

## I AM THE SUN

I am not your star on a dark night,  
Some beacon of hope  
Keeping the shadows at bay.  
I am not the moon going through phases  
Representing the tides of change.

I am the sun illuminating everything.  
The centre of your galaxy  
Around which everything revolves.  
My light is the only one  
And everything else is just a reflection.

I give you life and ground your feet.  
So stop wasting your time  
Worshiping false idols.

THE POETRY OF MOTHERHOOD

Ink on paper  
    *Mommy I'm hungry*  
representing stolen  
    *The baby's crying*  
moments of  
    *The dog peed on the floor*  
solitude.  
    *The toddler hit the baby*  
Furtive scribbles  
    *Now they're both crying*  
that become  
    *Let's put the baby down for a nap*  
incoherent  
    *The dog's chewing on the curtains*  
the longer  
    *Mommy I'm hungry*  
they're left alone.  
    *No I don't want grapes*  
They made sense  
    *Mommy I dropped my Cheerios*  
once.  
    *The baby's awake*  
Perhaps some coffee  
    *Where'd I leave my coffee?*  
will revive  
    *Mommy where's my little car?*  
my synapses,  
    ***MOMMY I WANT MY CAR!***  
and provide  
    ***NO! NOT THAT CAR!***  
clarity.  
    *Sloppy, gooey, baby kisses*  
It is chaos,  
    *I love you Mommy*  
but it is mine.

HARD TO SWALLOW

Words stack like stones  
in my mouth, and I feel  
the weight of things left unsaid.  
They twist down my throat,  
like a cup overflowing,  
choking me in silence.

Maybe, I can learn to sew,  
and stitch these orifices closed;  
with a thick black cord  
to keep them from escaping.

If that doesn't work,  
I would rather take this leaded body,  
full of words that are too heavy,  
and let it sink into muddied water,  
than speak these stones  
without regard for the glass soul  
they would surely shatter.

PERSPECTIVE

*for Odin*

His little fingers collect rocks and he fills his pockets with them. Not caring that their weight makes his waistband slip precariously down his hips. He shows me each stone. I gasp in delight every time. In the hopes, I can illicit his infamous one dimpled grin. The seal of approval for my appreciation of his treasure. His beloved rubies, emeralds and sapphires. He'll carry these gems all day. Later, he'll dig in the sand. His shovel carving an endless hole deep into the ground. When I ask him about it, he'll tell me he's not digging. He's building a mountain. Go on my son, build your mountain high. One day, I'll climb with you to the top, and together we'll revel in your view.

## HOPE CHEST

Nostalgia for those  
who came before me,  
when a life well lived could fit  
inside a cedar chest.

Honeyed dreams and  
well wishes stitched  
into the fabric of time.

The sepia toned memories  
protected from moth bites  
by the fragrant wood.

Preserved like canned peaches,  
who's recipe is enshrined inside.  
The creased paper softened  
into a buttery leather.

Years of tradition have settled  
within layered sediment  
worth more than diamonds.  
Sift through those layers  
to find the root  
of my matriarchy.