

I Go Up

When I get down  
I go up

I don't care where.  
It could be a flight  
Of stairs up to the top  
Of a parking structure,  
Or just a ladder  
To a roof.

There's proof in height  
That the weight of this world  
Is really oh so small.

When I feel small,  
I get tall.

I climb a series of rocks,  
A favorite tree.

My life takes a "180"  
If I can just get a good dose  
Of a 360 view.

I feel centered again and the spokes  
Of my existence are trued once more -

When I'm down on the floor  
I head for some sky  
And I begin  
To stop  
Asking why  
And instead  
Breathe all the answers in.

When I get down,  
I go up.

My Father's Bones

I have come to realize that  
I liked my fathers' bones  
And his flesh too  
And the way his tendons  
And muscles worked to hold me  
And the way his lips and teeth  
And mouth and vocal chords  
Sang to console me  
When I was blue.  
People kindly remind me,  
To let go of his earthly remains -  
Yet his box of bones remains  
In my mind as the end  
Of the beginning of my human life.  
It wasn't too satisfying, flying them in a plastic box  
Across the country;  
It wasn't too gratifying tossing them in a river either.  
My father's ashes shook and quivered,  
Exploded and bubbled up slowly to the surface  
In little footsteps of foam  
-Almost mocking me-  
Sauntering silently home  
Reminding me of how much  
I'd miss them.

How I loved my father's bones.

### Ode to My Mother's Fingers

Ode to my mother's fingers  
That sewed my clothes  
For almost all the years I've been alive-  
She made me frilly tutus  
When I turned 5  
And bell-bottom jeans  
At sweet 16  
With purple stitching  
And peace signs  
And other hippy things.

Ode to my mother's tiny fingers  
Silently sewing up the hem  
Of my prom dress just minutes before  
My date arrived  
All hail to her dexterity and poise,  
(And her acceptance of the artsy boys  
That took me out to see the world)

Her fragile fingers  
Ran the fabrics through  
That rickety sewing machine and  
I could hear that squeaky motor  
Through her door  
While she sewed my clothing  
On the floor

And when I became a woman  
And planned to wed  
She made my wedding gown  
On her bed  
She laid out the layers of  
Tulle and lace  
And formed the silken flowers  
That would round my face  
In a silken veil  
She lined with pearls  
And when I donned it  
I became, once more, her little girl.

Ode to my mother's fingers,  
The first fingers to caress my face at birth -  
Now gone from this earth.