

Leslie Harrison

**[I Would Drive to Your Grave]**

I would drive to your grave but your grave is the crash  
the froth foam pebbles small rocks the sand smoothed  
soothed each rising each leaving tide you lie in the ocean  
the water in the waves your home the stern the wake  
of a boat those curled white lines of leaving I would  
visit your grave but your grave is one blue afternoon  
of passing isles and granite shores I would come to  
your grave but your grave is the fire oh mother it is  
cold tonight and I have no heart for this burning  
for the fine sift of ash which is all that comes back  
all that comes after I would visit your house but your things  
are missing are missing your touch as your eyes failed  
I brought you lights and I would see again that brightness  
I would drive to your grave but I am your grave your marker  
oh mother I am your stone