

## I Said Goodbye

I said Goodbye to him today

my hand was all balled up in a tight fist—so to say Goodbye,

I had to let go.

I opened up my hand so that I could wave my words

instead of say them

and when my fingers were long again, and the lines of my hand were presented to the wind—
I raised my arm and I said Goodbye

to him

and with the Goodbye,

little secrets

tumbled out of my hand—

the sound of his laughter I collected and the smiles that I kept for myself

danced in the wind like the white seeds of a dandelion

the first Hello

met the last

and all the ones in the middle were swept away by invisible waves

the songs that played in my head and the words scrawled on my hand and papers and notebooks and the excitement stored in my shoulders escaped

through the tips of my fingers.

and I said Goodbye to that boy,

and he waved back.

## Him and Me, at This Time of Day

Him and me, at this time of day

Sunset, just after a thunderstorm

It's windy and transparent clouds of golden fog are swept up from the street

I'm in my grey sweatshirt,
worn down and faded by the years,
And he is in his blue knit cardigan
and the sleeves are a bit too long
for his tiny arms.

He is in the stroller,

dry and warm

and my socks are getting damp from the puddles I'm stepping in. He smiles every time he hears wet sounds of splashing and makes a happy noise.

Him and me, at this time of day

To me.

he babbles nonsense as we pass a garden and he sees a bee float lazily over a flower.

To him.

I babble nonsense when we pass my car and I am reminded of the backpack sitting inside of it.

It's colder now,

so I pull the roof of the stroller over his head and we continue our conversation of two different languages.

He thrusts one pudgy arm out to the side

and points at the park (where he sits in the baby swing sometimes and toddles in the field)

Park.

I agree, and his arm drops to his side, pleased with my answer.

Will September ever end?

I ask him,

and he hums,

like he is thinking it over.

This,

He finally says,

with confidence and certainty, proud of the word that he knows.

He is pointing to a garden gnome, which is nestled in the mud still dripping from the rain.

It watches us walk by,

so we slow down to watch it.

It looks warm, in its blue coat and red hat.

He faces forward again

and settles into a peaceful quietness

as he watches the world go by

so curious and content.

Him and me, at this time of day

We're a good team

I show him the big picture as I push him along the wet, cool sidewalk

And he shows me the little things as he points firmly and says,

This.

On our walks.

We Are Artists

Him and me, at this time of day.

## She Holds the Moon

She likes to go out on spring nights; the nights that are cool from the rain that morning, And the grass is still wet, and there are puddles still in the street, just outside her perfect blue and white house.

She likes to walk to the field just across the road—Where little boys play baseball with their fathers, and Where she and her sister used to lie in the grass on their backs. The field is empty now;
The children playing there earlier were chased away by the rain, and they ran home squealing, light spring jackets flapping in the wind.

She likes to stand right in the middle of the field; Past the outskirts, which are lined with footprints Little stamps in wet grass
Little marks on the cold earth that say
Here I was.
Here was I.
I was Here.

She stands so far away from her house, and the little street right in front of it; ahe street that is so busy during the day, Full of mini-vans, Driven by moms, taking their children to school and grocery trucks Carrying some of the same food that's in those kids' lunch boxes.

And she stands so far away from the lights, too, of reading lamps, and tiny dining room chandeliers, and the twinkling mobile lights in the new baby's room. She doesn't need any of those lights, really. She has her own lights here, right above her head.

And there, In that field, On that rainy, Cool. Spring night,

Away from the house, And the street, And the lights,

She likes to hold the moon.

She likes to touch it with her fingertips, at first,
Darkening five small spots,
and watching how it still glows
even through the pads of her fingers.

Then she likes to put her whole hand on it, feeling how it burns warmly underneath, not too hot just warm, like the black pavement at the elementary school on a late May afternoon during recess.

She holds the moon close to her chest, feeling that warmth right next to her heart Where her mother used to pat her when she was little.

Pat-pat-pat.

My love for you is as big as the moon, and as bright as the moon, and as beautiful as the moon.

Pat-pat-pat.

And then she likes to gather the stars in her hands, Collecting the sparkles in her palms
Watching how they shine and jump,
like the sparklers her dad used to dance with
on the Fourth of July
in the hot, dark night
to make her laugh.
She likes to watch how they live,
Just for Her.
She holds them close to her face,
and they light up the tip of her nose

In a cool, Soft, White light.

And then she opens her hands, just a little bit,
Puffs out her cheeks,
and blows
a light and airy breath
right into the pile of stars.

They tumble out of her hands and float in the air like white dandelion seeds except they glow, bright against the inky black canvas of sky.

She watches them dance in the air, slowly and thoughtfully, every movement
Cautious and Kind before they start to drift up,
Up, and Away, back to their home right beside the moon.

And after the moon is bright, and all of its children are by its side, Dancing and Shining She likes to take off her shoes and walk home

Through the wet field Across the empty street and towards the dim light that's coming through her sister's window.

She likes to hold the moon.