

JOELLE BARRON

I TELL MY MOTHER WHAT HAPPENED

In the greenhouse, there are hammers
everywhere. *Pass it to me*, she says,
tacking something for a plant to grow.
I pluck it from the work bench.
All we could do, together.

She was so gentle
when I told her.

Hold this, she is saying.
I press hand to lattice.

She pounds the nail in.