

## No Longer

My mother appears smaller and whiter  
bags full of winters hanging in her skin  
her spine more like a question mark, each time  
I see her, I no longer ask questions  
no longer speak my fears or ask for help  
no longer try to catch her attention  
like a thrashing fish clasped against my chest.  
Alone with her, the feeling of her death  
is being in a room with a pigeon  
flying in circles, I don't tell her that  
I'm no longer a planet orbiting her sun  
my children are the sun for her although  
she finds their brightness alarming;  
time together is being not doing.