

Wreckage

Category: Poems

written by Joan Baranow | May 7, 2021



Coming to grips
with a mother's
final moments...

It must have come in a hurry
on a ship of pain, breaching
the weak seawall of her lungs.
The tumor, split from its moorings, set adrift.
She must have felt that shudder
in her final minutes, listing as she ran
for her hospice papers—
all she had of a last command.
Captain of her body, she thought only
of us she'd carried
years before to this shore,
as her lungs flooded and she sank
down on that bed that settles all of us—
cold, dark, without human touch
and beyond recovery.