

Journal of Integrated Studies, Vol 9, No 1 (2017)

Poems of Re-connection

Lisa Randall

Lisa Randall is a non-profit leader in the human services sector currently working in settlement services assisting newcomers adapt to their new lives in Canada. Her past experiences include supporting a range of clients across the lifespan, newcomers, mental health consumers, youth and families. The basis of her education is a degree in Social Development Studies from the University of Waterloo, and she is just starting the capstone course in the Master of Arts – Integrated Studies at Athabasca University. With a diploma in theatre arts and professional experience as an actor, singer and dancer, Lisa’s passion is to use the arts in community programs to give participants the venue to process their experiences through creative, exploratory opportunities.

The theme I wish to explore through poetry is the use of technology as a means to staying connected with my daughter when she was abroad visiting her father, as well as staying connected to my mother from a distance. These poems explore the themes of loss due to emotional and geographic separation and, subsequently, the reunions that technology has afforded. Reunion and timelessness are explored.

Three Words Away

My mother

arrives effortlessly in the palm of my hand.

She ripples through me in mellow waves of stillness

as her “I love you”

makes its mark.

I feel my breath for the first time today.

She takes to the virtual,

cruising the highway.

Her eyes searching the horizon

in the hopes of a sighting —

A simple message

of quick confirmation

of existence

of family.

How I miss Mom.

Under piles of workplace rubble,

she finds me.

I am suddenly the tail of a rain cloud

evaporating into sunshine and colour.

Daughter To a Mother

This quiet house is listening for your sound.

The ageless glee that wriggles from your bones

and erupts into echoes down the hallway

in the sweet spot by the oval mirror.

In Vancouver last December,

your father's laughter

rumbled into your heart.

Years apart dissolved into the present.

Seven day reunion,

brought communion

to your hearts.

Slowly the dreamer reached —

fragile hope spiraled deep into your soul

like a merry-go round.

Bounding across years,

with each turn, a season,
dizzy, catching up on lost time.

My little bird, now
you have flown south
to bring light to your father's eyes —
brimming with a dream.
You text me over land and water:
"I am glad that you raised me, Mother."

I tunnel inward
to a place dusty with neglect.
My breath drops to my feet,
a place I know
but have not visited
until you flew.

My mind dances about,
feels the empty space around me
and waves arms wide
in anticipation.
Sweet daughter
my heart is tugged and always will be
towards you.