

PETER LABERGE

Viscera

Outside, her mind lies,
a set of keys. Proof
of living, the brass steeped

in the snow. Inside
my mother watches her wedding
on the VCR. She wants

to unlock the last home
of this tuxedo gathered
like breath in her arms. She names

each child on the tape
the same pretty name, one
she has asked me to notch

in her bedpost to guard
against mistake. When I hear
the familiar music and knock

on her door, she opens
herself like a cloud
to let me help her. *Phillip.*

Gregory. Anne. I review
her siblings until it is clear
each small bird has flown

south for the winter. Outside,
she takes the snow into her mouth,
proves it's ephemeral in seconds.