

## Love's Last Invocation *for my Mother*

By Kamaria Muntu

Love's last invocation  
in my language, in my tongue  
to tribute  
to want  
to believe  
to lose  
the flesh of trailing roses  
and tilted flasks of wine  
anointing like the sweetest oils  
for succour, for sleep

To lose you again  
to turn, and turn and turn  
this dust to a lucid shining

A wish deferred; a wish retrieved  
by lone and recurrent memory  
fractal topaz pictures soft to the touch  
in tandem with sores  
lament of carceral fire  
called to God's cooling soil

May you consciously rise  
and see in the after-grow  
in the grace  
for the end is but muted repose  
quiet now  
no one speak

except for the little girl  
waiting at the window  
for her mommy to come home



*Delores and her daughter, Tracey, circa 1961*



*Delores at Niagara Falls on her honeymoon with  
Sandy Martin, Tracey's father*