

## RE FORM

Searching.

Chasing down the corridors of my mind.

But all the whys, hows and what ifs won't do now.

*So bloody unfair!*

In my rebellion I march diagonally across the strict-striped lawn.

And come to the quiet side behind the house. The rounded pebbles chink under my feet. Their interruption calms me momentarily, and then I remember and spin:-

Dashing up to where we dipped our toes in the pool. How I longed to immerse myself in its green waters. And you laughed at my absurdity 'but you haven't got a costume!'

So I thought about pushing you in the lake later.

And winked at you. And we exchanged smiles and wafted our hands to fan off the heat and the flies. With a knowing nod, we made for the shadows of the woods where we hid for a breath and would have been kiss, had the woman with skin the colour of the wet mulched leaves not spoken to us.

But we didn't mind for she was our friend and had all the time for living, so we raced each other down to the river meadow. And amidst the buttercups and meadowsweet you embraced the Sun, lifting your shirt and presenting your belly for her warm surface. And you didn't care who could see.

But, it was quiet.

Just you and me.

The music - it's always there - gets faster.

We race down the dirt path. I can feel my heart shake, my breath sharply intake, as my heels jolt against the earth. You're faster up the stone steps, the grass ones too, climbing, up, up, until it's the stairs to the room above, to the stars, where you take my hand...

~

We talk about our dreams. And our hopes about how we might be in the years to come. We celebrate the summers gone. The winters too. And laugh about how much we hadn't known back then. How everything could have been different. How everything has changed.

But still. It is home. Being here. With you.

Always

through the pouring rain. Battering winds. And cold savage bites at our feet. The warm buzzes and the soft hushes. The grey. The jazz. The hot baked caked. Raw. Old. Fresh. Still.

Absence.

That wakes the desire. Again.

And how I always wanted you.

What has been.

Loss. Lost.

All that we lost.

But all too, we inspired. In those walls, in these grounds, in our world.

The piano stops.

And there you are.

At the swing. That moves forward and back like the tide ebbs and flows, and like life waxes and wanes, and I try to hold myself in the balance of ok.

And it is and will be ever more. Because I know.

Love

in form.

So, as I begin to sway, I take in my view.

The dense blue sky never looked as certain. The closed church that holds all those souls. The lawns, the shrubs, the endless greens. The weeping ash - still crying - the roses forever climbing the old hall walls. The silent spaces.

And I consider the many paths we may yet take.

**by Pamela Storey**