

Wilderness House Literary Review 14/1

Sara Wenger
In Mother's Closet

When the house emptied
I gathered your scarves,
silk rivers of Molinard

woven into petals
and paisley eathers
labeled PARIS, Yves St Laurent.

I danced, flapping
your scarves like wings
in the wind, shifting

your direction
homeward— up hills,
through puffy clouds,

along currents of scent
surviving in your scarves'
pleats and folds.

Later, sealed
in earth's deep well,
your body shrouded

in the hand-stitched linen
of funereal scarves,
your scent hovers

binding cloth to memory,
the wood and fruit
of your flowering spirit.