

MATT MORGAN

Prepositions

You're unfolding an old notebook at night,
back at your parent's, your mother's, back to where
her body slips
like the attic sloping lopsided into the ditch,

and all of this is in addition to something else
or besides something else, or beside, or despite;
and all of this apart from her pound cake (perfect crust)
and all of this apart from her humor (still kills)
and apart from her kidney (singular since birth
and also still there)—
and still with you now and still with you now
and she's still with you now.

All of these strange, misshapen semaphores—
the faulty grammar of time and motion—
those fickle prepositions that still elude you
like signal flags obscured in (by) smoke.

Remember, you're unfolding. You're suddenly old.
Your old notebook . . . The location of . . .

Of something lost
in a lopsided attic. The textured dust jacket of
childhood . . .

Remember, it happened then and it happens now.
It's about an urge you once had, an involuntary twitch.
It's about a ceaseless compunction to be found,
to find your (____). It's about your mother. This.
This is a poem. This is a poem about your mother.
About the end. This is a poem about a gentler move
toward(s) the end.

Matt Morgan lives in Kalamazoo, Michigan. His creative work has recently appeared or is forthcoming in the *Pinch*, *Potomac Review*, the *Monarch Review*, *Fifth Wednesday Journal*, the *Tishman Review*, *Pretty Owl Poetry*, and *Cold Mountain Review*.

KATELYNN MILLS

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Ink and gesso on paper, 19 x 24 in

