Birth Mother XXVIII

Hills of "Eternity"

People talk nicely by the grave because the sun is breaking through
Neckties dresses sprinklers Sunday scents
“Hard to say what the market’s going to do”

Hair and limb and hearing-aid
I found her in a bag Who put her that way?
“Have you seen her teeth? Where are her teeth?
Where is her cane?”
Her watch is still ticking her forehead cold
My mouth to her forehead when it was warm
and when it is cold
Head limb speechlessness

Are those swallows or swifts?
My birth mother and I together we’re sliding to light

Fauna and gasses frantic within her expanding her blackening
“I need to go up” she said “Help me”
The specialists looked cheerful and they strapped her in
“I need to go up” “Help”
From her bed she tried to hail a taxi spotted JFK on the ceiling drifting by
How she shook and shook O my flesh
bleeding from her amputation
Nurses specialists cheerful
Maggots now moving as a maggot mass

I sat on her bed and held her hand
good warmth of her urine spread to my leg
She said “Don’t go” “Never” I said Never

Mold and fermentation Many changes
Sprinklers neckties “Hard to say where the market’s headed”
“The house could use a little sprucing up” mouthparts moving
Generations of maggots blooming

Fauna gasses rabid till the structure just collapses
Beetles mites birth
of a monster everyone’s face always
there is life always gasses
around the wounds eggs hatching always there is life

What flew over us?

An attorney strokes his beard Orchids Dresses Light
I hold her glasses and her cane “I need to go up” Orchids Uplight

Mist lifting now lifting now lifting