



## Yet her Face Remained the Same

by Stuart Carruthers

She knew how to fight her corner.  
Hardcort Street, next to the Church,  
It wasn't much, but at least the rain didn't  
come in.

Mother, with the striking red hair,  
Mother, in the butcher's pinny,  
Mother, waiting by the steps,  
Mother, had little, gave a lot.

It was like standing on broken glass ,  
Words twisted, diluted, spat out with bile,  
I stole her heart away and put ice in its place.  
Yet it didn't make her cry.