



## Imagine If It Was You

by Stuart Finegan

I see you strolling down Rosemary Lane,  
Mother  
Your shadow, confidently follows behind in the winter sun  
With not a care in the word

A woman you made of me.  
Its been countless years and more. I keep in mind  
hands buried deep in your mixing bowl, the stove awaits your dough.  
A scent I follow down Rosemary lane.

I recognise your coat. Blood red. Black flat shoes and the bag I gave you.  
Tales recited, as we awaited his arrival.  
A child, a woman with demons to hide.  
A cold sun warmed my heart on Rosemary lane.

It is questionable whether any woman quite relishes being mistaken  
for any other woman, as my hand rested on your shoulder? Lost for words.  
I went about my business that fine winters morning. I'm old yet you looked  
so young mother when I saw you on Rosemary Lane.