

One Way (for Tina Kieffer)

by Yasmin Elaine Waring

This mother, she
buys a one way ticket
whenever she visits
her three daughters
who have wandered
far from the eyes of
her pearlescent knitting
needles and tutti-frutti
yarns.

She leans on her
gray engineer
laughs at his
irrepressible logic
and unnatural love
for the GPS
as they make
their annual treks,
a round-trip ticket
lining his pocket.

Bearing gifts of
comfy Katniss cowls
and Rubik's cube-colored
Kleenex sleeves and
endless Italian dishes
served in cracked ceramic bowls.

She is ready to listen, quieting secrets
as she weaves answers that will heal.

Because this mother, she
knows there is only one way
to love.

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