

Mother's Warm Breath

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My mother is a *place*. And a being from there having qualities, as if she is also from there.

From the inside of her being her, gradually becoming her in the same taste as russet-pink.

Russet-pink is a field carrying one's pure essence, like a whiff, *oh! that's her!* Maybe some pawmarks.

Totems of her gaining belly from herself.

A place is by chance (like pain is a guess).

Like a lid with its definite jar, she's attached to this, thinking
maybe there's no other jar.

The lid has a slogan, which she wears and thinks it's not right if
her family does not.

Like a *birth word*, say. *Every person has one word.*

Held adrift by old old hearing.

Don't touch you! says her own face. (For she recognizes the previous resentment and its marks on her old face.)

As if spring follows summer and we are already at the beginning.

If my father is murdered, does that mean I am dead or (like *one's face in sound*) about to be dead?

A legacy of light is separate from reflection, like a legacy of dog
only sees itself.

So there is mourning but not knowing. She could be a dog
thinking she's a dog.

Her formless growl cracks like a flower, like shards of voice but
one hears only the thinnest outermost skin.

I harbor myself in the familiarity of something, air, leaves,
peacocks running across a field.

People coming in like the last second of her knowing.

As if she'd snapped her teeth. *Stealing* knowing, she becomes simple.

In the interstices of a plan, like knowing skips to what's there anyway.

The value of her in the real actual sitting down, till she rests.