

# THE MOTHER'S LAMENT

after William Carlos Williams' *The Widow's Lament in Springtime*

-by Zeke

Sorrow is my own garden  
where the flowers  
bloom as they have bloomed  
often before but not  
with the bittered thorns  
that prick and chap my hands this year.  
Forty years I had  
with my husband—  
eighteen years I visited  
my son in prison.  
The crabapple is white today  
dressing for its bitter fruit.  
Silk clustering petals  
heavy the lilac branches  
and color some bushes  
violet and some pink  
but the grief in my heart  
throbs stronger than they  
for though they were my pride  
over many springs, today I sleep  
amidst them, misremembering.  
Eighteen years I visited my son.  
Today, I dreamt he was young  
long-haired--he was free he  
whispered to me  
that on the other side of the  
coiled fence at the edge of woods bound  
by heavy'd chain to the injuries  
of time, he saw  
a future with white flowers, some violet  
and some pink, a meadow, where the flowers  
lie like plumes of cloud in a cerulean sky.  
I'm sure I would like  
to go there  
and fall asleep  
in the pillows of those plumes.