

## #bestmomever

*by Lisa Siefker Bailey*

In March  
Peacocks destroyed basketball brackets  
In Cinderella madness,  
Captivating couches across the nation,  
A welcome pandemic distraction  
Of black, purple, and green  
Funeral pyre flames.

In April  
The Globe sent me an email  
Explaining they understand  
Mother's Day can be painful  
For some,  
And that I could opt out of Mother's Day promotional  
Messages.  
I opted out.  
But they sent me Mother's Day messages anyway  
So I unsubscribed.

In May  
My sandwiched state  
Lies between my mother,  
Dotty down in Florida,  
Her body processing past the chemo,  
Hiding from COVID,  
Home where she needs to stay  
To care  
For my dad, recovering from back surgery, now all but blind,

And my daughter,  
Useless up in Michigan,  
Isolated for twenty-three years,  
Sequestered from school,  
Whether or not I thought she shouldn't stay home,  
Because I gave up custody,  
Immolated my right to decide what's best,  
Fell out of time  
Feel out of time  
To wish she could be reborn more able,  
Wondering if the most beautiful things in the world  
Are Ruskin's most useless  
Lilies and peacocks.

I'm perennially  
Syncopating  
In the middle  
Wrecking weak beets on a bar  
Remembering the smell of kiflings  
And dirt on brick floors.