

## **My Garden July 1970 by Jill Gallagher**

The mellow, buttercup yellow, late Sunday morning glow, soporific, warm, and familiar.

The summer sun leans in, confident in her labour,

As butterflies nudge and worry the drowsy, droopy heads of buddleia, lavender, and wild marjoram.

Next door's kettle whistles on the hob its urgent message.

Dad is in the shed.

The scraping, whirring and melodious tap of tools, something being fixed, bent into submission in the workbench vice.

The foamy buckets, he sponges the windscreen, lovingly: head under the bonnet, dipping the stick, oil on hands.

Finishing touches, the shiny Morris, immaculate on the driveway; stand back and admire.

The agreeable thrum of lawnmowers and hedge-trimmers in chorus down the street.

Mum is in the kitchen, back door open.

Mint leaves chopping, roast lamb basting, potatoes simmering, whilst the muddy peelings in soggy newspaper sit; apologetic.

The tutting and sighing of the resentful cook disturb the peace,

While two sisters sit on the patio in uneasy silence

Glancing up from our idleness we silently pledge our alliance and pretend we cannot hear.

It seems like yesterday,

What we had has gone, forever.

But replaced with other things and new people we love.

But our history shapes us.

I am now the resentful cook, basting the lamb, mowing the lawn, enjoying the sun's embrace.

One day my daughter will recollect her own memories, I hope they will be as fond as mine.