

## Bad Mother

I gas lit you twice. Once at the fancy pool

when I told you that the chardonnay  
in my Coke can wasn't really chardonnay.

Your furrowed brow after tasting it,  
wet strands of hair striping your face,

adorable swimsuit with blue Hawaiian flowers.

Squinting at me, one arm raised, sun in your eyes.

I was burning the cruel sun in your eyes.

*Mom, this doesn't taste like Coke,* you said.

Oh yes. I assured you that it was.

A second time, in winter: I insisted that our car slipping

on black ice was *just due to the weather.*

When in fact, I was the cause. Drunk & driving

you, me & your disappearing little sister.

I'm sober now. *I forgive you,* you say. But there is nothing

that can make that black ice go away.