**Mabel**

I’m walking through the wildflower field

we once laughed in

except there is no you

and not even a smile

I can hear your laughter and see your grin

except this time

it is all in my head.

One year ago we were diving like fish

under the waves of the sepia evening

so happy we couldn’t move our jaws

from our huge grins

how did we always manage to surf in the sun?

I could leave you

yell at you

and hate you

over and over

but you would still be there to pick me up

and me for you

Runaway dandelions filled the river bank

catching the golden sun which filled

the scene with magic

one of us, I forget who

said

*It looks so pretty shall we just jump in*

and the other one said

of course

Now the world is fighting and suffering

screaming in silence for help

and clinging onto the edge

The streets are stripped bare

hospitals overwhelmed

and it’s so hard not seeing your face

How long do you spend

staring out the closed window

that is spotless on one side

when the walls of the house are closing in

more and more as the days pass

losing track of time and your place in the world

in the selfish, repetitive light of day?

* Rosa Hitchings, Yr. 9