

## **Ceramic Mother**

I sand  
my Mother's clay face,  
her brittle grimace,  
her small soul stuck  
within hollow center.  
An air bubble waiting to explode,  
turn to rubble in a moment.  
Any moment.  
Now.

I chisel  
her widow peak forehead  
carelessly  
make smile lines,  
frown lines  
the equal.  
Make lines.  
Get dust caught in her hair.  
Wrap her with plastic.  
Preserve.  
Preserve.  
Please just rest.  
Be okay.

A week from now,  
i'll scream out hot breath through the night,  
and the light through her bedroom curtain  
will cast her cheeks burning  
with welts  
of fired ceramic.

I'll drop her.  
She'll shatter.  
She knows this.  
She loves me  
the same.