

Desa "The Fair Estate"

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Within the fair estate,
beyond the locked cast iron gate,
tenth bedroom on the left,
second floor,
daughter has just locked the door
She digs in her purse for the vial

Within the fair estate,
beside the pristine china vase,
as mother's cold eyes scan the room
Perfect, white
Not a speck of dust in sight
She's startled by the stereo upstairs

A daughter's heart racing toward a flatline with no
brakes
Toward a glow-white E.R. to match the mansion
Fashionably sterilized staring eyes close

Within the fair estate,
doctor's attention came too late to stop the
amphetamines

Mother's love for the girl,
or lack thereof,
had curled its icy fingers around her throat
Where were you when I needed you?

Within the fair estate,
beside the most luxurious grave,
mother's eyes are melting ice
Above the moon warns it will be winter soon,
burying her engraved name in snow

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