An Untitled Work

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Before I was born
my mother met my father
and they precede to
make me.

Too soon I was made,
before my Mother was
finished.

Dreams unrealized then
have become lost over 25 years.
Fuzzy and faded,
missing in the deep crevices
of our living room couch.

All she has painted
and sculpted have become
garage sale bargains.
Yellows and greens
have dried in metal tubes
and have been thrown away.

The youngest of my siblings
will be leaving home tomorrow.
She is the last to exit stage-left.
So my mother has allowed
herself the pleasure of a
new couch.
Now that there are no children to
jump up and down on coiled springs
or to spill Dixie-cups full of cranberry
juice on the faded arms.

I have told her to make sure
that she fishes out all
the lost remotes and
miscellaneous things
that I know are
hiding in the
depth crevices of
our family couch.

-- Simantha Hagle