

Andrea Sherwood

FAMILY COURT

Outside the court (we'd been gone
for weeks) you smiled.
I hardly recognised it.
As you approached, you
held out your hand.
I thought you were begging
and looked away.
The wet grass clung
to your shoes.

I followed the footpath
to the entrance.
You were not allowed in,
but your solicitor
did it for you.
That's all I knew.

I told the truth:
who I wanted to live with
and why.
Outside, it had begun to rain.
I was so cold I didn't understand
where I lived.
I stood there,
in the box, losing
things.

then the judge
let me go.
I knew you'd heard everything,
but by that time
I knew where I'd come from.