

The Legacy

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Mother cries in the kitchen
with onions
This was the day
she threw away all of her makeup
When the hardness set in like the cleaver
on the cutting board
killing things from the garden
of her youth.

He went to fetch her
from the Motherland
when she
was but a small, wild flower
eager to bloom
into the corners
and recesses of his heart,
of this house in a strange land.

No secret would tell
if behind the hardness
he had softness
for her...

She crushed her petals
She who loved beautiful things
anticipating the storm
that would surely rip them
from the stem

and she lived this way
a flower without petals

with me watching and longing
to be what she once dreamed.