

## POETRY/FICTION

### BOND

When my mother gave up her flesh  
like a threadbare coat,  
she spread into the room  
as a vapor fills a closed space.

Gradually,  
she permeated us,  
our sponge-like bodies  
her needed shelter.

She fills us now  
as we once filled her,  
animate, moving, electric  
with quiet potential.  
The birth she seeks  
is in memory, thought,  
the dedicated act—  
the ways spirit finds form.  
All that we are points back  
to her,  
as the branch retraced  
finds trunk, or root.

What will become of her  
when the rags of our bodies  
fall away, and we too reach  
for the haven of lives not our own?

Will a part of her, dilute  
as weak tea, accompany us  
in the outpouring of our souls?  
Or will she find freedom from flesh,  
as the cicada abandons its hard husk  
to seek a final home in the air,  
and release from bondage  
to love?

—Robert A. Neimeyer, PH.D.