

There are letters, some have been opened, some
not, these ones, the unopened ones, were placed
 here and there
 in the pockets of old coats
 in handbags
 in cookbooks and dictionaries
common places, not to be forgotten. Missives from
home that came on days I could not acknowledge,
couldn't observe. Prisoned paragraphs from Mother.
Ordinary complaints about rheumatism and
oil bills. Sunday services and weather reports. Another
week of inactivity and being condemned,
or so it seemed then, to an endless
 day

 in

 day

 out

of my own, diapers and laundry. Dishes and dreams that had
nowhere to go, I denied the page upon page of

well there's not much news, dear

I made a stew yesterday

Question after question of

how are you dear heart

Queries I had no answers for

are you okay up there

And me screaming No. No. No. I've been condemned to monotony,
tedium. Your life. I want to run, to fly, to tango. I want the
Mediterranean, accordions, dark Gypsies. Opium.

I remember you in my prayers every night

Stop. Stop before you pray me into salvation. Ozzie and
Harriet. Pantyhose and crepe soles.

Today I am remembering my mother's
letters, missing her voice, her little prayers. Ashamed of my failure
to course the inevitable, to observe the tremor in her
once-plain hand or to see that things are never static, things
are never really still.