

Shara McCallum



Lemon Tree

*Lemon tree very pretty
And the lemon flower so sweet
But the fruit of the poor lemon
Is impossible to eat.*

— JAMAICAN FOLK SONG

My father's father lies dying,
tubes in every orifice and vein,
oxygen trying to make him live.
Jigsaw puzzles, unfinished
on the drawing room table,
dimly patterned plush rugs
that swallow my bare feet;
cool, dark wood in contrast
to the bright, bright sun,
outside, in the garden,
where I am sent to play,
where yellow birds sing
but I still hear his rasping;
the lemon tree, its blossoms
white and pink against the blue,
blue sky, when I look up,
twirl, see the whole world
spinning, a kaleidoscope
of colour and smell.

