

Drag(a) de mama

Clara Burghelea

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Outside the open window,

my grandmother pruning

the carrot-top roses,

a blanket of petals

at her feet. Their scent,

heavy with loss.

My eyes searching

for patches of sunny grass,

among the tall flowers.

For days,

my mother lay in bed

and shrank into herself.

Each morning, I sat

in the burgundy armchair,

ill with waiting.

The soothing snipping

of the scissors,

my head on her belly

the way I sought comfort

as a child, in pain

or confusion.

I crave to unstitch the lush May,

rest her tiny frame,

soft and pulpy,

amid birdcall and cricketsong,

the hungry rush of hyacinths,

ease the weight

cradled behind her ribs. Everything

in a gentle way, my body

un-free from the fear

of not being alert, not paying enough

attention, missing out

on whatever slipped

from her mouth-shaped bruise,

on her sunken face.

I wanted to love and forget,

the way a wound loves its feeding tissue,

while also growing crust

to heal.

In the bursting garden, my grandmother is resting

her hands folded in her lap

yearning to hold the air.