

a week after my aunts stopped bringing Mom lasagna and casseroles--
at the end of the week of eating dinner in silence--
the four of us--
mom called a huddle in the living room.
“they told me [they? her sisters and brothers?]
it would be best for you and for me
if i put you into a foster home [they? my aunts and uncles?].
weeping, she gathered us, clutched us all in a welding embrace,
and said, “no.”