

mother

Don't
lay your glasses
eye-side down on the table,
you told me,
because they'll scratch.
and so i cross the arms and leave the pair
basking on the counter
your direction in my ear. and
Make sure you leave your vitamins
next to your bedside lamp
so you can take them each night before bed.
And start your day with the biggest mug you can find
(because the day's first coffee always tastes better,
and this is true but i don't know why).

but ever since
he slid this ring on my empty finger
long and bony knuckled, you've said little about it.
perhaps wanting to say, but then not.
You do not need a dish rack if you have a dish mat.
Wash on gentle, your clothes are rarely very dirty.
Wash your hands, clean before bed,
and Always say thank you, but never say it twice
(the sting from some scar flashing).
and Work hard, and be good, and focus.

but never did you you say: use ice if it gets stuck
and not: it will be tight in the morning, but feel loose before bed.
always keep it clean, never wash with it on, and don't twist it round when you're nervous-
discoveries I make myself.
i think about laying it on the table while I work, and your advice to
Probably keep it in the drawer, lest I lose it. Maybe you think
that I am now his.
and your giveaway begun.

how much I wish to be instructed
to paint the doings of my day with your brushes
bristles frayed and worn-handled, but still wet from the wash.
You know, knew better
and I am only a child still.
and when you leave me, but for the echos of your notes
i will be by my self.