

I remember my mother in the AM,

Her AM,

Her sun and her son both in warmth,

I remember my mother in smoke, the scent of protection and worry,

I remember her in this world,

I remember my mother and I remember the coastline.

Threw away everything we could as fast as our human experience allowed.

She and I Welcomed waves in toward our naked feet, another build up of pain and loss stained in the sand.

I remember it being like ink, difficult to wash away...

a chore for shores we visited,

I remember my mother and I remember her love,

Her son, a sun in the eyes of everything lost and in darkness,

I Remember my mother in secret and I remember the secret,

She is on my mind and forever with me. Especially in the AM, her AM.

Early birds, she and I,

Head first into the wake of the world.