

“Willow Weep For You”

35 Lines

i

When you came through the door, *ma mamma* – you
held in blurry tears disguised as waterlogged streams.
Clasping your booklets to your sticky fingertips,
raining down your battered voice, like a shed roof.
Our drooping heads. *Momma*, you’re a weeping willow.

I read the booklets slowly:
‘Prim ... -ary Breast Cancer ...’

Oh don’t cry *momma*. I know you’re afraid ... of diagnosis –
but why fear ... the calling you wanted to be. I know you hear ...
the tolling church bell – free times gone. I know you hear ...
whispers in your windpipe ... of your mother’s kindred fate.
Oh don’t cry *momma* ... we can sunseek the dry-spells.
Momma, your bosom needs nipped in the bud
before it blossoms. Mother, nature plants seeds
and sprouts shower; then we wilt, and we be bloomed.

Momma, please don’t cry, I willow weep for you.

ii

Oh lay in bed, Momma, let your mind rest –
don’t burn the midnight oil. I know
I deserve backhands growing up, now,
I shall hand back my love. *Momma, I love you:*

Like the time I wore your trunks on accident,
unfurled by your tendrils and catkins. Like the
time you sheltered me, from pouring clouds
under your minty, floral umbrella. Like the
timeless day, you held me in your branched
arms, tickling me in my face by your wispy hair –
and peeped forth the city, you calling me: *‘Come sit with me.’*
Picnic-rested. Out the blanket, we lied and watched
the sun beaming, like our wild laughter at robins nibbling at
our feet. Out the basket, we ate your love-made-jam-sandwiches
that spiraled down our mouths like fall – into sugar-rushed hearts!

Ma, *hickeys on my aorta*. From this moment on, as long as you love,
you will live and the end won’t be – never the twain shall ever meet.
Momma, you willow weep, but bend by the winds, but never break –
whiff, whim, whim ... your waving hand brushed water on my damp cheek.