

# Free!

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Volume 1  
Number 1 *Free!*

Article 13

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2-1973

## Poem

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### Recommended Citation

Vaske, Barb (1973) "Poem," *Free!*: Vol. 1: No. 1, Article 13.  
Available at: <https://scholarworks.uni.edu/free/vol1/iss1/13>

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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