

Tammy Robacker

Mother, Mirror

This hand-me-down
Gothic reflection.

This Holy Mother
Scrolling her entitlements—

Even after death. Her embossments
Perpetually etched in my ebony frame.

For so long,
I have thought us the same.

But, she's just a dark
Glint for me. A splinter

In the beholden eye. I know
She follows. She breathes

The same air, close by.
I know she's bothered

I survived.
That I lived

To transcend her
Likeness. Her creeping

Resin. The spotty

Patina mottling

Time. My face

An erasure

Of her face.

Our commiseration

Greets each day:

We grimace

One to the other

Then move away.

Tammy Robacker, a Hedgebrook writer-in-residence, graduated with an MFA in poetry from the Rainier Writing Workshop at Pacific Lutheran University, 2016. She won the Keystone Chapbook Prize for "R" and just launched her second book, *Villain Songs* through ELJ Editions this year.

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