

"An ironic loss poem for me, as I am wary of 'death' poems. I have been of the opinion that such poems have an unfair advantage because of the natural sympathy that death inspires. We all have experienced loss in some form or other; almost all poems are about death. Writing this poem about my mother and daughter, the two most important women in my life, allows me to transcend sadness and regret through the artistic form of poetry and to honor their beauty. Ultimately, the poem gives me the opportunity to explore acceptance. Like most parents surviving a child, I find 'closure' neither a word nor a concept. Relative to alcoholism, I make promises, hold hands and reach out through AA, Al-Anon and Alateen. This was a poem I had to write."

Poetry Editors:

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