

# YOUR MOTHER, MY MOTHER ALL ONCE REMOVED

**LAURIN DECHAE**

Your mother was once lightning jarred and once  
She shook whole houses in her quake and beat  
The livelong day into its resting place.  
My mother merely years above me now  
That day when she ate daisies fresh. You want  
To know the once when I began belief?  
Your mother thunder shaking houses loose.  
My mother right before she died I prayed  
And prayed and prayed she wouldn't suffer long.  
I prayed for her, for father too—that this  
Quietus not be made more succulent,  
Some meat that's beaten to tender and rare.  
Your mother is the moment of flash flood.  
My mother running out of time and me  
And all of us. Your mother doesn't miss  
Me when I'm gone. What is it to be missed?  
My father used to set out fruit—apples,  
And oranges—halved, laid out on tissue,  
In front of pictures of my mother's face,  
So she might not go hungry. He'd still take  
Her with him everywhere, set her a place  
To eat then wonder where she'd gone. She waved  
Magician-less and run out of the spark.

She left him in a lonely never known  
Before. They say that if the woman dies  
Before the man he won't last longer than  
five years without her. I know I must go  
Second. Your grandfather just wouldn't survive.