

STELLA

By John Collins

Stella, too good to be called a mere star.

Though like a still lake,
the deep calm unsung epicentre
of that noisy, happy, loving house.

Widow, mother, grandmother and carer,
never a raised voice, always a smile,
a fund of good example,
never trumpeted just there to share.

Roger, her son with Downs,
his gently rolling gait not unlike the Downs,
always greeting me with the same "How are you John",
"How is Anne", my wife, "How is Pete", my son.

I see Roger and Stella walking to the shops,
arm in arm, heads inclined,
saying who knows what,
though it's clear to all the world, he is loved.

A mob of young grandchildren
some living there, always some visiting,
the two chihuahuas running amongst them,
yapping away excited by the energy and noise.

A confidante to her adult daughters,
talking at the front gate before they leave,
leading her youngest proudly down the aisle.
A perfect model of that unsung heroine, a mother.

