

First success

The sun newly-minted
in the summer sky, the
mesmeric sound of roller
on clay, gentle pthud
thud of racquet on ball,
grandmother mouthing my words
under her breath.

My words! I watched
her eyes, magnified to
medallions, move slowly
across the page. 'Lovely
poem,' she said, smiling.
We sat in the sun, well-pleased
one with the other.

Moira Andrew