

# *Mom Is Dying*

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I

We have something we don't want to know  
A landing in our instability  
A threshold in the taut pendulum

Without belaboring the ice  
And transcendental opportunity  
For a heavy eraser applied to a pointed object  
The point lives between the ice and the solvent  
Lights camera inaction

First and foremost smiles  
On the sink of our misgivings  
The residuals place outside a premium

In the lonely reaches of salmon  
For total recall  
Apres moi great diffusion

The halls of butterflies  
In the range of piebald  
If I'm not mistaken, a toehold  
A firm resistance  
Tame the pilot light  
Tonic for everyday pasts  
Humboldt looked into the fire and saw fire  
You will have to open for me  
The very integrated license  
The piecemeal piano and open bar  
Oh, so the brains here spoil  
The mathematics takes their place  
In the unlikely event a branch falls  
Inside the carrot house  
Inside a poached egg  
A stomach solvent

For all the insight and application in the world  
The mind faces a polished holster  
The time releases its proper  
And you swing to the title  
Inside and out of the Amish stew  
Peaches and pelvic bones

And a small registration to save  
To hew to the point of instants

Early to clock, early to peacepipe  
Throttled by lefthanded  
The broken are handed over  
Given for the price  
Of two regal Eastman  
Time produced by laws  
Orifices healed

Mom, the oranges delivered right to the façade  
Tonight to poise the purist  
And so, the phone breaks to an outlet  
A spiny surface for a holiday rodeo  
To pull the face up to the level of the sill  
Perfect disappearance  
Because one does disappear  
And maintains a connection  
A true connection  
For as long as 70 years, say

Mom, the last and honest-to-goodness  
I almost remember something from last night

Mom, inside this hour, inside the toolbox  
Forces rake the pearls  
They delegate and then bow to the demands of Parliament, right?

Mom, for the fallen to remember their serial  
The lemon pelts the messenger

Mom, all for an orange, a taste of hills  
All for brainy slices, reasoned holidays  
So methodical after laughter

## II

Mom, the sewing has come to a point where the incunabula  
After our pointed session offering

Mom, the dogs dispute the highway  
Without an insistence, a policy preference  
Before we ever examined the insidious  
The take has now closed and, unfailingly, the reeve is up

Mom, take the horns to the sail maker  
Inside the snorkel, inside  
The sausage making ended before Iron Tuesday

Mom, underneath the pillow, inside the hide box  
Inside the spoon, inside the gesture  
If it's possible to discuss crooks  
If a good reason, a very good reason  
Finding is half the problem

### III

Mom, the rice takes its cue from the pigsty  
The houseboat sleeps for weeks

Mom, if the tuckus withholds any solvents  
The firmament loves its tiedye  
The apple exists in splendid isolation  
Faces reign in a small kingdom

Mom, we follow you to that place  
Oil rings hell on wheels  
In the future, in the icy parking lot  
In the future, under lock and key  
In the future, first and foremost  
In the future, the first question  
The first question, the first question

Mom, in the future, in the hologram  
The undersized, small-ball, peaches 'n cream  
Peas and potatoes, you know, everything

Mom, the fall, the foil, the holiday ice  
If you follow this thought to its conclusion  
If you follow the racy sentences  
Emerging signs ring the tollbooth

#### IV

The final touches have been put on “Ophelia”  
Inside the telephone booth, hooked there  
Eleven sandwiches sit side by side, imperceptibly deteriorating

The movie doesn’t know where to end  
Inside the purple pleasure principle

And the soy places its hand on the face  
And eleven Sundays open into the 1,116<sup>th</sup> dimension  
And now that lemons shine in the artificial light  
And inside this broken-down bowling ball  
This polished

Since that February night, the rhymes raced  
And the onions made their point

Red billows and phones cross the night  
The tonsils will not sing

Reagan’s shadow has not died

The songbirds  
Riding the thoroughbreds  
The eleven seasons exchange characteristics  
And regroup, as extras now, in another movie  
Mom is dying

