

Everlasting Peace

LISA DORDAL

I worry about my mother.

I worry about her especially
on the anniversary of her death
when we light the memorial candle
And read the mourner's prayer.

When we read the words:
Everlasting peace.

She never was the sit-still type.
The just "be" type.

She couldn't even stand in line
at the grocery store without
pulling out the latest issue
of the *New Yorker* to pass the time.

No matter how short the line.

All the while I was growing up,
she kept her favorite *New Yorker* cartoon
taped prominently to the refrigerator—
even as other items came and went.

In the cartoon, a winged and haloed man
is sitting on a cloud in heaven.

The caption reads:
Wish I'd brought a magazine.

I worry about her,
so a couple months ago
I started sending my mother
magazines.

Mildred Reinke Dordal—

(I always make sure to include her maiden name
because I figure that's how God knew her first.)

Care of St Peter,

is the address I use.

I have no idea if she's been receiving them or not.

All I know is, they don't come back.

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