

Happy Birthday, Sara!

I'm not ready
for the big black Sony Space Sound
radio
taking up half her dresser space
the classical tapes
returned to the stereo cabinet
Red Riding's Hood given away

I only just folded the diapers into
dustclothes
dismantled the crib
donated small sleepers to the play-
room dollhouse

I watch her
by her radio
still deep in thought
dreaming to the raucous music

I see myself
by the screen door
tears pouring down my eyes
I gaze out at prairie sunset
blood red dulled by summer haze
chequered in the tiny squares
of front door lookout

my mother's radio playing
songs that make me cry
apron tied
she dances round our kitchen
making dinner

I want to hide that radio
in her room
cover it
paint it white
unplug it
smash its speakers
glue the buttons down
give it away

But I won't
it's me there by the radio
the sunset's calling
it once spoke to me

I'll play her radio
dance around her room
put clothes away
tuned to a classical song I like
wish it wasn't there