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My Mother's/My/Death/Birthday

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MY MOTHER'S/MY/DEATH/BIRTHDAY

Now almost everything I ever imagined
Has caught up with me:
The death defying leap that worked,
The desert years that flowered,
Now the shadow has found a bed to lie down in,
I have come back from the cemetery of divorce:
Having sucked strength
From her tears, turned
Her denial into second growth
Now in my 39th year as if it were the 9th month
Heavy with summer, filled
To overflowing by the good man
She always meant me to marry,
I see him standing like an orchard
Over all the dry days of her dying:
Though the ache of her absence is the first bruise
On the blue plum of the blossom she bore
Now even as the world descends
My mother my mold my maker
Is with me to the end:
Now the hand in the glove of the body,
The soul moves freely and well,
Pockets rolling with the stars of the one man
I always meant to love and now can.