

1974

## Once More

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ONCE MORE

Like when you are washing out a cup  
you've had flowers in. Someone brought  
you some, an acquaintance—daisies

which she got at a florist's  
in January, so that they smelled too  
rich, too much like someone

missing. Bits of green cling tenaciously  
to the cup. Water swirls  
inside. The odor rises

like a coffin lid.  
Your mother lifts you up  
to see. You are drowning

in the smell of weeping. Someone is singing  
Nearer My God to Thee.  
He is surrounded

by white satin, like a cherished  
music box above your bed.  
You close your eyes tight,

and every trace of flowers  
goes under. Then you open them  
once more. And then, once more,

it is all over.