

GA TA

wait here until your bones
have calcified, hair statued into a
messy knot, and heart rocked into a
forever contraction of your right ventricle.

let your still breath be the wind
around your daughter's pigtail,
let her know you left her, but you
love her. when the seasons begin

to forget how to make you sweat
and shiver, or when the dark between
lights lasts only a minute, go back
to the grass that made you, because

even as the world shifts around
you, the debt of your heartbeat
has been paid, and your

mother can turn again.

Camille Grady