



Context of Heritage

By Marcus Lander (December 2011)

I wrote this poem after I had gone through the break-up of my first marriage and the bitter and protracted divorce and custody dispute which followed. It was a very difficult time for me and I had great difficulty in reconciling myself to the idea of my child growing up without me. It felt as though my soul was shattered and that my life was destined to be forever fragmented: half of my heart would always be with my daughter, and I could not see at the time how I could rebuild my world.

However after much heartache and loneliness, I did eventually find a new partner and we became parents to a very precocious little girl. Obviously she did not take the place of my firstborn, but I now had a new focus for my affections and the sense of loss receded somewhat. I used to go running with her, pushing her in her buggy, which she loved, and she always attracted a lot of attention. By the time she had turned one, she had already completed one half marathon and one full marathon, which we both thoroughly enjoyed.