

Putting to Bed

Sue Wright

Sadness hits me as I cut back fading flowers
and the trailing leaves of beans and courgettes,
past their productive stage,
still giving structure but browning and slug damaged.
It's the season to clear and put the garden to bed.

Sadness hits me as I come to terms with my mother's fading.
Her mind, hard for us to fathom the logic,
takes her into strange statements and actions.
Her body frail and failing.
Her sight and hearing so diminished.

Sad knowing that when I next visit,
a live-in carer will be there,
and there will be less and less that I can do.
No more 'putting to bed' with a kiss.