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SUSAN GILLIES

She was seven years old when she gave me the gift, when I saw she was me and not mine; when I learned how to scream and not yell. She could sit and just paint, never signing her name, always giving away, never wanting much back....

Sun bleeds through cloud,
Water bleeds through sand,
Ink bleeds through paper,
I bleed through her,
And I know why she's here.

SUSAN GILLIES is a stay-at-home writer and mother of two currently working on a collection of poems entitled Pink Desserts.

RENEE NORMAN

Backhand Through the Mother

the blur of nights
when all else asleep
the two of us rocked
in the creak suck sound of minutes
wanting her to finish
one part drifting off to sleep
each draw and suck a shock
of body pleasure

you passed me hot cloths
early morning hours
knew my pain
sought to ease
the crust
hot compresses drew
my reluctant milk softened
the click tsk sound of seconds

you cooked scrubbed
organized
red raw hands
dry folds of skin
crooked index finger
(never properly healed)
shook
your fatigue pointed out
my dependence gratitude

my hands
dry folds of skin
hold pass cook
scrub organize
mother to daughter
daughter to mother
mother to daughter
your touch there
your print left
on the creak suck click, tsk
sound of seconds
smoothed between us