IBE LIEBENBERG

Fire Season 2016

You could be gone all summer
while your family forgets. They recognize
the paychecks you send. She produces
the loops and uncertainty of your signature,
measures the worth of your name
then scribbles it.

You are calculated in miles
away, then in days. She files paperwork
and asks what fire is it, so they can find and serve
you. You, reduced to participating transient,
as they continue to remember
you all wrong. Not as a flower on a hillside—
the way you’d want your mother to find you.