APOLOGY, AFTER YOUR MOTHER’S FUNERAL

CATHERINE STEARNS

I may have laughed when we went to bed you shielding in your cupped hand a match to see our way to the light switch

We didn’t know our way around the house but found in her fridge a beer and stood by the stove to drink a toast in her honor

I saw you then as she must have unhard unhurt and followed your white shirt choosing the side closest to the door

You’ll have to cross the dark to leave me