

## Regarding Possibility

Sun-mother, loving pull toward softness, and good  
round beds, where have you gone?

Once a spotlight, a great blanket  
covering me while I napped in a lawn chair,  
small and brown,

my bright bikini shouting back,  
my tiny frame, curled up by my mother.

As I moved, you lit me up  
with quiet expectation.

You stare at me now  
like a disappointed teacher,  
a shocked fan. I am shocked also.  
Stunned in my shoes which grew roots.

So fast, we zipped shoe-less across the lawn.  
Avoiding yellow dandelions, yellow jackets.  
Turning corners laughing.

I marvel at the distance between you and me.

You call from the doorway.  
I climb a tree and get no closer.  
Why do you burn me from inside out?  
I can't return.

Emily Paige