

**Fresh Sheets**

there's the odd sense  
she's still there  
bent over a brisket in an oven  
while i  
a child visiting in the summer  
ran screaming from the bees  
that swarmed her raspberries

and years later i still can hear  
her voice ask about my children

in our house miles away  
a Holly Hobby pillowcase  
a wine-colored robe  
a toy chalkboard  
the legacies of her attention

in the hospital she asked  
for fresh sheets on her apartment beds  
the last words of someone dying

i change the sheets on those beds  
every summer when i go home  
laid with fresh ripe raspberries  
the smell of mustard basted onto brisket