

Lesley Fowler

• ANOTHER COUNTRY

When I was small
I had a friend
whose father was dying.
She told everyone.
We repeated the sounds
to each other
like caged birds.

The carpet in her room
was green and brown
dried earth, rich pastures.
We made worlds
where people swam
and walked and flew.

Her father was tall
and thin
in a dressing gown
with lapels as blue
as bright sky.
Afternoon light blazed
through the window
behind him.
He was beginning
to look transparent.
Was he turning
to air?

He asked about school
and my friend
leaned on his leg
to tell him.
I watched his face
trying to see.
He must know.

He was going
where everything
came from.

He got up
a newspaper under his arm
and walked
into the next room.