

**TALK TO ME, MOTHER / *Marjorie J. Vecbastiks***

No more dead letter news,  
weekly weather reports,  
wish you were here  
with love, mother, squeezed in.  
Even your swear words run  
with such cool faucet ease.  
How will I ever  
totally put you together?  
Sometime soon, mama,  
we must talk about

a child's face,  
nine years pressed  
against the candy store window  
long after  
the inside lights went out.  
Any bus now  
you'll be home,  
carrying bags heaped  
with love.  
It was good for forty years of excuses  
but now I wonder about

the grey speckled headstone, father's I dreamt,  
sunken six inches below yours,  
dated January 1939 but  
still unnamed. I  
came to you, mother,  
in some moment of pleasure.  
Those scarred highways that criss-cross  
the full length and breadth of your belly  
lead straight to my front door  
and warm visits, waiting  
for nine hundred anxious miles,  
but your small talk journeys

without you.  
My patience is running scared.  
With the price of postage rising,  
should I walk slowly West  
and meet you, midway,  
where the questions you evade  
will seal our distance?