

THE MOTHER SITS DOWN ON THE BED

The mother sits down on the bed. She has just come back from checking on the sons whose throats were stuck with thoughts of her. They seemed to her in constant motion, one laying down cork, another practicing an English horn, a third trying and failing to write of her, as if by capturing her walk, or the wobble of her hello, he'd be doing a little something to bring her back. But she should talk. It is hard work to be dead. She should have been in training for this, instead of putting her feet up in front of the TV, eating crackers.

The fields of the earth are full of nests, and when a tractor goes by, the eggs in the nests crack open, as if the birds inside their shells cannot stand the rumble one more minute. They want to fly and they're tired of being warmed. But the mother is grateful to be away from all that. The earth buzzes with noise and shoots push up through the festive green. Do not pause, my lovelies. Still, her urge to cool down their faces does not match her urge to stay where she is.

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