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## A Mother's Tool

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# A Mother's Tool

**Cover Page Footnote**

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## ALEXIS SPECK

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### A MOTHER'S TOOL

The sun so focused,  
Rays splashing their faces,  
Giving light.  
    Brushing through hair,  
Golden tangled twine,  
The dark oak comb, pulling through the mess,  
Stuck..  
    Thoughts of yesterday,  
Sit unmoved,  
She can't explain,  
To the green eyed child,  
    It takes time,  
To untangle the unwanted,  
With pain, mother's tool pulls.

## VALERIE STACKMAN

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### OLD HOUSE

Old, black, bruised bananas on the counter,  
aprons over the stove,  
she ate peaches like apples  
and no one really knew her identity.

She was never glamorous,  
but had a language that could put you on the turf,  
boxing.

Boxes and boxes full of lost things,  
she was a hypocrite  
who danced around her words.