

Mollie Semple

Wicker Chair

My Grandmother sits in the corner.
There is a chair there, made of wicker
For her to perch on.

I am lying in the bed, my eyes
are closed. I can feel that she is there,
I keep my eyes closed.

My Grandmother sits in the corner,
she is watching me as I sleep,
from the wicker chair.

I need not say anything because
she fills the silence of the room
with her presence.

My Grandmother fills the whole room with
her hands, the wrinkles round her eyes,
the softness of her hair.

I want to ask her something (“how are you?”)
and I want her to say something back.
I open my eyes

She is not there. The room is empty.
There is a chair there, made of wicker
For her to perch on.