

# 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.

