



HA!

HEBRIDEAN ARTISTS
AN LANNTAIR'S ARTIST SUPPORT PROGRAMME BLOG



Day 60

I used to think I was an early riser,
but she's here when I wake up
staring me in the face like I can't see her.

She leans on my shoulder when I'm writing,
imitates me on the phone, follows me

into the sitting-room, lies on the sofa
as if she belongs here, and she thinks
it's alright to interrupt my reading.

I leave her at home when I go to the beach.

She doesn't know how silver sand curves
beside the sea for miles, reflecting blues,
how no one else is here, and I can stand

at the edge of the waves in the wind
breathing out to indigo on the horizon.

As soon as I get back, she's beside me,
when I take off my boots, when I hang up
my coat, when I wash my hands at the sink.

She opens the white wine well before six,
and makes me stay up until after midnight,
which I would never normally do.

No one seems to know how long
she will be staying, and I'm afraid to ask.

The wet windy grey days are the worst.

Pauline Prior-Pitt

