

THE BEDROOM AT YOUR MOTHER'S ●

Emily Hyland

If mourning is affection I am
still in that room

I am in that corner
bundle of dust

my cells my
decomposing hair my

things are in the
broken bottom drawer

albums from my
birth albums from our

early life there is
even a VHS and

sleeves of film
that's how far

we go back.
When the

next woman
comes to your

mother's and you
slide into

the place with her she
will open the dresser

one morning while you sleep and
looking for you

find all of these pieces of me
a coloring book *One*

*Hundred Years of
Solitude* my

striped beach throw with the
ribbon on its waist

these artifacts
picture of us

on a paddleboat
the poem I

wrote for your
mother the jar

of pink Bermuda sand.
Maybe this woman will

not want
so much of me there

will take
the canister of sand

in her soft hand I
imagine her hands

to be soft and
let sand go

to shore once more to
continue wearing down to talc.

Maybe she will
touch the sand maybe

she will
put some in her mouth. I

think she will put some
in her mouth to

taste your past to
pretend she has

a history with you but
she will never

hold Evan
as a newborn never

be seen by your
mother with clear vision

since glaucoma
has taken over

she will
never know

your father for
he too is the sand.