



BY YOONA CHARLAND

Umma Standing on the Balcony

Umma standing on the balcony
her hands work tirelessly as she adds
home-made fertiliser to dying pots
as if crushed eggshells and coffee grounds
would revive them from the brink of death.

*Images by
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Umma, I call
and she looks to me
back against the sun
squinting from the heavenly glare.

The flowers are too far gone for your home-made remedies
I tell her callously.
She does not believe me.

Surely the garden would meet its match in that empty Winter sky.
Do you remember when summer was so long ago?
Time has slept away in a haze of faces and sounds.

But it's been a year and some
and sprouts of green are emerging
from roasted brown soil
with white shell hats.
The tree that was behind her is now a blazing red.

Umma, I am sorry I mocked your faith.
How can I be so blind,
to call your love stupidity?

Today I reap the harvest
of your calloused hands.