

# 'Torn from Home'

*Holocaust Memorial*

I close the door behind me  
As if it is for the last time.

Like fingers, this night,  
this false Sunday in ordinary time -

a public house with a listless musician  
who plays to no-one in particular.

The final word of the lock's tongue  
strikes an echo in my heart – like a cry

like a ghost is here beside me at the threshold  
whose home this once was, who didn't willingly

take the first steps into the new, who can't get beyond  
the despair of having no choice

but to move on from their place of shelter.  
'grief, sorrow, loneliness, loss, bereavedness'.

I wish I could put it to you in such a way that  
you feel it as it rose up in me, the desolation,

the disorientation when you stand up  
too quickly and in that moment realise

how fragile, how indefinable it is,  
this thing that we call balance.

*Envoi*

I believed I had had a presentiment.  
At every step, I expected death or capture.  
Instead of confidence, there was terror  
in my quick run out to buy some last minute groceries.  
The threat hanging over me for the whole non-descript journey  
of never returning to the space that I call my own.  
This place in time where I raise my cup  
to every kind of good communion.

Olive Broderick