

## **Let the vines grow**

by Cynthia Le Monds

The moon pours over the levee,  
the last of sun fading from the gone day.  
Don't waste your tears on me, Mama.  
It's too late to pretend you care.  
Two-thousand miles between us was never enough,  
though now I'm now content to stay six feet apart.  
Don't visit me, Mama, all dressed up in heels and makeup,  
carrying freshly plucked magnolias and scorn  
in your still-blinking eyes—to set upon  
the grave where my flesh will rot  
beneath the stone that bears my name.  
Be kind, Mama, for once in your life.  
The sun has set, the night is long.  
Leave me to slumber in this hole dug just for me.  
Don't come around with your still-beating heart  
to uproot bindweed with your still-wrenching hands.  
For once in your life, let the vines grow wild.