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**REFLECTIONS**

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### The Bracelet

Mother gave me the thick silver Jensen bangle  
when she couldn't fit it over her arthritic fingers.  
*It was Aunt Josie's, she said then, she gave it to me  
just before she died up in your bedroom.*

She's always glad to see me wearing it. Once  
she told me, *Josie was so grateful to be dying*  
at our house that she gave me money  
to go to Yarmouth and buy that bracelet.

Another time, *After Jo died upstairs*  
*I took all the cash from her purse and bought*  
*that bracelet.* Mother never wore much jewelry,  
she never seemed to care. After we moved her

out of the old house the cleaners found – in a ball  
of dust under her shoe rack– a small embroidered bag.  
In it, a floral spray of fifty diamonds, a yellow  
sapphire ring set in white gold, an opal necklace.

Mother had no idea whose they were. Yesterday  
She said, *Oh, you're wearing Josie's bracelet.*  
*I remember when she died*  
*in town, in the Mercy Hospital.*