

ANNALISE'S POEM

As the sun rises, my bed bounces as my children welcome me to the day.

As the milk splashes across the Weetabix, my children scurry to pack their school bags.

As my children disappear towards the school, I feel the sad sign of the fan against my skin.

As the clock drags its minutes, I mop the house from top to bottom. But still my kids aren't home.

Suddenly the squealing of the bus breaks, knowing that my children are outside the door.

I hear the laughter, I hear the joy, I hear the talking and that's my kids running towards the house and my heart is once again filled with joy.

As they take off their shoes they rush to the kitchen, into the fridge to get their snacks and on to the tele they go and now it's my turn to prepare the dinner.

As I prepare myself for bed there's silence in the house and my children are not there.

What do I feel...? Out of place and failed as a mother and all I have is my memories.

By Annelise Durilla

If you or someone you know is struggling with an alcohol and other drug issue, call Alcohol and Drug Information Service for free confidential counselling, support, information and advice on 1800 131 350.