

THE PEACH TREE (3/7/07)

From gnarled twisted limbs

After winter's harsh cold rain. . .

Soft, fresh pink blossoms

(after grandkids visit: J and I with some blossoms left, playing with and loving them!)

J comment (2018) Oh, our beautiful peach tree is now immortalized. Like the contrast between the twisted limbs, harsh rain, and soft fresh blossoms. And the poem about the tree (and us!)

* * *

Daddy, Get it...

Third Birthday, Red Balloon (January, 2009)

The party favors and beaming faces
On a third birthday in the park,
Canopied by white clouds of the heavenly sky.

Holding a red balloon my son waves at me
As he chases his friends. Joyful shouts,
“Tag you’re it.”

Stumbling, he falls, caught by the ground
Shielded by his hand
as the red balloon starts skyward.

Tears, and a scream, “Daddy, get it.”
I leap but not fast or high enough,
Silence

As we all watch it slowly rise skyward,
vanishing into the embrace
of the white clouds of the heavenly sky

* * *

D comment: loss of dream, of what want (for son); and for father (loss of. Limit's of father's power and protection,)

J comment 2018 I agree – what's so sad is that you suddenly become fallible in his eyes, although there is something sweet about the way the “heavenly sky” (God?) welcomes and embraces the balloon. Such is life!

* * *

CIRCLE OF LIFE (During Days of Awe) 9/27/18

*I pack up papers,
emptying book case , while son
builds book case...to start*

d COMMENT: 9/27 getting more stuff from book case on “literary/creative”; feeling like I’m packing up in bookcases to send away in boxes, while Josh is creating boxes, book cases to put toys, books, in or Skyla (2 and ½) to continue life’s expansion with Weston now two weeks old

J commenet: I like this, especially that it was written during Days of Awe. Endings and beginnings – such is life again!

WABI SABI. PARTINGS? (2007)

Last night I dreamt of walking the two girls, ages 6 and 8, to the end of the block. I used to do that when they were in first and third grade. At first I would cross the street with them. Then I would stand on one side and look both ways and say “Go” and watch them sprint across the street.

I would then stand and watch them walk up the street, two little girls, carrying their little backpacks, hair tousled by the wind

In the dream, I’m now waiting, at night, for them to come home. But they’ve grown up, and are not coming home. (Or, in the dream, I’m not where they can be with me...Is it they who have left, or me, anticipating my death, or just the passage of time, that moment of letting them cross the street is no longer.”

A tender feeling. Wabi sabi. Sweet sorry. Bountiful love.

J comment: 2018 This story is so poignant, so touching – first, the “letting go” of trusting them to cross the street on their own; then, their not coming home – either because they have their own lives, or because you are not where they can reach you. That moment of childhood is gone regardless.