

Peter Hammill, Meanwhile My Mother

Meanwhile, my mother,
waiting for what?
I don't know...
The recall of a favourite memory,
or perhaps for a painful one to go?
She doesn't let that much show.

Meanwhile, above her head
all my monologues flows.
"What's that you're saying, dear?"
Wading through time like it's treacle,
her eyes looking into mine although
she won't even notice me go.

In the meantime I pack her things up
and get them ready to store;
in between times I take a good look around,
for we'll not be visiting here much more.

Meanwhile, my mother,
distance encamped in her eyes,
not quite oblivious but
close to a state of inertia
in which she won't even realise
how everything's passing her by.

Meanwhile, my mother,
lost in a world of her own,
turns to look out of the window
down to the verdant earth below.
Some journeys we make alone
somehow we'll leave all we've known.

Meanwhile, my mother,
waiting for what?
Time to go.