

Free!

Volume 1
Number 1 *Free!*


Article 12

2-1973

To My Mother

Barb Vaske
University of Northern Iowa

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Recommended Citation

Vaske, Barb (1973) "To My Mother," *Free!*: Vol. 1: No. 1, Article 12.
Available at: <https://scholarworks.uni.edu/free/vol1/iss1/12>

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To My Mother

by
Barb Vaske

Floating
half-created
in warm hollows

beneath the hands
folded over
your belly

we sit biding
until the time
comes when

your body must
tremble beneath
my strength

and your mouth,
eating the screams
of the night air,

cannot bear
the pain of both
of us any longer.

your body,
aching to be
rid of me, heaves

and I come,
ballooning upward
toward the sun.



Poem

by Barb Vaske

there are places
you cannot go
back to; the summer
of your sixteenth
year leaves green
with sun home at ten
the house not needing
paint the grass not
a chore then
secret places
were yours only
you have no secret
place now to visit
only memory sees
your mother young
remembering bits and
pieces just as bees
do not see roses
but stamen
petal stem