

LAURIE KOLP

Her final days

zincing thoughts of lost
years, battled hands
extending to Heaven.
Worried hands encircle
visitors convinced that death climbs
up and down walls, climbing
trees that
skin gnarled hands
ready to
question why, hands in
pockets
out of pockets, hands
numb from too
many collective minds, foggy
lungs growing breathless, thoughts
kept secret in
joyless minds. The hands become
instruments tickling heavy
hearts as passing hours
gather like leaves. An October frost kills
fickle minds finally free of worry,
eating with closed lips
dark debris placed inside
curtained rooms where minds
brush away wrinkles and lungs
are no longer blackened.

ABOUT THE POEM & AUTHOR

“Her final days” was created from *How to Keep Bees* by Anna Botsford Comstock (1905). About the poem and the process of composing it, Laurie Kolp writes:

I created a phrase bank as I read through *How to Keep Bees*. I played around with the phrases and alphabetized them. I love to write abecedarians, so my goal was to create one that was not about bees. I pasted the source into a Word document so that I could search for certain words I needed. After careful consideration, a theme emerged. I love how this process helped me out of a writing slump, as found poetry always does.

Laurie Kolp is the author of *Upon the Blue Couch* (Winter Goose Publishing 2014) and *Hello, It’s Your Mother* (Finishing Line Press 2015). Her work has appeared in *Stirring*, *Whale Road Review*, *Indefinite Space*, *A-Minor*, *Third Wednesday*, and elsewhere. Her poetry outreach activities include offering workshops on found poetry and organizing poetry events for elementary school students. She lives in southeast Texas. Online at lauriekolp.com.

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