

aspect

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Coming Down To Earth

We lived together for three years and looking back now it seems like a faded patchwork of scrap snap shots and phrases that float up, every now and again, like lopsided bubbles from the computerised filing system in my mind.

During that time we grew and ate a lot of sprouts, mung bean and alfalfa, because we were convinced they contained a vital source of nourishment, the unreleased D.N.A. of the plant in the form of an amino acid. Did our eyes really shine more than anyone else's?

It's hard to tell because I realise now I didn't see yours that much. We smoked a lot, sat in front of the fuel stove frying freshly caught fish, played Elton John's "Indian Sunset" and while we ate our meal ponies, squaws, babes and wild buffalo roamed through the rooms and stairways of the houses we shared.

At first we lived in the cramped spaces of back street houses in the city and squabbled a lot so we moved out to a 25 acre farm and hid from each other.

I was pregnant for 6 months and suddenly we were a family-to-be, a dog, a cat, a big old farm house, you and I, all very complete.

I'd bake bread as you raked autumn leaves and lit bonfires outside then you'd come in and we'd eat bowls of hot soup and hot new bread with a pie for dessert. Very rural.

Once a woman in the delli section of a supermarket laughed at us on a buying spree and said, "Have a good orgy." Is that how we looked to the world?

You used to drive a friendly old 3 litre automatic Rover. It was beautiful sitting on the red upholstery beside you, pregnant country woman, accompanying man into town for monthly check up. We'd drive down through the dripping forests, the tyres squelching, bleak faced cows staring at us through the light rain. Very snug and cosy.

You left me at the doctor's. It was a hurried farewell because you were going away on a business trip for a few days.

A few hours later you were a hundred miles or so out of town and I was at least a thousand feet deep in sorrow.

The doctor had told me our baby was dead in my belly and had been for at least two weeks.

"The little bastard's gone and snuffed it," I said to you by STD and you said to fly down immediately. Separately we wept and waited to weep together.

The plane trip was an executive special flight, I sat by the window smoking and silently feeling the sensations of loss and sadness roll through my body while executives rustled through stock market reports and briefcases.

Somewhere they had women filed away and sometimes their feelings were laid out on the top of their big desks and boardroom tables.

We were all flying together wrapped up in our profits, losses and private dealings with the world and its affairs.