

Tsunami

by Anna Ress

Mother is back now, thinner
quieter after 100 days in prison
in that country we cannot speak of.

We don't talk. Tsunamis are quiet at first:
not one big wave but many
small injustices, so chaotic

all the pressing all the weight
of the noise, like a stone
holding you under.

The words drowned between us
but I see them, sometimes
flooding her eyes with rheumy distraction

and settling again
quietly, barely noticeable
as she sets a glass of water on the table.

