

Mother Tongue

by Holly Raber

I grew up in another language
Fluent martini
Long afternoons punctuated by
The clink of ice
In frosty glass
An olive or a twist
To sharpen the wits

I grew up in another language
In subtle silence
Remorse code
Tapped Staccato
With Idle fingers
A steely grip
On the dregs of the day

I grew up in another language

Pool side clamour

A whisper of gin

On perfect lips

The too bright sun

Casting rainbow splinters

On the grass