

Letter to Rose: Ellen Lester

My first year of death and you darling Rose, your first year of life.

While your germinating body grows cushioned in your mother's soft womb, mine is confined by the hard walls of death. Your two hearts pulsate in harmony. Flourishing bodies united in love.

A hard tentacle pushes and scrapes from the damp soil towards my cold heart. I imagine it's your warm emerging self, reaching out to me.

Darling Rose, my heart wasn't always cold, but it was always hard. Your mother's crooning voice is laced with love, mine was always harshened by worry and fear. I hear my name. I feel her sadness. I want to call out words of love, to explain, but my words are frosted by the passage of space, time and death.

I watch as tendrils of love strengthen your spirit. What peace to know you will love and be loved. After all my darling Rose, that is what Christmas and life is all about.