

The Dimming of the Light

My mother *knows* her son, “recognizes” him
But nothing else. The hospital is not
In the Pittsburgh of her girlhood.
Outside this window the New Jersey
Waves crash as regularly as monitor blips.
My father, dead now two years, visited
Her and, once again, asked about my health.
I nod. Sink into the wettish vinyl chair.
She has lost control of her bladder.
Now her family squabbles are over;
She has no enemies I call uncles.
Mother, I cannot tell you to rage
Against the dimming of your light.
You are calm at last, watching
“Mr. Rogers” and smiling far too much.

SANFORD PINSKER

Circumnavigation

My life is at sea, giving up
Hope of making port,
Taking in sail in the Sargasso Sea.

If it made landfall, what then?
Just another number in the wars.

The land is round, the world
Is flat, wings in the sun
And the sun in the sea and the sea
Falling off the edge of my life.

PATRICK WORTH GRAY