

## **At the End of the Sofa**

I remember my mother, every afternoon  
would either be reading or cooking.  
She would pick up a book quickly,  
like a snack,  
and sit at the end of the sofa.

Honeyed sunlight flows in  
over her right shoulder.  
A subtle smile simmers.

Then in the kitchen  
she hums to herself  
and feels the knotty, pitted skin  
of a potato,  
tenderly pats  
a lettuce leaf dry  
with a faraway look.  
She chops onions  
and their stories  
bring tears to her eyes.

*Betsy Martin*

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