## *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