

I am Haunted by Humans

by Rosalyn St Pierre

I am haunted by humans, so real, so near.
First time, holding a fractious baby I sang a song I did not know.
He looked at me in wonder
I looked at him puzzled, concerned, where had those words come from?
Then I feel my grandmother's warmth, the smell of her sweet perfume
From so many years ago.
And now I hear my daughter hum that same melody
While a baby sleeps in her arms.

Often. I feel a touch, a quiet word,
'Come on, you can do it, keep going.'
The ghost of my beloved friend.
A pal through thick and thin,
A pal for all eternity.

I am hunted by humans
Both those alive and those long dead.
At times of failure sharp living voices
Cut through with the sharpest of knives
'Why did you do that?
Just typical
Another fanciful notion'
My parents' constant disappointment
Will I ever recover from failing the 11+ more than 60 years ago?

I am saved by humans
Surrounded by love that
Brings a cup of tea
That phone to chat ,
Who text from university or even call while trekking in Nepal,
Young voices, loving voices

Haunted, hunted saved,
The choice is mine
As each day new voices old memories recent laughter
Join the chorus.