

## **FATHER**

I sailed with you  
do you remember  
the child shouting in the sea  
and you looking steadfast and cold  
as you always looked, laughing rarely  
then showing  
broken black dentures?

Remember me ?  
I was too young for the storms  
and the silence,  
even the tears were better  
although they haunt me:  
silence and tears still haunt me.

We never said anything really  
you and I, growing up as I was  
within those small rooms  
and all the words I didn't know  
and the feelings I couldn't contain  
  or understand  
in that wide sea, flailing and shouting.

Still there old captain  
grizzled above me, masted and masthead,  
almost unmoving  
as the waves flew white and crying  
while I couldn't follow the patterns  
or the flying birds -  
and confused my living, with my dying.

**Barry Wynn**

## **MOTHER**

Deep. Untouchable.  
The woman's mind that lies  
beneath this skin.  
Her grey words always there  
wrinkled like hills:  
                  the lies  
spun from mad eyes  
controlling still.

Here in this house  
that lights and flows  
she wanders whispering of things  
long past  
yet still continue:  
a web of steel and strings  
that last, that last.

A play, a word, a smell  
opens the door:  
again, there is the fear  
the awful dark.  
That childhood always near  
the brother and the rooms -  
small, scruffy, stark.

If only I could leave,  
extinguish and forget  
be my own me: and yet  
the strands of who I am  
are there, the walls made me.  
She languors, dies, returns,  
we are not free.

**Barry Wynn**