

The still pilgrim makes dinner

by [Angela Alaimo O'Donnell](#) in the [September 30, 2015](#) issue

It's Mother's Day and I have no mother.  
She left and took my daughterhood.  
It's hard to lose us both, recover.  
A double grief. A day to brood.

I dredge the chops. Fry them in oil.  
I slice the onion, wet as tears.  
I wear my sackcloth apron, soiled  
by meals I've made for thirty years.

For ashes, flour upon my head.  
For prayers, the rise of scented smoke.  
My mother, who is five years dead,  
lives in this meat, these eggs I broke,  
this dish she taught me how to make,  
this wine I drink, this bread I break.