

## ***This Home***

Echoes of chirping crickets  
Mowers whirring in the noonday heat  
A memory, like cooling balm  
Spreads across the vast oasis of grief.  
Cracks in the floorboards  
Laughter etched into the walls of this home  
A daydream, like a smooth, warm stone  
Held in my pocket for safekeeping.  
This has been my sanctuary of heart  
Of home.  
And I harbor that weighted promise  
That tiny-winged bird on my palm  
Light as air, as peace.

## ***Clouds***

my search continues

in clouds, in songs, in shapes.

I vow to find you

in the eyes of everyone I meet.

some days, my view shifts upward

I imagine your silhouette

towering above our Earth,

among fields of purest snow.

I blink in the noonday sun,

peering through the heavens.

my silent prayer sprouts wings:

“Daddy, be with me.”

yet wonder molded from disbelief

blurs into reality;

love, into pangs of sorrow,

longing, into fragmented wisps of white.

Denial, the bitter serpent,

retracts its fangs; frees me from his grasp.

Acceptance unfurls on my palm,

before she flutters up and away.

for you are gone from me

a soft memory through space and time

but my search continues –

in clouds, in songs, in shapes.

**Innocence (A Poem for December)**

Delicate flakes on lashes, that winter's eve,  
Caramel ringlets twirled around her finger.  
High above, he hoists her to catch a glimpse  
Of an evergreen tree, the lights shimmering,  
Illuminating the darkness with their divine glow.  
And her tiny voice rings out, a bell tolling:  
"Silent night, holy night..."

Oh, to have sparkling eyes once more,  
To see Christmas – all its magic and mysticism,  
Hearts alight with wonder and unharnessed joy,  
To feel the warmth and safety of a father's hand,  
Reaching through the crowd to find me.  
To know the beauty of a child's hope,  
Of a child's sure footing.

Yet, now as then,  
Good-spiritedness and mirth are wrapped  
In bundles of red and gold and green.  
Gratitude abounds for growing, for learning—  
For another year on the journey.  
And pure love, an ageless gift,  
Is not lost at all.

She looks o'er the silvery, snowy town,  
Atop those shoulders, strong and true.  
Gatherers head home in reverent silence.  
With youthful, rosy cheeks,  
The little one whispers in awe:  
"Thank you, God." And indeed—  
All is calm, all is bright.

**Nursery Rhyme**

Visions of cradling your tiny frame

In palms too big, too cold.

I long to caress your porcelain features:

Your hands were mine to hold.

If love could tether spirits

And hold them here on Earth—

I'd grow a rope, so strong & taut,

To grant you life through birth.

No silvery stone, no snowy lily

To immortalize your soul.

No cards, balloons, or Tupperware meals

Could make my fragments whole.

To you, sweet baby, pink or blue,

My heart is yours to keep.

I loved you then, I love you now,

Forever my angel, gently sleep.