



Women's Aid Moment of Remembrance
UN Day Opposing Violence Against Women

The Artist Regards the Woman Murdered

Paula Meehan
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You will have to go outside for this one.
The night is bitter cold
but you must go out,
you could not invent this.
You can make a quick sketch
and later, in your studio,
mix the colours, the purple,
the eerie green of her bruises,
the garish crimson of her broken mouth.

For consolation there's the line
her spine makes as it remembers
its beginnings, as if at the very end
she turned foetal and knew again
the roar of her mother's blood in her ears,
the drum of her mother's heart
before she drowned in the seventh wave
beyond pain, or your pity.

Your hand will steady as you draw the cobbles.
They impose a discipline, the comfort of habit,
as does the symmetry of brick walls
which define the alley and whose very height
cut off the light and hid
the beast who maimed her.

You hold her as a white feather
on the palm of your hand,
so light it moves in your very breath.

You hold her as a raindrop
on the palm of your hand
beaded mirror to the wounded world.

You hold her as a small pink shell
on the palm of your hand,
a token the sea cast up on the strand.

You hold her as a robin's blue egg
on the palm of your hand,
the sky blue yonder of her eyes.

You hold her as a fallen leaf
on the palm of your hand,
stopped in its drift to the ground.

You hold her forever in memory
on the palm of your hand,
between heart line and life line

between heaven and earth
between then and now
between once and never
between here and there.

between heart line and life line
between heart line and life line.