

## The Mother's Eyes

All morning when talking to their mother,  
the grievance is the other sister;  
the oldest, the middle or the youngest.  
Between them their bored fingers scratch  
the frost paintings on the window glass.  
They rip the delicate  
filigreed mountain passes, the streams  
in the deep gorges. They crush the exquisite  
crystals with their fingernails.  
Sunlight filters through their scratches.  
The mother leans down and puts her eyes to the window  
and sees the transfigured world outside.  
The snow has stopped burying the house, the road,  
the small orchard. And in a miracle, even their voices,  
the frail knives of their words on the bitter air,  
cut little holes that the mother can see through.

(1995)