

Hurry

Marie Howe, 2008

We stop at the dry cleaners and the grocery store
and the gas station and the green market and
Hurry up honey, I say, hurry,
as she runs along two or three steps behind me
her blue jacket unzipped and her socks rolled down.

Where do I want her to hurry to? To her grave?
To mine? Where one day she might stand all grown?

Today, when all the errands are finally done, I say to her,
Honey I'm sorry I keep saying Hurry—
you walk ahead of me. You be the mother.

And, Hurry up, she says, over her shoulder, looking
back at me, laughing. Hurry up now darling, she says,
hurry, hurry, taking the house keys from my hands.



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Marie Howe was born in 1950 in Rochester, New York. She currently serves as Chancellor of the American Academy of Poets. This poem can be found in her collection Kingdom of Ordinary Time. She currently serves as Chancellor of the American Academy of Poets. This poem can be found in her collection Kingdom of Ordinary Time.