

## This June And Next

The mother of my father  
is old  
enough to know her body's erudition  
and its crimes,  
shrinking as her mother did  
into folds of cloth  
which the light passes on.  
Merged to a new form  
she must be helped  
into a chair.  
We have time,  
she tells me,  
though she cannot account for verbs.  
On her clipped and proper lawns  
we gather for reunion  
her way of tethering old  
to young  
a concrete recognition of her blood.  
There are so many children  
crawling at her legs  
her smile is touched  
by some private construction  
hers, alone.  
We eat and drink, together,  
her bread  
her wine-  
this is what she leaves us.  
Still there is no holding back the afternoon  
the moment melding the next and beyond.  
We too clasp what we remember  
hold it to an inner light  
as shadows elongate in time.