

Spilt Milk

by Stuart Finegan

The weather outside matched the mood
Inside the small thatched cottage on the edge of the Sheehills.
Clouds as dark as the Devil's soul slowly walked overhead
and unleashed a torrent of rain unseen for years.
Across town news travelled fast.
Only the unknown walked the streets today.
Visitors came and went,
Waiting in turn to file past,
grasp her hand,
leave a note and a kiss one last time.
In near silence they offered kind words
into father's ear.
With soft hands and eyes devoid of life
It's the day that won't end.
The kettle boiled and again,
As slops of creamy milk coloured peat brown tea.
Plates of thick cut bread and ham passed between the gathering congregation.
And still they came.
Stories untold for years brought tears to the hardest of hardened eyes.
In the far corner father sat, somehow holding it together.
It was one of those March days when the sun shines hot and the wind blows cold:
when it is summer in the light, and winter in the shade.
There's something I need to say before you...
O how I loved you.