



TOO LATE

Feel like writing  
Mom a letter.  
Unload some repressed  
baggage with someone  
I trust. But it's  
too late. Her body  
rests next to my  
Dad's in Paradise  
cemetery. When I  
drive up in couple  
of weeks to close  
her checking account  
I plan to buy two  
long-stem roses. One  
for each headstone.