

Women, Children and Memories

Collection of poems

GROW

You may be a barber, a nurse
A mechanic, or an astronaut in space;
But today you are you
And you're in just the right place.

Your job as a child
Is simple you see,
To grow and be loved
Is all you need be.

When you are loved,
You should feel calm, warm and safe.
you should know the rules,
And be called by nice names.

Is someone showing love
If they kick, hit or bite?
Or say mean things?
Or try to start fights?

Remember, when you're loved
You should feel calm.
Not frozen, not trapped,
Or afraid doing something wrong.

If you're learning to swim,
And you're not very fast,
Do you give up and leave?
Or jump back in with a splash?

When you grow, first you fail,
That's part of the growing.
You need to have grit
To get where you're going

What if you're learning
New things at school
And you get something wrong?
What do you do?

You can learn from mistakes
And try something new
This is being brave
And it's part of growing too.

Maybe it's dark
Inside of your home
You're scared, and worried
And you feel all alone

You can be brave!
You can be strong!
You've learned so much,
You are so loved, little one!

Families work hard to love you,
And help you grow
But things can still make you sad
Which just goes to show:

That all people need love.
And all people should grow,
It's important to be kind,
And if you love someone, let them know.

BROWN

His brown reminded me of pale blue
storm clouds in the south.
He, like a tree in front,
All but impossible not to notice.

Wind on skin, no, through hair,
Brushing past in spirits.
I hear shadows whisper in the gusts,
Words split around his bark.

Brown, he is silent, warm.
Always his color first.
Called strong, called struggle,
called to be roots, bark and forest.

His brown reminded me of pale blue
bed sheets in the morning.
He, like slate across snow,

All I see is him.

This pale blue is everything.
This pale blue is sigh. Is storm clouds,
is church ceilings, is bed sheets in the morning.
Is voices in the wind. Is my hands.

I lean in, he kisses me.
He pulls the whispers out my hair,
and the covers off my shoulders.
My fingers cold against his chest.

He was never mine for warmth.
His brown, never mine to be reminded of.
His chest swollen against the winds,
rushing round him in squalls.

He is called bark, he is called slate,
called furniture instead of man.
Known first and always by his color,
and his brown is never anyone's but his.

SALT & ASH

body on body,
and it could be I gave just a little too much of myself this time.
I swear I saw my heart in cobwebs on his door frame as I walked out.
There's a dollar bill where his hand should be and there's a hole right below my chin.

and I think my sadness has been waiting for a moment to jump.
when did lonely become a reason?

I let his voice sting the gaps, the aches--
but I couldn't even hear him,
because when he tilted my chin up,
I was deaf.

the sadness ran down the back of my throat,
like tequila the whole way down.
and cigarettes after sex was probably not my first choice,
but it's better than wearing them in the morning.

I tasted him
and then me again

and I was gone.
The sadness she sang the whole time--

and then she jumped
into puddles that reflected Christmas lights.
I swear I brushed love with my fingertips
off his cocoa skin.

I blinked.

the timing is never there,
the loneliness is.

he must taste her in me--
her salt, her ash.
I've never been made of less.

He must know something I don't,
to tell me what I like--
he must hear the lonely reasons.

I blinked.
the timing was never there.

MOUNTAINS OF WOMEN

Are we not mountains of ~~men?~~ women?
Faces scrapping the sky, and
arms wrapped around rivers.
Our hearts are braided
into tree trunks and we
stand with their branches
up under us.
Oceans crash between
our hips, and we
pull on the moon
with every sway.
So, are we not women?
Life given through us
and built around us.
Strength despite oppression
rising from ashes, reaching
toward sky.
And holding those we love
on riverbanks shrouded by our arms.

So, are we not mountains of women?

GOLDEN FLECKS

blue jeans and white t-shirts,
more like sky than human.
time passes
agreeably.

lashes brushing neck,
and salty linens.
time follows heartbeats,
naturally.

a white table,
edges rounded,
with flecks of gold,
sat two in Indianapolis.

it could have fit four
in New York.

two was enough.

enough for supper,
for when the windows were covered in velvet.
and reading glasses worn low
on the bridges of their noses.

two was enough.

enough for yellow light,
and hands cradling mugs.

two was always enough.

i liked to imagine the golden flecks as stories,
that had dripped out the corners of their mouths
and landed like constellations
on a white t-shirt sky.

i'm convinced the golden flecks were memories

it could've fit four.

the gold may have been arbitrary questions--
the white, noise.
more akin to skylines than blue jeans.

but two was enough,
for the time.
like bent bindings and daises,
and crossword puzzles at breakfast are
always enough.