

ANNA DENEJKINA

Irina

Last night I pondered for those long lost times
Mama would wrap me in a blanket,
Kiss me goodnight,
Tell me to seek delight in dreams,
And to dream wildly;

And in this thought I recognised that she would wrap me in that blanket nevermore,
Or walk me to my bedroom—eyes puffy, squinting,
Or carry me to bed again—after she found me sleeping on that old, green sofa, or on the
playroom floor;

And in this thought I recognised one day I may not have my Mother,
With whom I chat with getting ready for bed with in that tidy guest bedroom with—in that
warm, large, home-made-food-smelling house,
As I visit over scant, declining weekends;

She put me down one day, and never picked me back up,

And in this thought I drifted down and in,
And dreamt another wild dream,
And I don't know how to turn that coming loss into poetry.