

A Conjuring Poem:

A Día de los Muertos Special

By Mavis
For White

Oh Mave, you would say,

I was never a good mother to you

But I would respond

Will you come? I need you, my sisters need you

I need your love,

Your bitter smell somewhere between alcohol and milk

I need you at the table, teaching me how to cheat at dice and poker

I want to touch your hat,

Your dirty, beat up hat

We'll get your favorite - fast food, quick, cheap, good tasting

I want to see you come

A half empty bottle of beer in your paws, like always

As if you had started drinking but stopped so I didn't have to see

Please come, Mama