

Joel Moskowitz

Mother's Day

My mother now in Florida misses the lilacs
of her childhood. She'd play with a friend
on a blanket over lumpy roots, sheltered
in the hollow of a hedge of old lilac trees,
almost hidden like rabbits in that mossy thicket.
They spoke quietly with dolls.
It's a lovely way to picture her,
and the supple branches arching all around
droop with blossoms. Standing on a stepladder,
I trim off sprigs with new buds not all opened,
wet their stems, and FedEx them to her home.
I see her moving in that hushed manner of hers,
cooled by a breeze from Biscayne Bay. She cuts
open the box, and the aroma enfolds her from far away.

Joel Moskowitz is an artist and retired picture framer who lives with his wife and cat in Sudbury, MA. His poems have appeared in *J Journal*, *Naugatuck River Review*, *Midstream*, *The Healing Muse*, *Muddy River Poetry Review*, *Boston Poetry Magazine* and *Soul-Lit*. *His is a First Prize winner of the Poetry Society of New Hampshire National Contest.*