## *Villanelle For My Mother at Eighty*

My mother has forgotten what day it is

her children’s birthdays have vanished

strangers have moved into her house.

She’s forgotten about teeth and hair

no longer needs to carry a purse -

My mother has forgotten what day it is.

Her treasured possessions

laid out on tables, put up for sale -

Strangers have moved into her house.

Her drawers emptied of clothing,

food removed from her kitchen -

My mother has forgotten what day it is.

Her long days maneuver slowly

between rows of walkers -

Strangers have moved into her house.

Women watch her face from behind the cards

she does not know how to win -

My mother has forgotten what day it is.

Strangers have moved into her house

.**Questions on Turning Eighty**

Can you tell me what I’m doing here?

What day is it anyway?

I’m working hard to get well

I want you to be proud of me

I was wishing you would come to see me

Can you tell me what I’m doing here?

I’m so happy to see you

I just came outside to sit on the swing

I’m working hard to get well

Do you think I’ll ever be strong again?

I just want to go home

Can you tell me what I’m doing here?

Do you know who lives in my house now?

I hope they enjoy it like I did

I’m working hard to get well

I don‘t remember the season

but it’s a beautiful day

Can you tell me what I’m doing here?

I’m working hard to get well

By Lynda J. Lambert, August .2000