

*Ars Poetica**Lisa Dordal*

Your mother is saying something you still can't hear.  
And you want to believe there is a door.  
And sometimes you dream you are being led through darkness.  
And you wouldn't call her death "natural."  
And so many rooms were closed off before we knew they were there.  
And you were the one no one believed.  
And your father still insists her liver was fine.  
*It was her heart, he says, just her heart.*