

The Morning My Mother

The morning

My mother felt chest pains,

The sky extended soft arms

And tiptoed into the room.

Clouds gathered

As just-washed undergarments,

The color of sitting quietly

In the sink.

My orange juice slid

Silently, vibrant citrus tingling

On tongue.

The morning my mother

Felt chest pains,

A chamomile tea bag

Sank peacefully in its china-

Rimmed pool.

Water, the holy host,

Coaxed, calm as a mother,

Its tiny buds,

Whose fragrance must

Be scalded before

It blooms.

-Jean C. Howard