

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.