

**Where She Is** for Patricia Margaret Spellacy

Where memory is stripped  
Beautiful bone, buffalo skulls  
Balance on mantels with faded photographs  
Where mountains beckon come climb  
And soft cold clouds cover lovers  
Stolen kisses smitten with thin air  
Where descendants first learn  
psychic languages used to announce  
their arrival

where the beaches are that held  
precious treasures captured and collected  
brought together like bouquets  
of feathers muted colours decorate  
different corners of a home  
and warm pencil portraits of a woman  
who many exclaimed  
“What a looker”  
The land waits for the dance to slow  
for tempo to decrease  
Where foot prints can be traced and followed  
This place will always remember  
Everyone and everything  
planted and sowed

The touch of fabrics inspire visions of  
Northern colours  
allowed to follow their own will  
their own way on a June day  
The visual voice is hung out to dry beside  
Gardens constructed from years of pattering  
Yielding flower fruits reflective of batik  
This is where the mind is free and memory  
Flows outside homes confined no more  
To linear time counting stitches

Teatime confessions whispered  
To no one in particular  
strong brew poured  
from hand decorated crockery  
passing secret recipes  
and cake on fine porcelain  
To invisible visitors

What spells are spoken in timeless  
Moments what repetitive rituals  
conducted can bring back loved ones  
Who are already here  
She returns briefly

She went to Beautiful  
And decided to stay a while  
She waits for no one to join her  
But they will

She has packed long silk gloves  
She hears the symphony play  
Dance of the Butterfly  
She needs no ticket to take her  
She knows not where  
It's just where  
She is.

Janet Rogers, Victoria Poet Laureate 2012-2015