

DWELLINGS

By Sarah Crossan

Mama rented a room
In Coventry.

This is where we'll live
Until we find Tata:
One room on the fourth floor
Of a crumbling building
That reminds me of history class,
Reminds me of black and white photographs
Of bombed
 out
 villages.

There is a white kitchen in the room,
 In the corner,
And one big bed,
Lumpy in the middle
Like a cold pierogi
For Mama and me to share.
'It's just one room,' I say,
When what I mean is
 We can't live her.
'It's called a studio,'
 Mama tells me,
As though a word
Can change the truth.

Mama stands by the dirty window
With her back to me
Looking out at the droning traffic,
The Coventry Ring Road.

Then she marches to the kitchen and
Plugs in the small electric kettle.
She boils the water
Twice,
And makes two mugs of tea.
One for her,
 One for me.
'Like home,' she says,
Supping the tea,
Staring into its blackness.



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POEMS

Mama found the perfect home for
A cast-off laundry bag.
Yes.
But not a home for us.



POEMS