

## Let's Write!

### **Mother, Any Distance Greater than a Single Span**

**By Simon Armitage**

Mother, any distance greater than a single span  
requires a second pair of hands.

You come to help me measure windows, pelmets, doors,  
the acres of the walls, the prairies of the floors.

You at the zero-end, me with the spool of tape, recording  
length, reporting metres, centimetres back to base, then leaving  
up the stairs, the line still feeding out, unreeling  
years between us. Anchor. Kite.

I space-walk through the empty bedrooms, climb  
the ladder to the loft, to breaking point, where something  
has to give;  
two floors below your fingertips still pinch  
the last one-hundredth of an inch...I reach  
towards a hatch that opens on an endless sky  
to fall or fly.