

I Go Up

When I get down
I go up

I don't care where.
It could be a flight
Of stairs up to the top
Of a parking structure,
Or just a ladder
To a roof.

There's proof in height
That the weight of this world
Is really oh so small.

When I feel small,
I get tall.

I climb a series of rocks,
A favorite tree.

My life takes a "180"
If I can just get a good dose
Of a 360 view.

I feel centered again and the spokes
Of my existence are trued once more -

When I'm down on the floor
I head for some sky
And I begin
To stop
Asking why
And instead
Breathe all the answers in.

When I get down,
I go up.

My Father's Bones

I have come to realize that
I liked my fathers' bones
And his flesh too
And the way his tendons
And muscles worked to hold me
And the way his lips and teeth
And mouth and vocal chords
Sang to console me
When I was blue.
People kindly remind me,
To let go of his earthly remains -
Yet his box of bones remains
In my mind as the end
Of the beginning of my human life.
It wasn't too satisfying, flying them in a plastic box
Across the country;
It wasn't too gratifying tossing them in a river either.
My father's ashes shook and quivered,
Exploded and bubbled up slowly to the surface
In little footsteps of foam
-Almost mocking me-
Sauntering silently home
Reminding me of how much
I'd miss them.

How I loved my father's bones.

Ode to My Mother's Fingers

Ode to my mother's fingers
That sewed my clothes
For almost all the years I've been alive-
She made me frilly tutus
When I turned 5
And bell-bottom jeans
At sweet 16
With purple stitching
And peace signs
And other hippy things.

Ode to my mother's tiny fingers
Silently sewing up the hem
Of my prom dress just minutes before
My date arrived
All hail to her dexterity and poise,
(And her acceptance of the artsy boys
That took me out to see the world)

Her fragile fingers
Ran the fabrics through
That rickety sewing machine and
I could hear that squeaky motor
Through her door
While she sewed my clothing
On the floor

And when I became a woman
And planned to wed
She made my wedding gown
On her bed
She laid out the layers of
Tulle and lace
And formed the silken flowers
That would round my face
In a silken veil
She lined with pearls
And when I donned it
I became, once more, her little girl.

Ode to my mother's fingers,
The first fingers to caress my face at birth -
Now gone from this earth.