

A Katyn death. His remains vague, unrecorded.
But we have one note still, written on a scrap of a matchbox
delivered in secret. When he writes,
he addresses his words to his mothers / the mothers
meaning mothersisterwifedaughter —
all of the women he loved.

Near the end of her glorious eightynine years,
more or less aware of who I am, though perhaps not whose
daughter I am, she calls me by my mother's name againagainandagain
like a lullaby: *aaa kotki dwa*. My mother. Her daughter.
We gather there at once, by her bed, holding her hands.
She calls us my daughters: my five daughters —
really, her two daughters, three granddaughters —
my motherauntcousinsisterself.

Five women blurred into solidarity by her fading words —
bound by the borders she crossed to bring us
into the earth that tried, that failed, to push her out.