

Mother

Your mouth worships fiercely,
a woman prances in your laugh:
you're married
you dream of fat babies
and thrust me thin words
each time you leave.

Those dreadful departures
when solitude flips wide open
and sons evade their mothers' sobs.

Hearing a young boy
outside atop the tree,
I cross into dead years—
flurries of mad sticky kisses,
sunlit buttercup stalks blooming
from your tanned hands.

—*Liliane Welch*