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Pasedena

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Pasadena

BONNIE FRAZIER

I remember Pasadena
a lunch prepared
Mike and I ate
he inquired of my future plans
for when I grew up
we consumed sandwiches and soup
well-crafted by you
I wanted more but did not ask
fondness lingered between us
but not the intimacy customary on my mother's side
the kind that would have allowed me to share
that I ate like a goat
or to divulge the reason for my visitation
a temporary escape from
a woman lost in a bottle of vodka, a mind fractured
her parents considered snatching me from her
alas, age got the best of them
one more daughter, too much for old folks
so I sat and waited
but by the time you came
already lost my mind
tumors spreading to metastasis
enough destruction to send myself to oblivion
would my life have changed, if you had seen me
hiding underneath the bed?