

## **Margaret's Lookout**

*In memory of Margaret Bell née Storr*

Eggshell-blue sky fades to orange;  
a rook caws.

The low breeze pinches my fingers,  
allows me time to find your grave.  
At the top, at the back,  
a wooden stake with a date  
and your married name.

I stand and look  
while you lie beside.  
I imagine you comfortable in repose  
and talk as if you were hearing and minding.

It would be better for us  
if we could share a flask of tea,  
and compose something out of  
the fine break in the February weather.

Your name repeats around in golden letters,  
embossed, carved and chiseled away;  
a choir of women together at rest;  
except you were never one for resting,  
nor I so very much.

It seems there will be a new delivery  
tomorrow – a neat yellow excavator  
waits on a flatbed trailer.  
Another council vehicle arrives  
as I'm about to leave.

With the sun glancing off my salt-smearred windscreen  
I pull away from the low drone.

What a view from here though –  
Scapa Flow *and* the cliffs.  
My God, you would have liked all this.

Gabrielle Barnby, Feb 2014