

# Spring for Poetry in Takoma Park

## *My mama moved among the days*

*My mama moved among the days  
like a dreamwalker in a field;  
seemed like what she touched was her  
seemed like what touched her couldn't hold,  
she got us almost through the high grass  
then seemed like she turned around and ran  
right back in  
right back on in*

## *oh antic god*

*oh antic God  
return to me  
my mother in her thirties  
leaned across the front porch  
the huge pillow of her breasts  
pressing against the rail  
summoning me in for bed.*

*I am almost the dead woman's age times two.*

*I can barely recall her song  
the scent of her hands  
though her wild hair scratches my dreams  
at night. return to me, oh Lord of then  
and now, my mother's calling.*

*Lucille Clifton (1936-2010)*

*Spring for Poetry in Takoma Park, an urban poetry walk, is sponsored by the Friends of the Takoma Park Maryland Library With assistance from the Takoma Park Department of Public Works. Designs of the poetry are by students at the School of Art and Design at Montgomery College. For more information about the Friends, visit [www.FTPML.org](http://www.FTPML.org).*

*Madison Borrego, designer*

