**Silos**

Christian Knoeller

*What do you call those towers again?*

my mother asked me

as we drove by the silos

beside the nursing home

the remnant of a family farm

as the haze momentarily lifted

from her addled mind.

*Silos?* she asked. *Well,*

*they used to be everywhere*

*when I was a child.* This woman

who taught me so many words

that now escaped her.

*I never thought*

*I’d get to live so far*

*in the past*

*like this* she said.