JOANNE L. DETORE

Tanka Series

Mother and Daughter Estrangement

Ι

Your room waits for you bed made, desk cleaned, floor tidy. A closet full of clothes abandoned along with me, estranged mother and daughter.

Π

My beautiful girl running into my arms at full speed, I hold you tightly, cheek-to-cheek, eyes closed. Only a memory now.

III

Where did my girl go? Blonde curls bouncing behind you skipping happily through life until the teen years found you trudging into adulthood.

TANKA SERIES

IV

Pain worms a hole in your heart, deeper and wider like tendrils snaking into your mind, winding round your brain squeezing out sunshine, steals hope, deposits darkness.

V

Outstretched hands offer to pull you from that dark edge precipice of your despair take them, let me enfold you into love, never ending.