

**Quiet World**





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;  
the 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.