

(Original Version)

Dear Mom,

I heard about your mother-in-law: five bottles
of pills; she drowned them in drink and they slipped
down

her throat, unaware their home was not where they'd float.

I heard that she died. That you pried the pills from her fingers and
lips, but she still died. I know she
seemed mean, crass, and hard like a
sterling silver necklace charm: every so
often, she needed a bit of a polish.

I remember a soft moment in her company: on the suede,
after Aiden arrived, I cried and asked her how to get my
Childhood back. She said you have to be a child as you go,
let every moment burst with childlike excitement and
wonder, live in awe of your life.

The balance tricks as it tips to keep a bubble
aloft and not let it pop.

The mean things she said have been left to rest; I don't
remember them any longer. But I
remember that night. Once,
her gnarled hands warped my
world with cashmere, and cradled
a little more light. Moving forward,
don't give up, mom.

I heard you feel guilty because she killed
herself after a fight you
had with her. But it
isn't your fault. We cannot
articulate when others will fall.

(Revised Version)

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mom, I heard about your
mother-in-law: five bottles of pills she drowned them all in drink
 And they slipped
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her throat, unaware
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cradled a little more light. Moving

Raven Yoder
ENG 3362

January 30, 2019

Forward,

don't give up, mom.

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guilty because she

killed herself after a fight you had

with her. But it isn't your

fault. We cannot

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others will fall.