

**Morgansunen Har Guld I Hans Mun (The Morning Sun Has Gold in His Mouth)**

Your hand moved from  
    my cheek to my shoulder  
when the camera flashed.  
    Your head leaned into mine.  
    I took in your scent  
like always-  
    fresh brewed coffee with a hint of rose.  
The light from the flash  
    caught your necklace.  
A golden locket  
    in the shape of a book  
each page a memory.  
This tiny locket  
    now rests upon my neck  
but, I would hand it over  
    if it meant  
feeling your palm upon my cheek  
    once more.  
Or even to watch you,  
    in your famous red shoes,  
as you water your garden  
    like a dance.  
I would gladly give a way  
    this last photo  
if you could beat me at crazy rummy  
    again.  
Or if I could listen to your stories  
    when you were young  
-especially the time you tried  
    to sneak out your father's car  
but backed into the kitchen.  
    I miss the blue Davey Crockett mug,  
    the butterfly magnets,  
the way you saved each piece of wrapping paper  
    to line your dresser drawers...  
the way you spoke Swedish  
    when you were saying goodnight,  
telling me, "Morgansunen har guld I hans mun,"  
    as you pressed your lips to my cheek.  
Mostly, I remember watching you tap your foot  
    and sing along with the carolers  
right before we smiled for a picture.

### **The Stolen Moon**

I want to carry the moon  
with me, in my pocket  
and when I'm lonely  
I could pull it out  
and hold it for a while—  
you said,  
we see the moon,  
the same silver face  
in the night sky.  
But, now the sky  
is nothing.  
And if there is a God,  
the midnight in my heart  
is angry at the  
vine-like tubes  
that invaded you  
that night.  
And many whiskeys later  
I want to crush the moon  
and sprinkle the dust  
into the ground,  
so you never get cold

## **In Dreams**

I dream of all the places I want to see  
while staring at the pale white space  
above my head at night.

I yearn for the time I ran  
and left all my cares behind  
and followed love over  
the fields until the blue-green  
sea met each blade of grass.

I dream of all the people I have  
ever loved. I see their faces and  
soft-sad smiles in the striking round  
ball of life in the sky  
that I see through  
the sliver of space in my  
bedroom curtains.

I dream of their voices—  
weak and far away. I can hear the  
laughter—deep and throaty ripples  
through the pine tree  
(shaking the sap that clings to the branches)  
and if I listen closely, I can  
hear the moon-song lullaby in Mattie's voice  
and the far-off tapping of her foot in beat.

I dream of the tadpoles that froze  
in the mason jar on that long drive west.  
And when the lake water melted, the  
little black buds were  
dead and floating  
and I resented the careless  
shrug of life that washed them away.

I keep expecting you to appear,  
that I'll walk in and find you  
sleeping in your favorite chair.  
Sometimes, I forget the smell of your  
perfume, and the sound of your voice,  
the way you covered your mouth  
when you laughed so hard.

And when I fear that I am forgetting  
it's like I lose you all over again.  
And the sheer panic rises

in my chest and gushes  
out my shaky finger tips  
that are simply trying  
to hold on to you, once more.

I do not fear loneliness,  
but rather the act of being alone.  
I've never quite mastered  
the solidarity and art  
of chasing down the passing clouds  
and falling pinecones  
with no one to go home to.