

Mud on my Boots

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Commended, Poetry: 2025 Marysville BookNest writing competition

With mud on my boots, doin' my best to stand tall

Ol' grandpa's tools hang with pride on the wall

being a tradie it runs through my veins

it's what has made me, it's all I have known

The world's gotten faster, like one big maze

It's making it harder, to get up each day

I buckle my tool belt and walk on to site

And no one can tell, how I'm feeling inside

Cos' I wear a fake smile and joke along the way

but all of the while, inside's a dark day

coming home quiet I flop in my chair

You ask me 'what's wrong?', I say 'nothing my dear'

I'm hearing your voice but I'm not listening

No longer my choice feeling trapped in the distance

How do I tell you what I can't explain

This black hole of taboo, that lives in my brain

(wife)

Holding close to my chest, All wet with my tears

Your muddy boots hold loneliness and fear

If I'd only known I could've held your hand

The few words you'd spoken, now leave me so sad

I'm searchin' for clues, a note left anything

deserving some truths but spaces are empty

Tell me why? Tell me Why?

Man

Don't look for guilt, there's no blame or no shame

left a life that we built, that wasn't my aim

you could say I was selfish and how could this be

but the blackness inside grew bigger than me

with nowhere to hide, no place I could see

gone was my light, it wasn't you it was me

FATHER to son

Any time you feel, heavy mud on your boots
your life it could steel, not to be overlooked
don't push it aside to become your despair
it's a slippery slide, be brave enough to share
so talk to someone, someone who will listen
one thing's for certain, it grows when it's hidden
so take its power, be a warrior my son
cos there's a price to pay, don't be that one.

November 2024