

Compost

Ann Clark

Your mother's face is under the pile
of leaves beneath the maple tree,
the big pile you used to jump into,
laughing, spreading the newly
raked colors over the cold grass.
That pile now hides the gray
skin of her forehead, the thin
brittle stubble of her brown hair,
the dried china look of her
teeth in her open mouth.
You should go and see.

Ann Clark teaches English at SUNY Jefferson in Watertown, NY. Her poetry has been published in *Blueline*, *Adanna*, *The Good Men Project*, and *Poetry Quarterly*, and her first book is *No Witness* (Jane's Boy Press, March 2015).