

Euonymus Alatus

Brit Morse

She tended to the burning bushes,
my mother. The bottom six inches
were stripped naked by rabbits, so she

shoveled pockets of mulch from behind
the radiator to the empty
branches, filling the void with soil.

She'd spent summer afternoons trimming
Boxwoods and Arborvitae, hedging
blooming hydrangeas, and arranging

pots of Dahlias, so in August when
her infusions began once again
she could return from the hospital,

put her feet up on the patio
table, rest her head on the back of
a chair, her chin hanging, and pull her

shorts to her bikini line,
baring her Varicose veins to the
sun. But it was September now and

for two hour she shoveled soil,
so no dog walker, no visiting
neighbor would see the poison in her

bones, the rabbits nibbling her fire.