

Funereal

In a room where my grandmother sits knitting
there's a dark clock. I cannot say
it's a grandfather, but I might say it's tall,
hunched over a newspaper, headlines
always summarising nineteen forty-three.

In this sitting room, my grandmother stands,
lays her wool and needles down
on a cushion for which she's knitting
yet another cover. Who wore them out

only the dark clock can tell as time and again
my grandmother pulls away from its arms.
"It's time," I say from the corner of the room,
opening blinds so we can see outside

a black car, headlamps blinking on
off and on. My grandmother nods
and leaves the room and we would
both like to say the dark clock stopped
but nothing could be further from that room.