

## The Healing

Mother moans,  
“Chill is in my bones  
Caught this ailing  
in rice swamps yonder”

Praying for healing—  
Son vows to learn herbs

Steaming goldenseal, blackthorn, and ginger  
Into healing tea

For mother in fever  
Shivering under a patched quilt

Mother say,  
“No one can outrun *red* fever”

But Son sees the blues in her  
He stirs lemon balm cayenne yarrow  
Licorice root peppermint ginseng  
Soil zinc bark...

He remembers when mother  
Used to sing  
Like a lark

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