

Dartmouth

We were halfway home
when I bolted down the path shouting
Grandma has fallen off the cliff

the sky came to me in pockets of blue
the trees were a skirting board for the sea

*Grandma looked like a berry
in her pink coat
span into a swirl on the way down.*

I was busy panting through my little tongue
while you all scowled
at where the cliff became sky.

*Grandma hit the rocks and splattered into red
I saw a bone-cut stocking
and a curious seagull.*

Not one of you laughed
when Grandma turned the corner in her pink coat.

Instead, you gathered her up
like candy floss,

her tiny ankles bobbed
as you carried her inland

and you wouldn't let me near enough
to tell her sorry.