



from **My mother, her Tongue**

When you died I was not with you, I had left you
two days before,
thinking you would be here for three years, more,
that the red mountain of blood would not explode
or death struggle rise to your mouth.

Now your body is gone, your discourse is gone,
your spirit is departed
I strain to call back your voice and talk from my
lungs, but somewhere I know colliding waters
have dissolved the mother tongue.

Stephen Watts (b. 1952)

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