Poem for my Mother – by Jennifer Davids

That isn’t everything, you said on the afternoon I brought a poem to you hunched over the washtub with your hands the shrivelled, burnt granadilla skin of your hands covered by foam. A poem isn’t all there is to life, you said. With your blue-ringed gaze scanning the page once looking over my shoulder and back at the immediate dirty water.

Contrasts other poems – creates false expectation
Aural meaning early in poem...
Hidden connection between mom & daughter – not just age/activity of mom
Something that consumes time

Taste… sour/bitter
Movement: static, uncomfortable
Synesthesia of words/images/gestures/sound to form specific meaning. Too unique?
Providing access to new vocabulary, adding new meaning and universality: shunt, discard, evade, elude, avoid, dismiss, dodge

Contrast to the speaker’s expectations. Links mom and daughter – both disappointed

Violent manner: power relation?
Exasperated, tired, disappointment

Space: close (on the moment)

Directly after: reaction
And my words being clenched smaller and smaller

Space: further away Afterwards