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Origami Poetry Project

Becoming

Heather Sullivan © 2011

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Tonight I discover
fear dissipates
when I flash a mirror on the past,
discard shards
of the me captivated by you
and find
the lens of independence.
Tonight I breathe
deeply.

Tonight I realize
we've been separated
nine months:
the time it took for
our daughter to grow in my womb.
Tonight I grieve
the truth
striped of illusion:
what my gut revealed
so many years ago,
the lies
you don't even know I know
yet chose not to review.

JANUARY

I watch you trying to resurrect
my African violet,
as if you can hold on to me
by watering those dead leaves.
Dear girl, listen
to your Grandma: my spirit
is no more in that plant
than it is in the ground!
I'm like the hummingbird now —
not the replica etched on my headstone
or the figurine on your bookshelf,
but the live gal with jade wings flecked black
that hovered eye-level where you sat
that morning
on a step, mourning
my death and the death
of your marriage.
Perfect timing, considering,
a wise soul told you.
Perfect timing indeed:
See? You have my stuff
to fill your place.
Just keep it simple.
The last thing I baked
on the cookie sheet: cookies.
The last thing I made
in the bread pan: bread.
So, when your mind spins
backward, flit and sip
nectar from bloom to bloom.
Let go, dear girl. Let go
and grow
something new.

DEAR GIRL

BECOMING

Butterfly blooms
from a home once called *cocoon*:
mere shell attached to branch
and nothing else.

The hushed grey sky
exhales, as sunglow will soon
unravel golden spools
across dark lawns.

Her wings unfurl—
petals free from sheath of bud—
and now first flutters greet
horizon's blush.

Thumbprint moon, still
visible on blue, lingers
like a dream's topaz flash
through quiet rooms.

She flaps once, twice:
this new form awaiting flight
'til she alights upon
the brink of dawn—
Blink and she's gone.