



Drawing Cécile Wadlow

After The Storm

Janet Pehr

The snow swirled a swirling mesh all night
and everyone kept under square cover.
It could have been the sea rising up
instead of the sun
and no-one would have noticed.
The circular sound boxed them in
and the day was cancelled.
I went out.
Strange how I seemed to eclipse
the few brave travellers
who spotted the pure white painting
I savoured.
Then I thought of tomorrow,
and yesterday,
always eclipsing each other
as we walk unknowing
along our solitary pavements.
Tomorrow I must try to remember
to remember,
to try and let each light
shine without my shadow.
It will be a lonesome day.

