

Regarding Possibility

Sun-mother, loving pull toward softness, and good
round beds, where have you gone?

Once a spotlight, a great blanket
covering me while I napped in a lawn chair,
small and brown,

my bright bikini shouting back,
my tiny frame, curled up by my mother.

As I moved, you lit me up
with quiet expectation.

You stare at me now
like a disappointed teacher,
a shocked fan. I am shocked also.
Stunned in my shoes which grew roots.

So fast, we zipped shoe-less across the lawn.
Avoiding yellow dandelions, yellow jackets.
Turning corners laughing.

I marvel at the distance between you and me.

You call from the doorway.
I climb a tree and get no closer.
Why do you burn me from inside out?
I can't return.