

Rio Cortez
Writing Lately

Selections from *I Have Learned to Define a Field as a Space Between Mountains*,
winner of the Toi Derricotte & Cornelius Eady Chapbook Prize

I turn & don't expect my mother's face
I ask how did you enter this poem
she says it wasn't easy

she is dressed in my favorite horse-print silk sheath
& dripping lake water
says she wore it to trick my lover

I want to ask How could you but do not
I reach behind her & break a vase
she used to love but we are surrounded

by dogs some of them used to sleep
at our bedsides but don't
anymore she grabs my hand & who am I anyway

to keep asking
her to leave why not take her face
& explain the damned thing