



The Only Flower Remaining

A. F. Moritz

Tonight my mother said jauntily, “They told me it was congestive heart failure—I suppose that’s what it’ll be on my death certificate but not today.” She was merry. No note of defiance.

She found it funny—is ninety-three—was alert and amused, encountering new things, surmounting them easily, handling them with a happy word.

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And I suppose that some
day soon the only
remaining
poetry will be about
people in hospital rooms
for the comfort of others
soon to be
in hospital rooms. And
the only flower
remaining to combat the
light
will sit little watered in a
plastic pot
on the window ledge of a
hospital room
where the poet once
painted the deceased
overlooking the plant
completely
to yearn through the
dirty crystal to the sky.

A. F. Moritz has written more than
twenty books of poetry, most recently
The Sparrow and *As Far As You Know*.
His many honours include a

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His many honours include a Guggenheim Fellowship, the Award in Literature from the American Academy of Arts and Letters, the Griffin Poetry Prize, the Bess Hokin Prize, and an Ingram Merrill Fellowship. He currently serves as the sixth poet laureate of the City of Toronto, and as the Goldring Professor of the Arts and Society at Victoria College, University of Toronto.

[Read A. F. Moritz interviewed by Lauren Peat.](#)

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