

Remembering Rana: Alle Lloyd

(For Rana Dirgham d. 7/5/ 2012)

O, Rana

I remember

the Tutenkhamun

ancient Egyptian eyes.

I remember

the whiff

of breath fresh spearmint gum.

I remember

the vibrant, gypsy-favoured colours

that you always wore...

passionate red predominating,

as,

in May,

you showed me your new Winter wardrobe,

expecting to survive

June,

July,

August...

I was told

you felt a pain in your heart.

I was told

your non-English speaking husband

had had difficulty and fumbled the phoning

of triple zero.

I was told

your two infant children

had looked on

helpless

while their father had dialled

helpless.

I was told

Rookwood

Used a backhoe

too quickly

to assist the earth

to devour

you, wearing a shroud

wrapped for Winter

at just twenty-nine...

O, Rana

I could not attend your funeral.

My heart was already an open wound

for my mother,

already at rest

in Rookwood,

so,

I added you

to the list

of losses

I was dredging up,
as Death
kept scything away
cruelly
in the fields
of my heart.

O, Rana,
I found your grave in Rookwood
on Mothers' Day.

The irony hurts
like a slicing deep
razor blade
cut.

The white roses were still fresh
and the peacock feathers
somewhat summed you up
with their delicate strength,
with their vibrant greens,
iridescent blues
and their beautiful whorls like eyes.

O, Rana,
at home cleaning up
I found
The credit card sized pithy saying
You gave me at Christmas in 2009.
It read:

“Live as if you were to die tomorrow.

Learn as if you were to live forever.” Gandhi.’

In your small and childish hand

on the reverse side

you had written:

“Alle, you taught me this! Love, Rana”

O, Rana,

The awful irony razor blades through me still,

as I remember you, Rana,

remembering me...

O, Rana.

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