

# She is with me still

Emily Henning

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She is with me still,  
my mother,  
paying me visits in  
the sound of my own speech.  
Not always, or even very often,  
but every now and then  
I will open my mouth  
and there she'll be,  
riding the notes of my voice and  
waving to me in my laughter.  
And always,  
when she shows herself,  
the sudden, fierce prick of pain  
all over again.