

Rose Mary Boehm –Two Poems

Thin Places

There is a thin place where I meet
you in the nights of winter, reaching
across the white expanse
of unforgiving.
I dare not call out.

Those who won't let go. Clawing
to hold on, adrift, probing,
whispering beyond language.
Thin places where galaxies
pass like driftwood.

There is a thinning place
as yet nameless. People stream
to it in their millions
push and stretch its limits.

Mother

The militia men in grey uniforms moved us uphill.
They carried guns and grenades. My mother
held my hand and I remember being aware
of my small legs trying to keep pace. I can still
see her brown heavy silk stockings and
heavy brogues at my eye level, and the hem
of a tweed skirt almost coming down to her ankles.
I hated her holding my hand so tight; she squashed
my fingers and that hurt. I wriggled and pulled
my hand from hers, got lost between the legs
of those who would trample me.
That was the last time I saw her.

Rose Mary Boehm is a German-born British national living and writing in Lima, Peru. Her poetry has been published widely in mostly US poetry reviews (online and print). Her fourth poetry collection, *The Rain Girl*, was published by Chaffinch Press at the end August 2020.