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Mama's Lost Linens

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Mama's Lost Linens

By: Zachary Thomas

Were white,
found folded in zipped
plastic
at the bottom of
Goodwill's double-down
discount basket
waiting for a Queen
sized bed
to meet and befriend,
to cover and protect,
to make whole and complete
for bodily rest like a shroud.

Were copper-red
stained American-Made
cloud 9
9 percent of Jackson's
slave-picked cotton
carried and taken by
EMTs out
of APT 5
heavy and sagging
like an 8.5 x 11
empty sheet of
mystery soft taco meat

Weren't gray,
Genesis dust
from ash
to sea
sure
enough
her linens hang and fly
over me
like an endless
stratus cloud of
Mama's Lost Linens.