

ILJA

I remember you
sitting in the woods,
Gathering in the children
Gathering in the
sights and sounds.
You're expression
warm, kind patient
as the children crawl over you.

I remember
Sitting on this rock
breathing in the scent of the woods
Trying to bring in
the calm I see in you
Amid the chaos
Of children befriending you
Of parents attempting
To capture the moment
With their devices
Of plastic, wires and glass.

Paula Shevenell