

# that day

that day she wore them  
with the click clack, tip tap on the tile floor  
her hair, Revlon = luminous blue black,  
pony tailed in an orange scrunchie  
pink and white clip bow on right side, flower in the middle  
gold dangle earrings flashy in the bright sun  
French manicure, always well kept  
tiny flower stickers adhered to pinkies and index  
pedi-flesh bulging through straps- puffy, a sort of pinkish blue hue  
tip tap, click clack,  
shuffle...ball change  
her mother later spoke of her condescendingly  
“why she wore the black lace blouse, showing her wrinkly  
pasty-white skin, for the life of me, don’t understand –  
who in their right mind would dress like that in front of everyone!”  
soon after those words left the grey haired woman’s mouth we learned  
these were familiar words to her ear  
heart  
and  
mind  
ever since...  
though I expect to never know what lead her mother to speak so cruelly to her  
the desire to have it all explained weighs heavy in me  
I think it will give me a clue about him  
yes, him...  
who also went...