

FRANNIE LINDSAY

Antiphon for Remembering and Forgetting

Now that my mother's elbows crinkled with loveliness
are bone grit and flake

*No broom can shoo her away from a cabin porch
nor kerchief cleanse her sigh from a storm sash*

Her atheist heart is rubble

*And now her worried miles wash away, a hurricane
lost to itself over northerly waters*

Gulls, take up your scavenged glints and go on
Fish, go back to your breeze-flecked leaping

*Psalmless woman, gone to the oldness
God kept for her, beyond the fatigue of erasure*

Coyote, crouch beneath the eaves of your cold, luxuriant hackles
Deer, come to the edge of your intelligent shyness
Drink, for there is no one to witness you

*She is unselfed, and safe now with all of her death
and strewn too wide for a meadow to matter*

O relic denture, wedding pearls, ungainly bifocals—toss these off any prow
and they will bob for a moment

Small things, O sink-thee-nots