

## News

Mother's falling more than ever, she says.  
Whenever she leans, over she goes. And the dog

Chatty's been put to sleep, held by my father.  
He reports it was quite peaceful—in a second,

no more arthritis, no more incontinence. He quotes  
Meister Eckhart, "all God's purposes, all

our longing is for repose." He's taking lecithin,  
which he claims has improved his memory. He quotes *Hamlet*,

also. Mother's having tests. She's afraid  
of the machines, the MRI tunnel. She says there's nothing

wrong, just astigmatism. And spindly legs  
you don't keep using, I don't say. My father's

been out on his bike, daffodils in bloom, but not  
warm enough for Mother to get out yet, she says.

This is the way they do, two halves resting against  
each other. I tell her the crows are going crazy

here, making a racket, the forest floor's  
rising, and I've transplanted anemones into

more sun, moved crocuses further up the hill.  
Two mourning doves drop directly below my window.

I describe them dragging their tails, picking through  
the shells of sunflower seeds. There, both lift off

at the same time. My father's looking them up  
in the bird book, pinning them down. Mother's gone

to turn the TV on, her voice thinning away.  
I am holding, waiting for further word on what

convenience both of time and means, of nest  
and song, it takes to fit things to their shape.

FLEDA BROWN JACKSON