

Breakage

Delicately executed,
wisps of glass drawn from
the shapeless heat,
teased to stalk and head of corn:
a present to a dying mother,
from a daughter stiff with hope.

And Kim, my son,
I watched you weave the miracle of banter
to steal last laughter from your mother's pain,
and saw you step, still masked, into the evening.
Today, while relieving me of awkward mundane chores,
your great gnarled hand contacted that wrought fragility.

A muted crash, a curse,
a facial earthquake:
though months of fettered tears rise and well,
your mouth is clamped on silence.
Tinklings from your fingers' quest for salvage
are a breath of sound misting up my eyes.
I leave you to the gathering of your grief.