

GREG MOGLIA

## Standing at my Mother's Grave

G, I'm exhausted. Could you come back tomorrow?  
But Mom, you're dead, how could you be tired?

G, you don't understand it's your father I had to make him lunch  
You know every day at twelve, up here it's the same as below  
What you really need, you always need.  
I loved your father on earth I made him lunch, so comes twelve o'clock  
I make him lunch—tuna fish sandwich, fresh tomato, little apple juice

Mother, fresh tomato?  
What you really need, you always need?

And Dad, how is he?  
Oh, you know watching the Yankee game  
But Mom there's no surprise, no season up there, no win or loss?

G, did you think your father really cared about who won?  
Now I have to go watch the life of Katherine Hepburn on TV  
So Mother when's a good time to talk? I made a special trip  
I'm here because I care, but I only have so much care to give

G, I don't remember you ever speaking to me that way  
You wait until I'm dead, that's nice  
Mother alive you never gave me a chance—when's a good time?  
And I'm not coming if you're tired, never if you're tired

G, would you like a cup of tea?  
Mother, you can't do those things anymore

G, close your eyes  
See the kitchen, tea kettle, and your cup  
Now, take down a Lipton tea bag from the shelf  
Pour in the water and sip  
There, did you like that?  
Damn, yes. Damn it!

Now, go home and let me rest  
Big day tomorrow, your father and I  
Going shopping—bananas on sale three pounds for a dollar  
But Mother?

Whatever you need, G  
Whatever you really need.