Mimi
Benjamin Broome

Sultry, sweat, grease, fried
Yellow-brown paste nicotine stained glass
Metal edged Formica countertops black-chip-spotted cast-iron sink
No dirty dishes
Cabinets are full, and so are our hearts
Time was hers—short but unlimited
She had no limits
It was ok to shoot blue jays, but not mocking birds or squirrels
She says blue jays are are bullies
Throw them in the dumpster
Shiny hardwood floors and dustless shelves filled with knick-knacks
The urinating boy corkscrew and the locomotive pencil sharpener
Stand guard over us
And watch us spend our time
Sunday was her only day
And she always chose to share it with us