

Enith Tate



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

