

## Empty Space

I'm back in the house that was my mother's  
looking for her  
behind mounds of excess tableware  
and rubber bands and  
styrofoam cups.

I'm not sure what she was barricading herself from.  
Perhaps she just forgot that she already had 78 cups  
somewhere.

These are the layers of her mind  
preserved like an ancient civilization  
in the stacks of papers  
and the drawers and cupboards crammed with things.  
I let them breathe again.

I unearth the 1960's silver plate dinnerware  
and set it out  
to remember better times.

I wish for the impossible  
her return

then I obsessively dig into another pile or drawer  
and lose myself in the spaces she filled so immeasurably.