

BONES

ANN MINOFF

the small bones
in both my hands are stiff painful
my crazy sister's finally moved in
a dog will fix everything
something to take care of

my mother loves being held
she is dying
and I am already so cold
when she curls into my shoulder
her face against my chest

I look over her white head
and watch the sky download yet more water
into the river on the already flooded streets
against the windows
in my face down my clothes
water smooth clear
time dissolves each one of us