

## Yellow

**Louise Beech**

I opened my notebook;  
the pages fluttered  
like daffodils raising  
pale arms to the  
first February sun.

I wrote down words  
that had been forming  
since I was nine years old.

I put yellow memories  
onto creamy, lined pages,  
in careful, painful, curly script.

I described Van Gogh's Sunflowers,  
the cheap print  
on a hallway wall, inside;  
my mother's sunshine yellow  
dressing gown that she wore  
when she cried;  
a buttery bedroom wall  
splashed with heartbreak grey;  
Marilyn's golden curls  
above the bed, lips fat,  
kissing my tears away;  
a car the colour of buttercups  
that took us from home into care;  
and daffodils dancing at Easter  
when Grandma brushed my hair.

I closed my notebook;  
the daffodils slept  
wrapping arms tight  
against nightly chill.

I slept too.  
Still.  
Then I opened it  
And began again.

It was like opening a scar:  
writing my memoir.  
A wound healed over  
enough to be forgotten,  
except when it itches.  
That's the grit. Just one bit.

Just a tiny piece trapped there  
inside the old, old scar,  
invisible to the eye,  
but scratchy to the heart,  
and of a certain age.  
Don't forget me, it whispers.  
I'm still here. Near.  
I had to make the decision  
to open the scar  
with a sharpened pencil  
and words of precision  
and scrape out that  
teeny tiny piece of grit.  
Except that wasn't it.  
Deeper, underneath,  
where I never go,  
it revealed an older injury.  
One of a certain age  
that I might never be  
old enough to face.

So, I went for a walk,  
down where the river rages  
and the daffodils dance.  
They were sad today  
Heads down  
Looking at the ground  
No energy to be bright  
Not gold, no fight.  
Not posing for a photograph  
Like they did last week  
When they waved  
Glossy petals and  
Flirted and  
Seduced me with  
Their life.

I walked under  
the Humber Bridge.  
The sight of it,  
from a quiet car,  
joining earth to sky,  
waiting, arms crossed, like  
an angry parent,  
usually means I'm home.  
I'm home from a journey.  
But today,  
the sounds above,  
the scrape of sad feet,  
from far beneath

near the Humber Rescue  
mean I'm alone.  
The bridge calls feet  
to a carefully chosen spot  
and has you fold your coat  
pair your shoes  
and place a book on top.  
It takes you home.  
I'll go home now  
And write some more.

I opened my notebook;  
the pages fluttered  
like daffodils raising  
pale arms to the  
first February sun.

And I exist.