

# Mourning my Mother

Night stammers poems  
scratches  
the tip of memory  
my mother's words  
ashes spilled  
over water  
my brother drowning  
in guilt  
tries to wrench  
sorrow from me  
*what more do you want?*

too late  
these wrinkled thoughts  
starved bees  
their sweetness gone  
with summer.

I lie  
shrouded in a nightgown  
of blue flannel  
skin  
cold as denial  
on my cheek  
a baby's            forlorn  
wanting to be held  
the absence of flowers  
her breath.

ANNETTE LEBOX