

Poem for Anne Bracewell

The old dog has buried his shit once again at the foot of the bed. This time, in a shirt bought for your mother when she was in the hospital,

one she'd never wear. Just like her—a man's blue flannel plaid, hung in the cardboard closet; only thing you took after a nurse let you close

her eyes, clip the plastic bracelet. Goodwill buy, last thing that lit those blue blue eyes. Old dogs get embarrassed, old ladies die. You read Jo

Ann Beard over and over, understanding as you do plasmasphere, plasmopause: Self-pity the one thing you will not do.