then unwind to a zoetrope world -
house, tree, washing, house, tree, washing,
and now my mother in her paisley patterned apron
there...there...there...

When I come to a halt
she gently pushes me to and fro.
I stretch legs back and forth, rise higher.
I can see the cows in the field,
now the new town houses.

Higher still I rise until I'm nudging clouds.
I glance down, my mother's
apron strings snake away.

Shirley Anne Cook