

ELEGY FOR THE FOUR CHAMBERS OF MY MOTHER'S HEART

This is an elegy, and believe me, it will end
within the small walls of your townhome.
And because I am selfish it ends with your
words and a memory of just you and me
standing above your kitchen sink, pouring
water into an ice cube tray. You tell me
to watch as the water fills up one corner,
then overflows into every empty square.
This, you say, this is how I love you.