

## **Edie Carey**

# **"Black Wool Dress"**

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They did their best  
To pull my arms  
Through the sleeves  
Of my black wool dress  
In this ungodly heat

They led me down the hall  
We passed your room on the way  
I found the place you'd taken your crayons to the wall  
And I could still hear me saying

I am your mother  
why won't you listen to me?  
Be like your brother  
come here and sit by me

I am bombarded by smiles  
Launched by faces I don't know  
And they hover for a while  
And I'm grateful when they go

They'll drift back to their lives  
They'll change out of these clothes  
Husbands will cling to their wives  
In the night  
And they'll hold their children  
too close

And pray that  
they're not the mother  
To be the last one to leave  
Let it be any other, anyone but me  
?Cause I am that mother  
why won't you listen to me?  
Be like your brother  
come here and comfort me  
?Cause am your mother  
And it should have been me  
It should have been me  
It should have been me

