

Late at Night

by Nonnie Augustine

My eyes hold my mother. It's not easy being human she tells me. She always told me. Sure, but the stories are lovely. We all know that. We generate the tales, tell the tales, kiss our children. Live on in their eyes, though, don't we? My mother's eyes and my mother's lips. One from the heart, one from past catechisms, worn as old jackets. While princesses swirled in their pink diamond dresses, brown eyes still saw the fearful truth and now those eyes live on in mine. So like hers. Brown almost to black and holding, always holding.

