February

Victoria J. Reynolds
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My mother wilts,
daffodil stem half split,
in the coldest parts of spring.
So pale, her yellowed fever -
thin skin rests against a cerulean couch,
the color mirroring the veins.
I am too young
to know she doesn’t want to be touched,
that every jolt
pushes on the tumors in her chest
as I sidle up against her,
my warmth seeping through
to the disease that will rob me
of a childhood, my mother
aging visibly until
I cannot discern her
from the crevices
in the sapphire fabric.