

Blanket

A slate-gray blanket pulls itself up
To the chin of the horizon
Tucking the Cold firmly beneath.
Above, an ember lingers
Then fades
It's heat cutoff,
Too distant, too brief
To stay the glacial creeping.
Crystal tendrils spread,
Crumbling walls and stones
Bursting through veins
In cracked roots
And settling in bones—
Strangling veins
Slowing hearts
And laying its glittering shroud
Over ill-timed shoots.

A woman behind walls,
Sheltered in the confines
Of artificial spring,
Sinks further within
And under wool and cotton,
A heavy hand pressing
Down, and tucking in.
She curls fetal,
Her feet digging
Deeper into the folds,
Rooting in the dark for warmth.

A seedling,
Battling the frost
For a chance to re-emerge
From sleeping.

Moment in Shadow

I watch dim shadows fall
Across your face as you sleep
The peaks and valleys
Highlighting the slender face
Of a boy, no more the baby
That my mind will forever hold,
A face that already
Bursts the hearts of
Those aunts and sitters
Young and old caregivers
Who would gladly take their half
At the foot of Soloman

And I wonder how you came to me
What spell I had to weave
Or soul I had to sell
To be thusly gifted
A child as enchanting
As every mother sees her own
But that other eyes confirm;
Why you are no more mine
Than I can claim the wind or rain
Or a warm season
Is mine

As long as you are here
That season will last
But seasons pass
And a cold, aged woman
Will mourn a son
Who once brought warmth
And has since moved on;
Elsewhere in the world
A younger woman
Will trace the shadow
Of your features
In the dim light
Just as one, who decades before,
Now only traces shadows
In dim memories

Legacy

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First, the only thing you want
Is the next best thing—
Without conscience thought
You gloat.

Edifice and artifice
Cut and polished
From within and without—
Anomalies can't be helped
But be discarded:
"My body
My way."

Then, learn to withhold
From others
The joy you require,
Fettering instead
To old traditions
Of idolatry:
Woman
Goddess
Weaker vessel.

To your sister:
Comisery...
Lips drawn back
Flashing daggers—
A cave
Of hollowed-out laughter
...a poisonous exchange
Of pleasantries
Over mimosas
On a Sunday.

To your brother
Even your own son:
Empart castration—
Death by
A thousand cutting glares,
Your threats of tempest
Stealing thunder
Trapping him under
His brewing storms.

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But to your posh princess—
Unwitting heiress
Of your self-love/loathing—
Pass rituals:
Manicured talons
Monograms
Grooming
And grooms,
Birthstones and jewels—
Constant fillers
For vessels full
But void of "her,"
For faces painted
Over fractures—
Chasms—
No foundation will repair.

Modern being,
Empty
But for wind and debris.