

I Will Not Be That Woman

by Tabatha Stirling

Not today.
Even when the Isar
rolls so cool and deep
and I could wade and
wade 'til sleep.

Not today.
When I have the tablets
in a drawer
in a box
winking chalkily at me.

Not today.
When the church tower soars
and it's bells toll out
a seductive beat
for me to fly to.

Not today.
for me the oven,
the blade and bath.
I shall not meet
Sylvia by God's
own hearth,

Today,
I leave a legacy
of love, of life,
not regret and guilt
for my bairns to

doubt.

