

Love Note

After Aquarium by Audrey Dubois

You sit in the corner
of the bookstore (your favorite)
as your mother reads—
not looking onto the book,
but to her. Her stillness
is genuine, unfamiliar—
no longer the fast frantic
of a mother who has provided
for four other humans. She reminds
you of an evergreen amaryllis,
the moment between when the hygienist
leaves the room and the dentist walks in,
the color yellow, the crack of a freshly
printed paperback, the transition from bold
flame to steady flicker of a freshly lit candle,
the fizz of champagne, the smell that accompanies
the anticipation of snow: the spring that follows.