

*Three Steps to Out: a three poem series*

*Playing House*

foot beat foot beat  
prattle paddle  
out come hands  
on butt boy lands

but boy gets up  
gets washed for sup  
her actions precluding his words  
tense tonight they tango

he's up for it  
she's down with it  
so it's legit  
not yet time to quit

the silent mothering  
wears the boy down  
he makes for bed  
she follows thinking she is led

*Stressed Foot Steps*

scant son  
he's hardly ever seen  
he hides in safe room  
while parents stand on divided lines  
step by step they edge the end  
he seeks core meaning and structure  
the silence between impressions  
pressing upon him, weighing heavy

his father but a boy himself  
enters heavily into the room  
both place dreams upon a shelf  
and say goodnight but not much else  
each scanning an uncertain future  
built on moments cast as stones  
the foundation already crumbling  
for it is rubble

*Walking Away*

Oliver only knew how to beg as a boy  
Mary was only known as a virgin  
purity and poverty don't mix well

but your softness and tang mixed well shimmer  
a beautiful end will be her gift  
as he grafts a new framework for viewing life