

Photos of My Son – Lucy Berry

Here! They're all here on my phone,
all the photos of my son.

Here he is when he was born.

Isn't that a lovely one?

And here he is in Italy

looking like he's three or four.

And here he is at twelve, maybe,

in Kerala or Bangalore.

And this one shows him quite grown up

in Congo in the rain, and thin -

with brothers, or some other boys,

under a leaking roof of tin.

And here he's in a city suit

looking plump and doing well

maybe L.A., perhaps New York;

really difficult to tell.

Look, here he's dead on a dusty road;

a woman and baby lying near.

And here he is on his wedding day

in Edinburgh, the following year.

Here he is by his broken house

after some kind of tidal storm.

And this is him on the ground again

being kicked by a man in a uniform.

And here he is in a prison cell.

I've no idea what he might have done.

I never met him yet. And yet

whatever he's done or never done,

he's still my son.

Is he your son?