

neal samuels

Learning To Forget

Of course it happens slowly
a slight clenching
in the neck
an innocent heart's betrayal

Years later
you're backing slowly
away
from all human contact
learning to forget
your missing children
and a woman's love
sleeping alone
in the barren
darkness
learning the dead's
silent language

How can you explain
your heart's savage beating?
She was your mother
and she's dead

The soft comfort
of your name
of her lips
one windy night long ago

a story for a child
waiting
learning to forget

Honorable Mention—(1986 Academy of American Poets).