

From *Two Voices, One Past* by Barbra Nightingale

Daughter

“A son’s a son till he takes a wife,
But a daughter’s a daughter the rest of her life.”

I know she wants me dead.
They all do, really,
even those who kissed me off
long ago, who never come
to see me, put off
by the smell, the chore
of how to manage
taking me to lunch.
What if I pee or worse?
Their wives unable or unwilling
to handle the mess,
and what after all is a son
to do with a mother like that?