

the swallows

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long after my mother passed, i saw her
in the other lane, rushing the light,
like me, eager for her pilled sweats, sweet tea,
one more errand checked off the to do list.
why couldn't i stop seeing her; i missed
& i could only speak of this missing
as a contraction, how i imploded,
those months clotted, chilled, un-bright; un-done.
i barely cooked, except macaroni
with, i thought, ample cheese but, it wasn't
enough for my daughter, who missed as well.
missing gripped us; we opened our mouths, like
swallows darting to claim gnats or flies yet
our want wouldn't & couldn't be assuaged.