



Manibus date lilia plenis

by: Cassady O'Reilly-Hahn

I watch my mother
pour water from the watering can
with the same delicate sprinkling
as when she salts my dinner plate.

In this moment, trunk high,
I realized I was not alone,
that when the rains fell
that, too, was a mother tipping
a cloud over a parched child.

