

Reciprocity

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My mother's causes call her back from the afterlife,
while I sift a box full of her forwarded
junk mail—want, more want, bottomless.

They track my mother's spoor.
Today, a food-for-the-poor tote, note cards:
save the wolves, eagles, polar bears.

For months, I give whenever her mail asks,
grateful she lives on someone's list. No,
we don't donate her body, tiny morsel.

Instead, we scatter her amongst the wildlife
she loved, she a runaway like the ones
she harbored. An offer of renewal.