

Cousin Quartet

by [Paul Willis](#) in the [April 18, 2006](#) issue

Years ago, my mother sang in a quartet
with her sister Lorraine and their two cousins.
The Cousin Quartet, it was called.
I just asked her about it tonight, as she lay dying.

“The funny thing was,” she said,
“we always stood with our backs to a window.
And someone was always pouring sand.”

I asked my aunt about these things;
she shook her head. And so we gather
evidence for the fading music
of the mind, the light behind us.
And someone is always pouring sand.