

January 26th: the anniversary of my mother's death

by [Nola Garrett](#) in the [January 21, 2015](#) issue

*He is green before the sun,  
And his branch shooteth forth  
In his garden.*

Job 8:16

Today, I am five years older than she was.  
Mom didn't have time to tell me everything.

All my green chairs were my mother's,  
who inherited hers from God knows where.

Because some green chairs never wear out,  
I wish I could know everything about green:

nature's timeless neutral, algae, fir trees,  
grasses, fronds, the peacock's iridescence;

some dragons, most jade, copper's verdigris,  
oil of sage, chrysoprase, and sunset's moment—

the green flash—Yahweh's infinity wand.