

## **The Last Aunt**

**by Frank. D. Moore**

You, last of five sisters and my last aunt,  
dead, dead as my mother the day you and  
I clung to each other in a pool of hot sun  
by her bed, daisies wilting, and wept.  
Soon after my birth, as the story goes,  
returning from Richmond, my mother  
too ill, you cradled me the hundred miles  
of steep shaded roads, hairpin curves, past  
plain yards burdened with white lilacs. Now,  
white dogwoods nearby, other nephews  
carry you to your plot of Kentucky  
soil beside your only son, hear the abso-  
lute sound of clods on coffin; only words  
can I give, emptiness of arms and hands.