

Not quite vintage

I am not the chubby toddler in the garden,
with a ribbon-rimmed bonnet bucketing her head,
and a basket brimming with petals and confetti.

I'm not the denimed mini-skirt rebel, disco sister,
moon-skinned lover or shadow-eyed mother
with hedge-backwards hair and sink-size handbag.

But I've not become my mom, skin pulled tight
to her thin frame, as she bends to pinch off
blown flowers, her fingers both scissors and butterflies.

I'm not my nan with her Monday wash blustering
on the line regardless of life or weather.
Not Nan in her party frock, the scent of Chanel

bubbling and wisping like a glass of Asti
until her presence intoxicates the whole room,
spilling out across the house, street, town.

I'm not my great-grandma in her best grey wig,
petting her cat Parsley, and dropping tea bags
in the steaming kettle, as it whistles to a brew

but can't fill the gaps in her mind and memory.
I'm none of them and all of them, growing into
and mostly out of, my own ageing.