

Flotsam and Jetsam

by Manon Revuelta

She keeps the butter in the freezer
eighty five and fading
It might be to do with Chernobyl
she is as blank and remote as the moon
a cardboard *mamie*
poor little tadpole
thumping through the
fat coiled roots of my unconscious
Freud himself could never fish her out.

Her brother *departed* on Bastille Day
his heart was fast and anxious
like a blind moth
She was very upset
She taught him to walk, you know
he sits grey and correct in a photograph
his face as firm as a rope
tiny ghost.

Flotsam and jetsam
suspended in my own crowded sea.



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