

## Love, Wildflowers

### The Dandelion Days

He was small then. Condensed.  
His fleshy stubby legs would carry him through fields,  
his soft virginal hands touching everything.

He'd bring me, proudly, with all the love  
his miniature heart  
with its bursting intentions  
could beam,  
a dandelion.

I'd put it in a juice glass on the counter,  
longing for it to stay  
that way.  
Captured in time, so briefly,  
so yellow.

### 78 East

I hold his hand to cross the road. At some point, he stops taking my hand. At another, he vehemently pushes it away. Now we are on opposite sides of the road but walking in the same direction. What if he turns to go the other way?

*I am driving on the highway. He is in the passenger seat, his angst as always present in the shadows of his face. I don't know what to do about that anymore.*

He glances sideways at me and I catch a pleading in his eyes. But when I make a move to cross, his face contorts into a storm.

*"Mom, you know how I've been having kind of a bad week?"*

I see his fists clench at his side and I instantly think he must blame me for everything that our lives have turned out to be.

*"Well, I've kind of been having a bad year."*

I want to hold him, tell him none of it is his fault. He is the light that came into my life when everything else was falling apart. I stop walking and turn my body to stare helplessly across the road to him. Please, my child, let me in.

*"Mom, I'm gay."*

He stops walking. He slowly turns to face me and brings his eyes to meet mine. We search each other for answers. Let there be some.

*“Are you sure?” (What a fucking stupid thing to say.)*

The cars are flashing by us but it doesn't matter. We've connected beyond time and place, past and future, all of it.

*“Yeah.” (Gentle with me, relief in his voice.)*

All of a sudden, it's only us, mother and child, the cars are gone, the road disappears, and we're transported to a field of wildflowers growing up around us, recklessly, haphazardly, radiantly.

*“Okay.”*

I reach out to him and he lets me. His head leans hard on my shoulder. I hold him close. Wildflowers grow wherever they want to, however they want to. Like love.

Sensing June

I smell  
parched earth  
drinking in  
soft rain.

I taste  
dusty heat  
steaming off  
oppressive  
pavement.

I see  
its cloud  
envelop  
our travels.

I hear  
my son's  
footsteps  
beside me.

I feel  
his height  
hovering,  
gentle,  
anxious.

I sense  
his thirst  
like the  
earth's.

We walk,  
side by  
side, and  
I want  
to tell  
him.

Cascades  
of clear waters  
will drench  
his eager soul  
and he too  
will know  
what quenched  
feels like.

But it  
won't help.