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## Softly

Bonnie Frazier

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**SADNESS - SAD TIMES** JULIE COVINGTON

## Softly

BONNIE FRAZIER

My mother bought me a Giacometti  
book, coffee table size  
for my 18<sup>th</sup> 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.