

## On Recovery

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By Muriel Baker

When Helen died it was the month of May  
Roy followed the eve of Hogmanay  
I still had my mother and three of the cats,  
but then September brought an end to that.

All at once I had this time of freedom,  
this empty time where all I did was brood.  
I had to sleep, try not to think, to cook and swallow  
food.

To rise and dress and wash my face  
was all that I could do.  
Days went by uncounted with my only colour blue.

Slowly I began to see the sunshine and the flowers  
To find some appetite and see the rainbow through the  
showers.

I could not say how long it took before  
I found the laughter  
building up inside of me along with some enjoyment.

It's only recently come to me after all the strife  
I'm really glad to be here and I do enjoy my life.