

# 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.

