

Renee Norman

Mother Troll

suddenly
i am the enemy
a troll
(her word not mine)
who rampages through private diaries
plunges through boxes of keepsakes
aims bug-out eyes over to the letters
crawling on the computer screen
grabbing secrets

the truth of the matter
is both more and less than that
a desire to understand and keep connected
a spilled gathering of memorabilia
beneath the changing of the sheets
a page left open that beckons
(read me)

mother troll
is not just rifling through scraps of memory
trying to steal the soul
out of teenage independence

she is making beds of netting
a place for both of us to fall upon
when blankets fray
and holes open wide
to painful words