

Passing On, Holiday

David Seiter

It's Christmas
and our mothers, weary in their memories,
in their good for others (*those holiday chores*)
keep their feet under them like birds.
They slink to the shadows, coins
on the sidewalk. They cite the secondhand
words of their saviors in damp
and fitful sleep.
How often they'll look in fear
over their shoulders just to find color,
flashing lights.
They'll let their air out,
then they'll let their heart out.
And this they'll pass to you.