

# My Mother's Coffee Cup

by D. E. Laczi

I used to serve my mother coffee  
in a Queen Elizabeth Silver Jubilee cup  
because she always wanted to go to Great Britain  
and because she enjoyed  
the quiet kitschy humor of the cup.

When my mother died  
I took a coffee cup from her home  
pink flowers running up and down  
a busy, twisting leafy green vine.

Now it is the first few  
tentative weeks of spring  
and much of what my mother loved most  
is everywhere all around  
and yet if something were to happen  
to her coffee cup  
get lost or—god forbid—broken  
I don't think I could bear the loss.