

## MA

Why did you let me go, to a land far away with no snow? As I sit upon this rubble wall, no bricks or mortar just stone, seeping brown water, I find time to reflect, your judgement and its long-term effect.

Your love for us was so deep, yet you decided not to keep the bonding ties, but to reap goodness from the outward tide.

I remember, as we left, I promised to abide by your rules, as I watched the tide flow out and remove, our lasting bond. Parting is always so rude!

Now in this land of heat and dust, many years have passed, I must write to you my first letter, yes, I know it's well overdue

During the many years that passed, my anger slowly surpassed. I missed the bond that is now due, I begin to wonder, who are you?

My Mother, my keeper, the distance slave reaper, not a word, not a sound, no sighting to be found. Who are you?

This land I have toiled, the cattle is sound, my feet; firmly anchored to this dry land.

Yet, as I watch the boats leave the harbour, the time has come to seek you mother and find my real father

Your friends are many, they are still intact, yet they pre-empt my questions with their silent act.

So, as I ponder and gaze across the brown yonder, stepping to the hull, that is now my mule. I whisper to the tide that brought me

"Take this message back to my mother, I've found the love to find her".