

Words of daughters

Irish father

Uncovers a home in Haworth,

Gem stones buried in eyes

How worthy are we of words from daughters

These moors are mountains

That harbour them,

as the world hardens their skin, with grief, loss

empathy in their touch isn't empty,

Church bells ring in their chest,

Speak, write, your words are equal to men

Recite your rituals around oak table

Circle and spin with love like the earth

Laugh a belly full of joy

Reformer in the form of Jane

It’s a shame this withering height of men

It's about time they fell.

Never lower your dreams like the ceilings of father’s timid house. Rush you are the wind keep pushing, don’t let the upward slope slow you down, pressure is the same as the heat in kitchen or the harsh fists in schools

A pilgrimage to parsonage, as father studies, showing you how spine arch in quills, scratch your message in ink, as the weather has no colour here. You are your father glasses, a vision he couldn't see without

They Hear your struggle today, Brontë your words travel in books

As I pass the room you past in.

I circle just like you, through the grave yards and church rooms searching for siblings.

Your inspiration comes out of isolation,

as fingers play minor keys

in this house,

These walls heard and held daughters

Words, as well as their bodies,

these floors followed felt each step, a journal of a journey conveyed by bricks.

How worthy are we of daughters words, which will always return to this place where their words became alive

People roll in with the hills to this

home in Haworth which gave hope to our daughters.

Saju Iqbal Ahmed