

POETRY SELECTED BY R V BAILEY

Taking It Home

Home. The silent place you must return to from the registrar.
Alone on the kerb, you hail a black cab. And suddenly

the loss leaps in beside you on the back seat
like a stray dog that does not trust you yet and is restless

though its eyes are saying it will stay with you for ever.

And since there seems to be no choice,
you will keep it and cope somehow – providing

it behaves in public, settles, learns to let you sleep:
no howling in the night, no clawing at the sheets.

And it must make you walk outside yourself each day
whatever the weather

and sometimes, close with warm breath, lie where you lie
on the floor. Lick your face dry.

Glynda Winterson