

*Shara McCallum*



## Lemon Tree

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*Lemon tree very pretty  
And the lemon flower so sweet  
But the fruit of the poor lemon  
Is impossible to eat.*

— JAMAICAN FOLK SONG

My father's father lies dying,  
tubes in every orifice and vein,  
oxygen trying to make him live.  
Jigsaw puzzles, unfinished  
on the drawing room table,  
dimly patterned plush rugs  
that swallow my bare feet;  
cool, dark wood in contrast  
to the bright, bright sun,  
outside, in the garden,  
where I am sent to play,  
where yellow birds sing  
but I still hear his rasping;  
the lemon tree, its blossoms  
white and pink against the blue,  
blue sky, when I look up,  
twirl, see the whole world  
spinning, a kaleidoscope  
of colour and smell.

