The tree of life
Extends its branches
Far and wide
As life happens

While nappies need changing
Tears roll down chubby cheeks
And mothers find cold teas
In corners of homes
Where silence seldom visits
Wet kisses mop up
Emotional spills
That would otherwise build
Into anger grenades
Formed by
Exhausted brains
That seek
Rest and calm
As tired eyes
Resist sleep
And life’s students
Need dropping off
Strong willed boys
Insist
On staying
Then on going
Early dinners
Arrive late
The chefs
Overcome
A sense

That what is mine
Isn’t
That time
Has no space
For me
To calmly negotiate
Life’s meaning
In warm cups of tea
Or places where
Quarrelling voices
Do not live
And steal
Quiet moments to form
Memories
That we alter
As we beat
The drum of life
Years after
Recalling snippets of time
Through glasses
Not tainted by little fingers
Once stained with purpose
The carousel of life
Spins slowly
During these days it seems
Until suddenly it quickens
No longer focused on
When will this time pass?
But where has it gone?