

## **Anna Bradley**

### **White**

I see white, layers of it  
White that is grey  
White that has a figure behind it  
A crushed grey

So white is it that I forget  
I am holding my daughter  
Black hair folded on a blanched face  
We are Mother-Daughter

A pure shield

So scared  
Fear takes away my anger  
A simple equation  
On blank paper

The conflict taking place,  
with a cream backdrop,  
is a piece of theatre

I look at her

All her nightmares have come true  
Curled round me  
Her face a half-almond

Tears breed from my eyes,  
hot things,  
salt water on wide white  
bleached beach

In a heart beat,  
another equation unfurls  
Designed to bring back the conviction  
that my hand can protect her harmless ivory face  
And the other can get us through the mist

An encampment  
White capped nurses  
A bleached tent

Tenderness in a touch  
In the safe breath  
of a deep pause  
We have found our luck