



# Anne Edgeworth

## DOROTHY IN OCTOBER

She moves wrapped in mummy cloths of pain  
and her will that ignores it, drawn  
to a fine point, upright, indomitable,  
clear-sighted, though her eyes  
now peer out of a grey haze,  
and voices for her have begun  
to sound through a glass wall,

She tires easily these days, drawing strength  
from a diminishing spring, but enough  
to shoulder the weight  
of a friendly presence, the length  
of remaining minutes,

Small Atlas, indomitable, upright,  
holding the black sky off,  
as she can, lets in light ...