

SIMPLY CHUCK

You were a short guy with a short name.
But those terms of endearment
your friends shouted out —
these were grown men calling,
Chuckie, Chuck the Duck,
Chuckles the Clown, Chuckman,
Chuckmeister, Woodchuck Chuck!
At our wedding, choruses of
Prince Charles and Lady Di!
Chuck and Di!
But to you and me, we would always be
Vern and Marie, and you,
Honeyhoneyhoney
when you made me crazy.

FOR THE BENEVOLENT MatriARCH

Tiny, ancient woman, look upon our faces,
the sea of your creation, Your blood,
shoed big people worries out of me.
courses through our veins. Your song,
Happy Trails, echoes in the halls of our hearts.
Knitter of words, mender of hearts,
eternal fount of love and gossip.
Shucker of corn, gutter of fish,
keeper of all our secrets.
Carry them with you now,
tucked in your giant pocketbook.
We will hand down your stories,
grown larger with each telling.
Go now, join your husband.
Here comes the old station wagon:
Our lady, your chariot awaits.

INNOCENCE

You really little girled me,
freckled my face and bespectacled me,
shoed big people worries out of me.
With you I wore green space boots
and carried my days in a froggy face lunchbox.
I colored your mornings yellow,
sprinkled pink candy hearts in your coffee jar.
You wrestled fudge jumbles from my hand
to save until after a squash and peas dinner.
In darkness you held me,
two velvet-wrapped spoons,
I listened to the heart sounds in my ears,
wondering how those sounds were made,
believing that beauty meant fireflies blinking
in dill-smelling pickle jars.

IF DOGS HAD EASTER

If dogs had Easter
it would be in March
as the snow gives way
revealing lime green balls
yellow noses and purple rumps
that speckle the lawn
like bright colored eggs
and the dogs root and dig
resurrecting old friends
like crocuses blooming
along the old fence.

COMMUNION

Let us come together.
From our different places
let us gather,
carrying our songs and stories
as offerings to each other.

Let open up ourselves and
create a place of welcome.

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COMMUNION
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