

## Burnt Sienna

My mother texts my brother and I  
*Today is the four year anniversary  
of my mother's passing*

My throat  
knows this already.  
How could it not? Woke up  
wanting a fifth of vodka  
despite being mostly sober for three years  
went to bed with migraine  
unmoving, unable to  
start my day, seeing her burnt sienna face  
with those bug eye glasses from the 80s on facebook.  
I need no more reminders  
that I have nothing left  
that I have no reason to return to Boston now  
that I regret not going to Boston again that summer

I  
lost a job  
    stumbling over simple, slurred words  
    unprepared for the classes of children in my care

lost myself  
    to the liquid golden ticket  
    poorly hidden in TV cabinet

lost my grandmother  
    to internal parasite & broken dendrite  
    chomping away at bits I never reached

lost my mother  
    to this life, this weekly medicine pill box  
    taken over the past twenty six years  
    to literal broken heart

why she celebrates  
things that should only be remembered  
the scatter-gun of caretaker ways  
and suppressed squeal of lost years  
is beyond me