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

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