



this family too

sarah-jane field

A personal response to the political uncertainty affecting the European Union, made in Umbria, Italy, during the summer of 2019. The United Kingdom's transitional exit period officially began in January 2020.





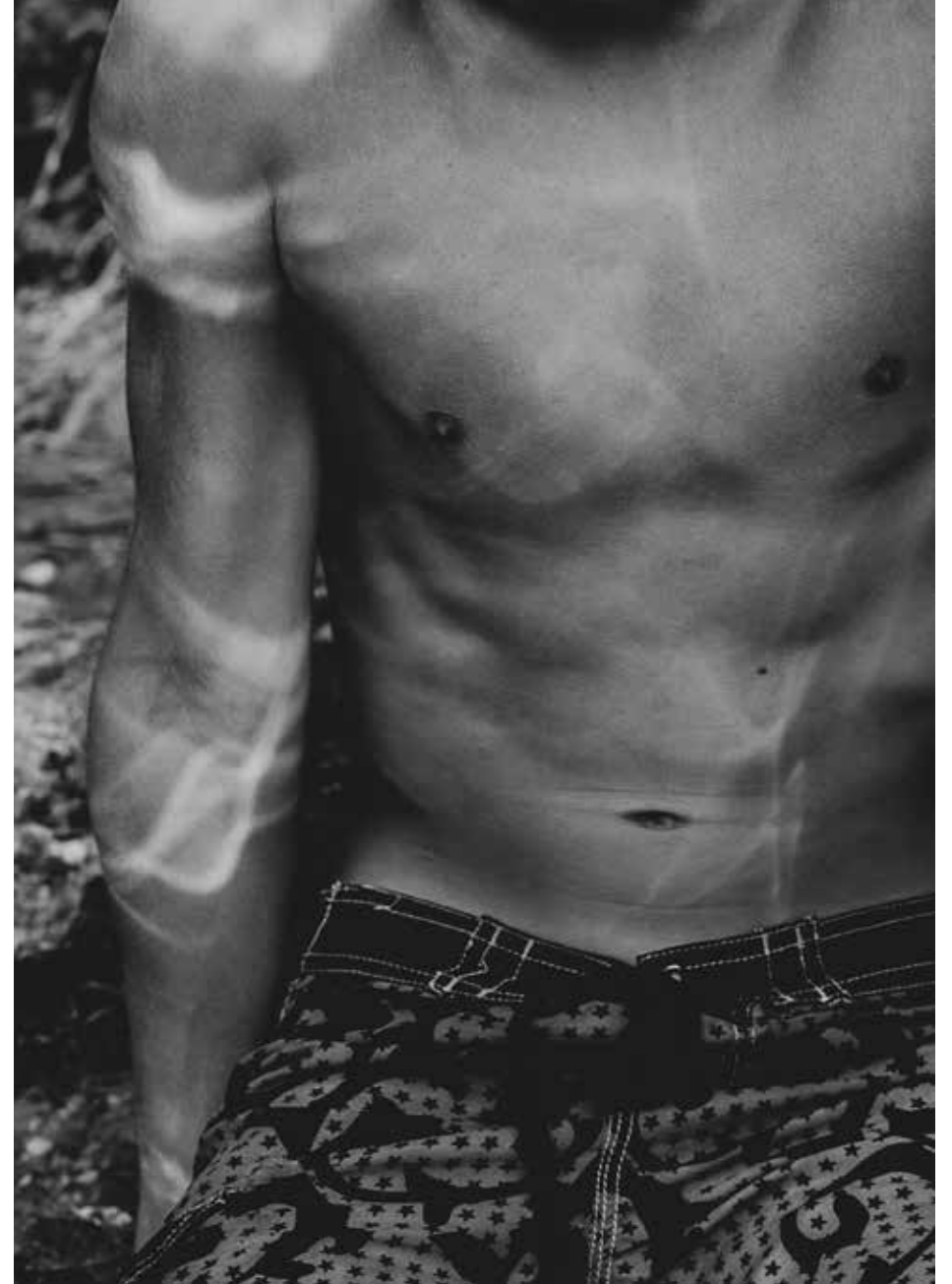














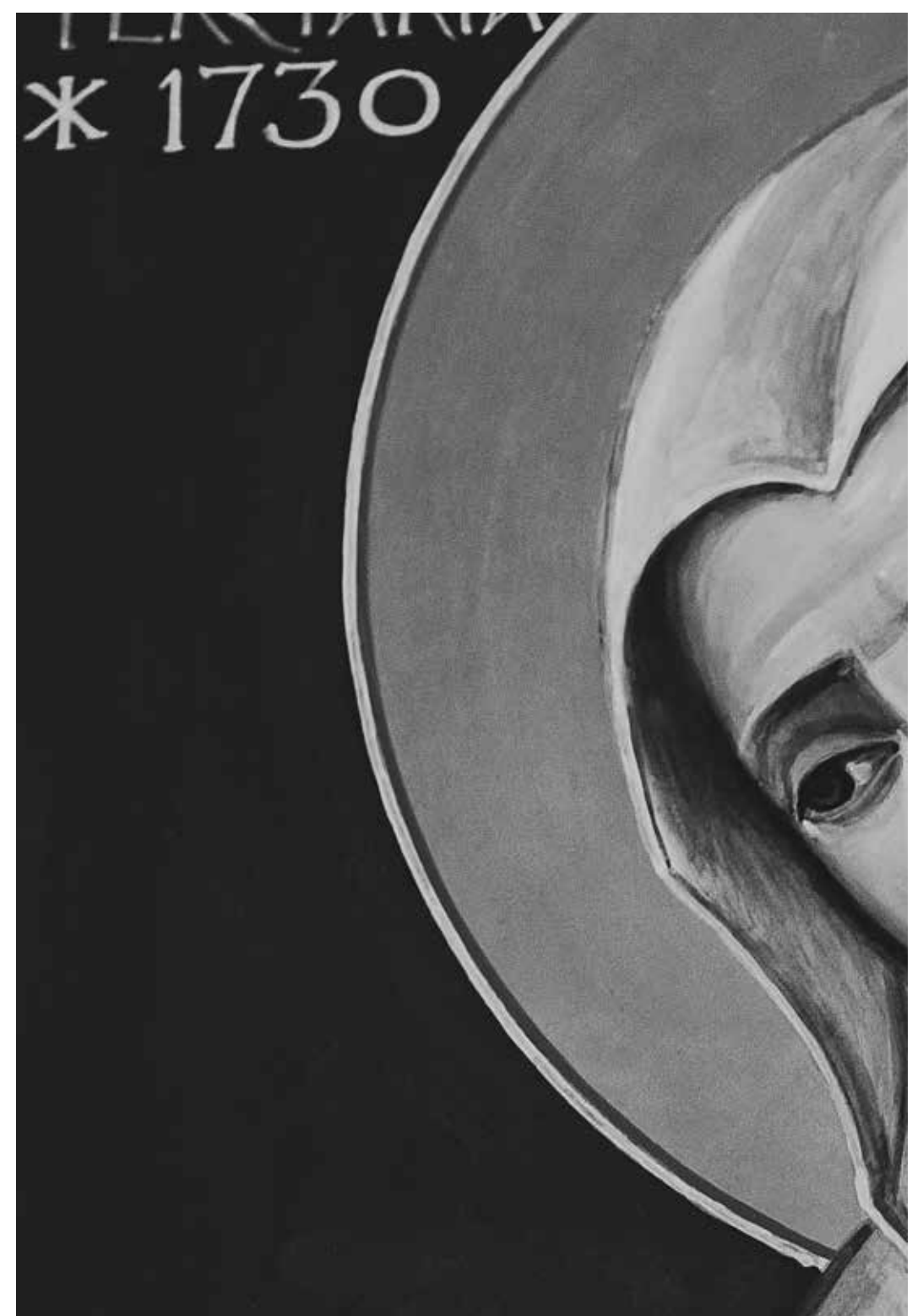


















On the edge of the village, too far for the water to reach
two mummies lay on plastic sun loungers,
hoping and waiting for a glimpse of death in the sky.

It was dark, but the moon was full and high.
“When I was little, you told me the stars were dead people,” the
younger mummy said accusingly. Then excitedly,
“There’s one! Did you see it?”
Death lights up for a microsecond.

Don’t blink.

The older mummy missed it.

“I thought the sky was filled with ghosts looking down at me.”
On the edge of the village, beyond the reach of the bin men,
the mummies remember Fiore who lived in the barn below,
a second home for the summer months. The village square
housed the first. But he was rarely there.

“When Fiore died, who inherited everything?” the younger mummy
asked. Long ago cancer killed his wife, then his daughter did it to
herself. “And another!” Ephemeral, mortal, gone.

Never put bricks in your eyes.

The younger mummy smiled.
“I think it must have been the housekeeper. She and Fiore were close.”
Far from the men who grabbed the older mummy, or the women
who took against her after her own husband died,
they lay there and waited for death to arrive. But too much light was
spoilng their sight.

“Why wouldn’t he eat Berlusconi, his badly behaved goat?”
wondered the younger mummy. Then she sat up and cried,
“Look! That one lasted forever.”

The planet’s demise was fantastic so the mummy made a wish.

Use ears to see.

Both mummies lay still. Though she kept quiet,
the older mummy thought, “Because he loved him.

