

Crickets

Are louder when you're alone

See Saw

See Saw

Kids?

Is that you?

Jig Saw

Jig Saw

A puzzle you say?

I'll do a puzzle

He Haw

He Haw

Braying?

Who's out there?

Esau

Esau

Close the windows

Tight.

Never

He stayed home today, angry
At the world, his small body
Quivering with indignation.

Sputtering,
“Never going back!”
Tearing,
“I don’t care!”
Fists clenched,
“You can’t make me!”

“I’m never!”

And I find his eyes.
I know, I say.
I engulf him with my arms,
Breathing in the top of his hair
As I was wont to
When I nursed him.

“Let’s build a fort.”

And we do.

Sitting cloistered,
Eating popcorn,
Never going back,
We don’t care,
They can’t make us,

And we never!

The Chessed Posse

My
Children
Lost
Me

Twice.

Once when
My lungs collapsed
And I fell into a coma
Two weeks with
Near lethal
pneumonia
and
Clots
In my lungs.

The second time
The lethal one was
When the synagogue
Charity committee
Abducted them.

I never saw them again after that.

Tabernacles

Like Noah
I build tabernacles in rain

Seasons come and seasons go

Again

Like Noah

I build a tabernacle in rain

Made of rain

Alone

Ever alone

I build tabernacles woven
Of silky threads of dreams of warmth
Of brotherly love
Of cedars of Lebanon
Inspiring in stature
In fortitude
Till they fall
And whack you on the head
And cut you
And you bleed
And you bruise

Yet
Your tabernacle makes you proud

Look!

Silence

And your bruises ache more.
And your blood runs crimson down dejected shoulders

Look what I made!

Silence

Loss

The smell of burnt popcorn permeates
The house all winter, haunting
Curtains,
Laundry piles on the right
Side of the bed
Where she no longer sleeps
Clinging to soft
Down on her body tainting
Droplets abandoning
Her hair
As she towels dry
Post shower
Eyes closed
As she breathes
Deep longing
For familiar bouquets
Children's hair
Thumb-fanned books

A burnt offering—
Her home