

Wilderness House Literary Review 1/2

Accusation

I am torn by the present
I as if i could paint it,
I as if i could change it,
with my own mind. I can not.
This moment is being unwrapped by her death
when i am dreaming.
Unexpected past ghosts arrive
and she, my mother's voice
sentenced them,
perpetuated them.
Dancing shadows revive
the hidden burdens of yesterdays,
now yearning calls every moment,
forgiving known faces, names and dates.
I allow them to wither
and become ashes of iridescent nuggets.
The church bell stops
her chants keep coming

-- Beatriz Alba del Rio