

**MOLLY SPENCER**

**Demeter [Days I hunted the mend]**

Days I hunted the mend where earth  
had torn. Dowsed with my forked heart  
for her slow river of tears.

Went home, looked under the bed.  
In the stalled closet, leafed through her sleeves  
for landmarks. Even laid myself down

on the thatched field  
listening for the *thud-thud* of his dark  
headboard against the wall.

Counted months by moon phase.  
Left the stove and washing. Turned  
the garden graveward. Stacked wood.

Until there she was in my kitchen,  
taller than before,  
a basket of wash on her hip.

It was hours of scrubbing and rinsing, hours  
of pinning bleached petals of slip and lament  
on the line before I asked, Where?

And it was hours  
before her deep-water reply: Mom,  
Mom. It's not the kind of place you can point to.