

Fragments of Mother

SHEREE LA PUMA

daughter, i rock your empty
cradle & ask myself,
how long will we
make war?
dig for salvation
with a hand
grenade. watch it
explode, decimate

three generations of family.
i sing, lullabies.
you call them weapons.
i write love

poems you lead me
to the edge
with a lantern. my wings
taste of honey.

no hope for resurrection.
you leave me
as a sacrifice & i have yet
to understand *

fire.