

Infinite Variations

There is a river in my heart;
Coursing through a hole of chance and history,
Its mouth open to the world.

It speaks of pogroms and fighter planes,
Of olives picked in a hot desert;
There is a river in my heart.

Of children birthed into a warm bath,
And depressions spent in bed, my face cradled
Against the pillow like warm dough.

We sit on the bank and watch it dance past,
Carving out a story in the red clay;
There is a river in my heart.

My mother, whose gray hair still looks black to me,
But whose back is now crippled by the weight of her love,
Has studied its shimmering depths.

“What do you see?” I ask, as the sun
Sets its weight into tomorrow.
“I see infinite variations,” she says.
There is a river in my heart, and it has no end.