

THE PLUMS

Shall I say how it is
in your clothes,

filling up your sweater?

You know

the one Auntie made
for you. Each stitch

held firmly in front of her
failing grey eyes.

Shall I say how the colour made me remember
the plums you brought to my bed,

when the air tasted pussywillow bitter?

How the watery juice
oozed down my chin?

You licked it off
with the tip of your tongue

careful
as old Mama cat.