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Sadness - Sad Times

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SADNESS - SAD TIMES JULIE COVINGTON

Softly

BONNIE FRAZIER

My mother bought me a Giacometti
book, coffee table size
for my 18th birthday
seventy dollars at the time
inscribed to me, love mom

Softly, the chair arm repeatedly hitting the desk
a muffled sound of plush pleather against hard wood
the rhythm, the background noise
of me sifting through my memories

At twenty six, I sold that book to a
second hand bookstore in Chicago
ten dollars received to
feed my habit of
China white from the West Side

Softly, the sound of my heart, aged
watching through the window
trees waving to me
the rhythm, the background noise
of me sifting through my memories

My mother pushed me into the tub, and
washed the stink off me
from withdrawal, the two of us
overwhelmed by her illness
our dynamic inverted
I should have been the one
to carry her though

Softly, the salt wanders
down my face, to the
frame of the bed, one with a
bone weakened sound
the rhythm, the background noise
of me sifting through my memories.