

Mauri

Alice Te Punga Somerville

A round white wreath
tied with a silver cord
hangs in front of my window.
Most people who know me well
still haven't seen it there
even though it's been in my every home.

My mother made it for me
while I read Alice Walker
and my aunty tried to die.
Her last breaths are held in my wreath:
they rustle the white fabric
and make it tap against the open window frame.

I guess you could say
it's just the wind that makes it move
I guess I could say that too.

But my spirit wouldn't agree
because it hears her still,
whispering to me.

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