


2024

Beauty's Season

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Recommended Citation

Jackson, Linda Susan (2024) "Beauty's Season," *PoemMemoirStory*: Vol. 03, Article 21.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.library.uab.edu/pms/vol03/iss2003/21>

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BEAUTY'S SEASON

That April when Beauty's daughter was
Born, she didn't know she was angry,
Twenty years old, two years married,
Now with two children. She did not call
Out; her gasp had no precedent, her words
Lost in loss with answers that solve nothing.
No time for reflection, so she covered every
Mirror. Her vanity drowned under an avalanche of
diapers, sterilized bottles, potty
Chairs and pacifiers. A working mother before
It became a choice, she became a master of
Love at a distance. No need to tie down the
Tongue-tied, her thoughts a tempest of tales
Tangled like gossip, growing into a fullness that
Remembers the feeling of every first thing
And the velvet violence of a spoiled spring.