

Blackbird

Mark Ward

Cried out, I sit in the kitchen.
Mother busying herself within
its fridge and cupboards preparing
a wholesome farewell. She reviews her role
as parent, each conversation sifted through
for difference. She lays out the ingredients
on the counter in front of her.

She makes me a sandwich with her back to me
for a moment convincing herself
that I was her little boy again about to go off
to school, excited about the world
but naïve enough not to be disappointed
by it. She wraps up the sandwich, all set,
and sags against the counter.

*There's been a blackbird outside the window
for the past week. I knew something awful
was going to happen. She forgets that inside
I'm still that little boy that needs her always.
In practised silence, she cries. I stare past her,
looking for birds and see only sky framing
our bodies; two ellipses, scattered into full stops.*

Mark Ward is a poet from Dublin, Ireland. He was the 2015 Poet Laureate for Glitterwolf and his work has appeared in Assaracus, Tincture, The Good Men Project, HIV Here + Now, Off the Rocks, The Wild Ones, Emerge, Vast Sky and the anthologies, Out of Sequence: The Sonnets Remixed, The Myriad Carnival and Not Just Another Pretty Face. He is a regular on the Dublin spoken word scene and was featured in the 2016 Lingo Festival. He has recently completed his first chapbook, How to Live When Life Subtracts, and is currently working on a novel-in-verse called Circumference.

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