

Poem: *Tia Cecilia*
TIA CECILIA

Just days out of the hospital,
out of the sterile room with the bile-brown tile,
out of the bed – its handrail cold, meant
to keep you in, I spoke to you
and the sea echoed in the telephone line.
I'm better, you said.
Oh good, I said,
knowing you weren't.
Your heart was tired, needed rest.

Hours away by plane,
days away from birthing a child,
years away from our picnics at Versailles,
and leisure in the Louvre, I knew
I would never see you again.
Days later, your weary muscle stopped.
I gave birth. We never said,
Goodbye.