

Senior Division, Poetry  
Daze Jefferies, St. John's  
**aftercare**

under a washed out burgundy boiled  
wool blanket in her care home bed, nan  
says she *feels right queer this morning.*  
dried up breadcrumbs and bites of  
apricot line the bottom of an awning  
window. she's been trying to feed some  
crows or blue jays, but the screen is  
locked in place. you remember the  
willow tree, the sewing machine, the  
sunday dinners. anything left was thrown  
to the passerine. titty, dough boy, carrot.  
evoke the spare room with all of her  
fabrics, curios, dolls, a stained glass  
porthole, flora and gannets, closet  
hidden. you would rest on a bag of quilt  
batting, gooseflesh, patchwork, clouded  
in daylight. halfway a woman and always  
nan's bird. this morning, you gather  
provisions, say grace abreast for the first  
time in years, butter a tea bun and tear it  
into mouthfuls, dip them in warm milk  
that drips down her chin, tissue clean, a  
peck on the cheek, spooning applesauce  
and bottled crab meat, wonder when  
you'll be together again. this morning,  
she calls you her girl.