

Birthdays

By Vicki Wilson

My son was born
the same day as Tennessee Williams,
and I try not to think about
The Glass Menagerie
how Tom hated his mother
how he left
how *time is the longest distance between places*
because no mother wants
to contemplate her kid leaving.
Yesterday,
when I picked him up from school —
eighth grade —
he asked me
How was your day?
Good, I said, how was yours?
His smile was more like a man's
but also the same as it was at two,
then ten, then twelve.
I gather these moments
in my hands
like Laura's little glass animals,
my menagerie of the ordinary,
recollections for when he has gone.