

Mom at Night

by Deborah Oster Pannell

Mom stayed up all night again
Tending to her papers
Pushing them around
Trying to make order of the debts, the dreams and the obligations
She couldn't get the columns to add up,
So she shuffled them around some more and
Rearranged the piles
She wondered why she had to start over again
Each and every night
One look over her shoulder
One extra breath
And she would have seen, would have known
That she was not to blame
Sister of Sisyphus
She never understood or came to love
The incompleteness of her journey
Sadness permeated the air around her
And she slowly shrank
Wounded bird, cradling her broken wing
She smiled into the darkness
And welcomed the strong arm of death

