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## At the Hardware Store on Mother's Day

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*Keetje Kuipers*

## **AT THE HARDWARE STORE ON MOTHER'S DAY**

I wait still at that threshold, the glass doors  
sliding their automatic arms wide, the sweep

of your hands across the converging sky  
as you turned at the entrance to tell me

how she died: went down in the lake, drink  
heavy on her tongue, song forever

stoppered in her throat. We'd gone that day  
to buy the objects of repair—drill bit,

screws, the anything-but-tender bindings  
we can't live without. What did it take

for you to say those words? What more could I  
know of you after they'd been said? I thought

it was an opening. And then the doors  
closed behind you as you stepped inside.