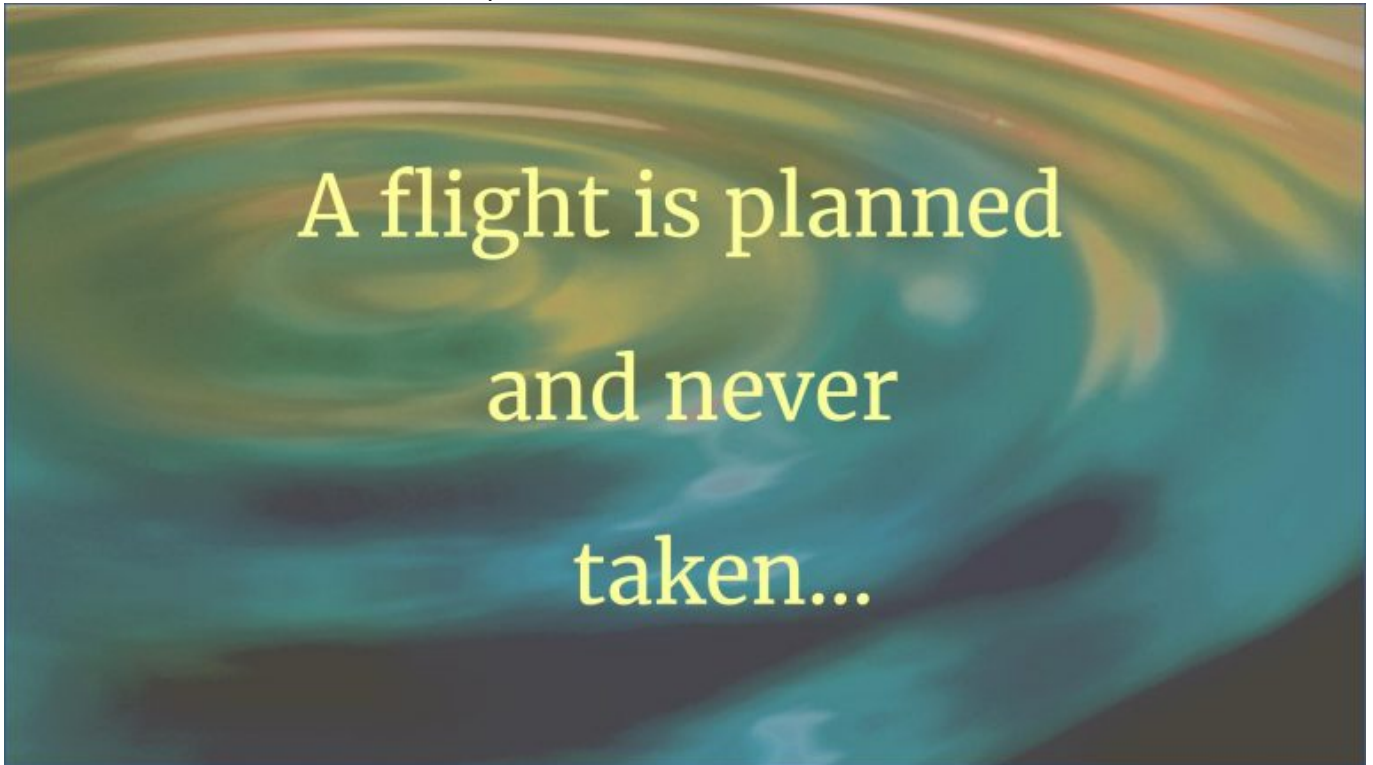


Blue Book

Category: Poems

written by Stacy Nigliazzo | October 30, 2020



Days before she died
my mother stood in line,
took a picture for a passport—

unaware of the apparition

in her blood,
the water from the window

she would never see.

Days before she died,

my mother planned

to fly—