



The Difference of Time

If I had been living a hundred years ago,
I might have stood by this same shore, watching
waves floating pops of ochre bladderwrack,
but now, I hold the images with a click of my phone.

I would have gutted bloody fish
brought back by you at first light
not driven to the strip lit store
to buy squares of fish, no eyes, no fins, no tail
sanitized behind clear film.

I would have soaked the family's washing
before dolly-pegging it in the kitchen tub.
But now, with ease, I switch on the machine
to hear it washing and purring for over an hour.

I would have knitted you a thick oiled jersey
to keep out the cold and damp
with a pattern of brown from our Jacob ram.
Now, I buy you a sweater of finest wool
knitted by machines, half a world away.

Then, I would have known the grandfather
of the girl who lives with our son.

Rose Bray, Sussex, England

