

# **AMY PFIFFERLING-IRONS**

## IMPERMANENCE OF OBJECTS

I wince at the kaleidoscope of blindness.  
The hammer of remembrance strikes and the knife

of recognition slices me open. My brain is a rented door  
throbbled upon by an angry landlord.

Slogging to the bathroom, I drop  
an alka seltzer and watch

the prefabbed tablet fizz,  
the bantam bubbles rise and pop –

leaving nothing...        the same nothing the body of the woman who raised me is  
today. Buried in the ground yesterday,

after her lungs got a dose of the cancer  
that took her leg. Her once thundering, turbulent voice is reduced

to an anemic hush that mingles with the misery  
in my head. Effervescence confronts my pain like an army

does its adversary, winning over the swelling in my neck,  
and my eyes seem to work again.