

from Juked #5, Spring 2008

SHAWN FAWSON

LOOKING INTO A POND WITH MY MOTHER

Inching into exile, her mind
has lost its hold. It takes
all evening to name *monkshood*

or *pepperwort*. No words,
either, for the bank swallows
pushing against the broken

edges of water. Spring
has come too early. It wasn't
like this before – the way

she looks for me even when
I'm here, her promise never
to leave me. A sun-struck crocus

studies her lips for its color,
but *white* is gone. The clouds
have given up their places.

The sky's one with the wind
now. One touch and the whole
tree comes apart. On the surface

the apple blossoms are silky
and the sky traces her body, wears
the sun down to my underwater eyes.