

Losing Phyllis by Lois Brookes-Jones

Losing you was like losing faith,
God checked out at 9pm because he doesn't work weekends,
'Me' Mam struggles with writing,
Trying to understand injustice with a ballpoint pen,

Mourners line the hallway,
Because here rest in peace is a cruel joke,
No time for 'are you okays?' or a quick chat,
There's too much to do to talk,

I pick up the box,
Because I'm materialistic when it comes to you,
Letters of false sympathy from school demanding currency like lunchtime mobsters,

Because time is money,
Depending on who has lost it,
Nurses cursing and glaring,
Because our family is as big as our hearts,
Much bigger than the two by twos of mainstream livin' of NHS visiting policy,

Dad never liked living within numbers,
So I answer,
Realising after the shrill ring just how silent connection feels,
Three days he hasn't been in,
Too lost in full time manhood,
To turn back into Midas,
Nothing can be gold right now,
I explain to dead air,

Where 'bloody pikeys' is the only faint cry residing there,

How do I sum you up in five minutes, Nan?

How do I write the last page in your novel?

You heard my woman-loving heart as a

string in nature's harp,

Because at the end of the day,

We're all different,

Just like peonies and roses that bloom side by side,

I fell to your knees with grades

Poorer than our pockets, purses, and wallets,

And you simply said that I haven't failed,

But survived with eyes a similar caramel to your own.

So I wear your shade of fuchsia,

To underline the boldness of our

Voice,

Because even hate dies,

And can't challenge our immortality,

Woven into 1000 year old Sukar flesh,

But, I need to know the rest,

So I ask questions for the first time,

And answer for the last time,

A Proper rokker,

You were never one for goodbyes,

So as you would say, ta ra.

