

## ELIZABETH GREENE

### Inheritance

Long before she died, the mother  
who put me to bed, made up stories,  
came running when I woke with  
nightmares--wolves chasing at my heels,  
dangling skeletons blocking my path--  
had vanished into ripping criticism,  
chilling scorn.

*I've set up an interview with a publisher;  
don't think you'll get the job*

Then she was furious that I didn't go.

I didn't fulfill her life--no way!  
But then I didn't stay  
a well-dressed doll, a fantasy,  
no trouble.

What if she'd said: *You may not  
get the job, but you'll enjoy the meeting.  
You can learn a lot, and you can always  
try again.*

That was her unintended legacy to me.  
I'd do it wrong, get tangled, try again.

Now, sitting at the Wolfe Island Bakery,  
spending an hour with my son's photos,  
dancing tulips, the reddest starlet roses,  
opera singer orange lily, white irises.  
I wonder if my mother would recognize  
the mingling of her husband's talent,  
her own unerring gift for perfect beauty.

Would she feel her life complete  
at longest last?

*Elizabeth Greene's has published two collections of  
poetry, The Iron Shoe (2007) and Moving (2010). Her  
third volume of poetry, Understories, is forthcoming  
from Inanna Publications in 2014. She lives in Kingston.*

## MADELINE SONIK

### Stained Door

Last night I dreamed  
of a childhood home  
I had lived in all my life

I wanted to spend time  
with my mother  
to walk with her  
around the lake

I wanted her to hear  
and see me  
but she was brushing stain  
over a door, chatting  
to my brother

the house was undergoing renovations  
and I made no secret  
of my rage  
for forty-eight years  
I had lived  
in this ugly service

my mother had died  
never seeing me

"who needs her anyway?"  
my child voice sobbed

*Madeline Sonik's poetry appears earlier in this volume.*