

Circles

My mother has lost her way
through time and memory,
turning circles down a dark
hall where past and present
diverge. Footsteps of the child
I was echo and fade. My brother,
dead one year, calls in a voice
she no longer recognizes. All
around her drift fragments
of song, lost melodies, a final
dazzling trill held beyond belief.

The world outside these walls
has ceased to matter, its petty
demands stacked on her desk
and sealed in their crisp white
silences like obedient children.
That desk now sits flush under
a nursing home window shut
for good against the sound
of the sea. Blinds are drawn
to block light winking off surf.