

“Bloodlines”

When I was young my mother wasn't a writer, she was simply my mother. She would walk me to school, pack my lunches and never failed to tie pink ribbons in my hair. As I grew, so did her love of poetry and writing. Eventually, I realized that I had inadvertently become her muse—every story, heartbreak, achievement or nightmare could become inspiration.

One night, I had a dream that I was the eulogist at her funeral. She turned my nightmare into beauty, she called it “Postscript” (included here, page 325-326). When your mother is an artist and a poet, her lessons and wishes for you become a breathing archive in her work. I'm still finding myself learning about her as I reread her words. We may have been denied her *inks and pens*, her *books and manuscripts* but I will always be able to hand pick lines to comfort me through mourning.

Shortly before she was diagnosed, I had tried to write a response to *Postscript* for her. As I am my mother's daughter, it was time to finish...