Things that are lost

My heart.
Two souls.
My favorite huarache sandals.
A sketchbook in France.
Innocence, and the desire to sin.
One earring only.
The belief in consequences.
Two parents, innumerable relatives.
My passport.
The ability to sleep.
The sweetness of my children when young.
Letters and photographs shredded.
Thinking there’s enough time.

Things that are found

Pennies on the pavement.
A tortoiseshell cat.
God in the trees.
A long road of love.
The wonder of adults who were once my children.
Learning how to not finish.
Learning how to finish.
Quirkiness, and the glass of solitude.
A long road of love.
A long road of love.
Phone pebbles and pebbles.
Hope, again and again.
Gratitude, hard won.

Poem for my Black Jacket

The poet reads at the festival, but my mind frets, returning to my black jacket hanging on the coat rack in the hall. I remember when we bought it years ago. You were in a wheelchair by then, and I modeled the jacket you insisted I needed and I said I didn’t. The poet’s words are clenched with meaning, and I think how the jacket is the last thing you bought me. When the doors open and I find it among all the other black coats, the relief to claim it is kin to putting words on paper. Something to hold on to, something I can’t let go.

Advice

The sun falls across the room
like a great calm love.
I tell you what I have learned from
the cupboard of secrets.
The litany of dark bitters like spent, sour rags,
the jewel colored jars of sweetness,
of beauty, of love.

Touchstone

It’s a snapshot come to life, each visit.
This river with its cold rushing water,
boulders standing guard around the
swimming hole. Younger, my daughter
would have a net and a bucket as she stalks
the glittering minnows, now she carries
a camera for the capture. This is
one of my portals back. I see her
younger self swimming sleek as a seal, with
the swimming pool’s boundary, my daughter
borders standing guard around the
water, this first with its cold rushing water,
I use the cellphone’s microphone when
I text, I use the cellphone’s microphone when
I learn things of truth, of learning.
My heart.
Two nooses.
I use the cellphone’s microphone when
I text, I use the cellphone’s microphone when
I learn things of truth, of learning.
My heart.
Two souls.
I use the cellphone’s microphone when
I text, I use the cellphone’s microphone when
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