Enith Tate

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A view

in this outlandish room where my new life hums i separate white from dark optional from inevitable need from want

and i wonder how did my mother separate woman from mother wife from shadow who taught her all pains were bearable

my own children's room stands indifferent now the silent hallway populated by shadows as i listen for that delicate wisp of breath to signal life

and behind some silent door in some windowless room with a heart beaten-down shut someone is throwing in the white with the dark

