

returning from a visit with her mother  
unwashed dinner plates  
overflowing trash can  
hungry cats  
two friends passed out behind the couch  
urine splatters on the bathroom floor  
wilting kitchen ferns on the window ledge  
all the room lights on.

she looks at her dead rules scattered and lying on the floor  
not only dead  
but also mutilated postmortem.

then she looked suspiciously at my hands  
as the truth sank in...  
no sense of humor  
when i asked if the unnatural spirit of her mother  
filled with crude words of damnation  
came home in her body.

the spirit of her mother.  
wf.h.  
2022