

Letters from the White Queen



Meg Weston



Landscapers' Wait Part 2

It's 67 years since my mother died.
She stands at a dusty window of a carpenter,
clay body balancing on leaning legs. Across the table
Jane sits, her gingham french wrapped around
a coffee mug for warmth.
I listen to a story she's told so many times before:
how she met my mother, who was sketching waterfalls,
my father in his carriage alone.
Jane walked to pushing a stroller
for Husky named Kowak on a leash.
"Beautiful dog" my mother said
after Jane showed on, she nodded, and my
mother said, "Want to go get ice cream?"
Jane's Peumo blue eyes light up
as she tells me. "And that began
one of the great friendships of my life."

I see on Jane's wait the back room
my mother brought back from New Zealand.
An old farmer's cross saw hangs over the door -
a housewarming gift my mother and father brought
on their first visit to the farm. Outside the window
chickadees hop on and off the feeder.
"We got her much too early," Jane says, and I nod.

She starts at her coffee, then reaches for
my hand. "Many people never have a friendship
like that, I was lucky." The collection have gathered
where I look for a gun to stock our dinner
in the room upstairs where I take all my bed.
There are scores on the blanket.

Jane will never leave this old converted barn,
with the clay landscapers. She shows me
the photographs collecting dust,
the Husky scents and sweet memories,
and all the ghosts of love that come to visit.

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