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ROSSER PARK

This is no place. Our bamboo thicket's
been razed for rosebuds
and the honeymooners with picnic plates and cups
have waned and shrivelled up.
The wooded jetty where I drove you for walks
is sloppy now, rotting on its stilts,
and I am in disrepair, wintered out.
The old pond has greened,
a stinking algae steeps the water weeds.
Globes of purple garlic flower fall to seed.
Old griefs flare and fire in the mind.
I remember waterspiders on the lilies,
stale standoffs, your tartan flask of tea.
The harlequin ducks who painted circles
on the water's sullen surface are fled.
Father, how can I say what I cannot see,
the failure of fountains and botany,
lotus buds drowned in mangrove muck,
the pointlessness of a pair of swans
preening on an artificial island's rocks.