

Sustenance

After I'd gone, my mom
would think of me
as the bumblebee
searching for sweetness within
the cowslip and the cranesbill
she let run rampant
in the yard. I think
gathering me in this way
among her favorite colors
and living things
may have sustained
the work of smiling
and the heat necessary
to brood.

On anniversary days,
thoughts of my mom
bloom on the lips of aunties
and sisters and friends.
And I flit about
from house to house
and collect the pieces
of her that can carry me
through the fall.