

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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