

Like Now

i.m. Heather l'Anson

29th December 1942 – 2nd February 2019

It's just a few minutes past
11:00am on a Friday morning
 that time when people can
be seen making their way back
to work
 brushing cake crumbs
from their suits & dresses
 catching their reflections
in shop windows & adjusting
their clothes & smiles
 buzzing on double espressos
soy lattes Irish breakfast
 or perhaps the day's conquests

it's quiet in this room
 but i can still hear traffic
rumbling along Semaphore Road

we are here to farewell one
of our own
 we won't see Heather's image
reflected again
 not unless it's in print . . .
she's taken off
 deserted us
she's gone to the other side

Heather was always a mystery
woman

she'd sit at Semaphore cafes
in summer sun wearing dark glasses
reading the newspaper

a white cane & her kelpie Zita
keeping her company

but she was always taking in
more than just newsprint

no-one she knew would get past her

here he is she'd say

gee i love those red Speedos

they're just great

but there were other times i reckon
Heather would have rather seen me
without them

like those Friday afternoons when she'd
tap her cane past Lucias at the Market

she'd spot me & stop to say

gee i love those red shoes

they are bloody beautiful

then as quick as she arrived

she'd be gone

like now.