

Broken Moon

How many nights, you ask, do I carry in my clavicle?
Indeed, too many to put a number to- they sit there
lumpish, mulish, even.
Reluctantly they move over for one more.

Sometimes it is so crowded that I can barely swallow.
I feel my lymph nodes full of nights. They are dark and dense.
They jam up my veins by crowding them.

That boy who threw the moon at me and ran away— threw it against the rocks
. He disappeared, leaving wreckage. Broken shards to be taped and thrown away.
I left a note for the trash man so he would know and not get cut.

There's nothing to be done. The Japanese have a beautiful way of repairing
broken things. Kintsugi.

Kintsugi is the art of putting broken pottery pieces back together with gold — built on the idea
that in embracing flaws and imperfections, you can create an even stronger, more beautiful
piece of art.

But I don't think it works for moons and shattered dreams.

Daedalus and Icarus

Minos, that evil SOB, invited me to come and build a labyrinth.
-what will you use it for?
-none of your business. Just make it, and I will pay. But no questions.

Should have known right then that things wouldn't go well.
But the money was great, and the challenge was intriguing.
love designing and making things, so I said yes.

I built this windy, twisty thing for the bastard. Glorious!!!
Minos's moods turn on a whim, and there we are locked in prison.
Me and my kid in my own maze!

It's not hard for someone like me to figure out how to pick a lock
the problem is getting off the damned island.
Minos has the ships all under watch.
I roll my eyes and tip my head back, thinking now what?

And the gods answer me. Birds are flying overhead.
I need feathers to fly.
Icarus and I gather feathers; I make glue.
We cover our arms.

Just one problem-
If the glue gets too warm, the feathers fall off.

We can do this! Don't fly too close to the sun, my son.
Soon we are soaring over the island, on our way home.

My boy is thrilled. He swoops, he soars.
And in his excitement
and the desire to climb higher and higher,
he forgets everything
I have warned him about it.

Suddenly, it starts to happen, the glue softens, and the feathers
begin to fall. So does my beloved son!

He plunges into the sea, and all that can be seen
are feathers floating on the water? Noooooo!!!

My boy, my heart!!! I am heartbroken. It's too late.

He's gone. I make my way to Crete, but never again do I try to fly.

My Neighbor's Cows are Loose

The cows are loose, standing in my neighbor's field.
I groan. I need to bush whack
that field for my neighbor, who is coming up this weekend.

Honey, call Marilyn. Her cows are loose.
I trudge back to the cows with a white pail, empty,
but they don't know that.

Marilyn arrives with Bob.
Where are the calves?
We see no calves. Just cows.
Wait. These aren't our cows.

Whose, then?
Cubbie? He's in town, says he'll get there soon.
Only one problem. They aren't his.

I feel my day evaporating. Who else
might be missing cows. Ruth?

*We got rid of ours in the spring. But Wilber is using
our field to pasture his cows. I'll give him a ring.*

Finally, Wilbur drives up and they really are his. We show the cows
a white pail that has some grain and the cows begin to slowly
walk back home over my neighbor's land.

It's good to have good neighbors.

Swimming in My Mind

You are swimming in my mind, doing lazy laps, butterflies, splashing.
The voices echo as I listen for words. It sounds Indistinct, blurred.

It was a midnight swim, the stars were watching, smiling gently as you dove, as the waves lapped at the blue light of the moon.
Some of the leaves look like fronds with spines, dendrites, and axons, feeling, sensing, connecting us.

I close my eyes and remember how we swam together in the night. The warmth left our bodies and we shivered, but no one wanted to break the connection, to lose that magical moment.

Later, we were quiet, listening to the forest, to the night, to the dark sounds of nocturnal creatures. That was the night that you whispered that you would be gone by the end of the week and that we should not worry or try to find you.

We three, friends since we met in kindergarten. Indivisible until that moment. I think and wonder what we could have said or done.

Ode To My iPhone

Oh, iPhone, I reach for you
first thing in the morning,
I keep you close at night,
I want you with me all the time.

Your soft green glow,
my hand, gently swiping across your face,
the warmth of you in my pocket

When I am lonely or bored,
I know that you are there to
share the latest news,
to connect me with friends,
to comfort me and make me laugh

who needs people
when I have you, instead?