Picking Flowers

Your refrigerator door
is a crazy quilt
of death and life:

a yellowed form
from the state
reads, “Do Not Resuscitate”;
dog-eared photos
show you beaming
as mother and wife.

Those instructions
I sent you
for stopping nosebleeds—
sit up, lean forward, compress—
sit right beside
your grandson’s
crayon sketch:
dressed
in your Julia Child apron,
Mother,
you are ever
the reigning spirit
of this house.

Today, you wheel yourself
into the kitchen,
pause before the fridge
and sigh.
You nudge
that Monet magnet
to the right.

The “DNR”
disappears
beneath a blue sky
and a field
of wild poppies.

Ronald Pies, MD
Lexington, Mass