

ONCE MORE

Like when you are washing out a cup
you've had flowers in. Someone brought
you some, an acquaintance—daisies

which she got at a florist's
in January, so that they smelled too
rich, too much like someone

missing. Bits of green cling tenaciously
to the cup. Water swirls
inside. The odor rises

like a coffin lid.
Your mother lifts you up
to see. You are drowning

in the smell of weeping. Someone is singing
Nearer My God to Thee.
He is surrounded

by white satin, like a cherished
music box above your bed.
You close your eyes tight,

and every trace of flowers
goes under. Then you open them
once more. And then, once more,

it is all over.