

Blueberries & Powdered-Sugar

Nana spoons frozen blueberries
into a white bowl &

purple stains porcelain—a deep bruise
like the one spilling over my right calf

this time, she forgets the powdered-sugar,
forgets how to set a timer on the microwave, forgets

that eight-year-olds accidentally spill,
so she stiffens & shouts

skin pulled taut over pale lips
as if there was still a recognition of

gentle words and smooth hands
fighting against the confusion

I understood though,
when a mouth can't remember

what words it spoke three seconds after
the whip has cracked,

one learns not to take personally the lashing
of the tongue

one learns to push up to tip toes, slide powdered-sugar off
fourth shelf in cabinet, & dust blueberries white on their own

it was spring still: sweat imprinted outlines of bony legs
on my chair & lilacs bloomed in the garden

her favorite bouquet: that delicate mauve mixed
with the baby-blue of forget-me-nots

both grew at the edge of the property, where the
afternoon sun shattered over the petals &

I picked some, pinching stems between dirt covered nails,
brought them inside, with water and a crystal vase

Nana stood in kitchen, spooning frozen blueberries
into a white porcelain bowl for the fourth time that day

smiled as I set the flowers on the granite counter,
asked if I would like a bowl of blueberries for breakfast

the sun sank deeper West while I dug a ½ measuring cup
deep into the bag, and tipped sugar over blue once again