

How a Mother Ages

by Sushma A. Singh



"The Shape of Existence" by Marjan Habibian (www.marjanhabibian.com)

In bits, in steps
heavy with things
named-unnamed; her tender
tilt on a twirling earth.

In the lake
of her aura, with light
and shadow
unfolding their rhythm.

In the little hours
clocking a bottle
mouth sky, nicked
with stars.

In dolls...
not opening-
shutting their
hooded eyes.

In the grasp,
her hand slipping often,
to reach
over your head as
the splayed wing
of a guard bird.

In season-
sipped skin — satin, your
baby finger tips
skimmed — rippled
to sandstone,
stringing her together.

In the curl of
your arms, how
her sagging heartbeat
fills like hymns in
the temple air — the pockets
inside of you.