

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Lost Words

by Marion Umney

Confusion, frustration are writ on her face
She's trying to tell me about some race
I can just about follow her gist,
Until "The thingy, och, you know the whatsit"

Her eyes dart around. Will the words appear?
Can she magic them from behind someone's ear
She used to be able to do that for me
While I, delighted curled up on her knee

She cut the words out for our reading game
We made funny sentences, found my name
And if a word were lost, I had no fear
She would always find it behind my ear.

Oh, where is the mother who magicked the words
To calm me, entrance me and explain the world
She's in there somewhere of that I'm sure.
Or am I fighting grief which seems premature?

Sometimes she knows me, sometimes not
She's told I'm her daughter, but my birth she's forgot.
My heart breaks to see her – now she's the child
But I can't give the words back and so her beguile

Her memories, words, the power to think
I can only watch in despair as she sinks
Back into herself, her new world of confusion
Where she's now the audience and the world her illusion.