

Days Like These

I set out to buy
mayonnaise, applesauce,
a bottle of ketchup,
two pickled eggs, please,
with beets
for the boy who tries so hard
to be invincible,
but still puts ketchup on everything
and refuses to eat
even one green pea.

I set out to buy
a trinket, a bauble, pink and gold
for the girl who wears her heart
like an old Victorian locket,
golden and set with light
around her dainty neck.
They do not know,
when the bathroom door is closed,
that momma stifles her sobs
with rumpled tissues
stuffed into the pockets of her nightgown
because she cannot
make the boy invincible
or put a steel mesh cage around
the girl's tender open heart.

Wednesday's Child

five years ago
there was a night
without a moon,
a night
that was not quite
a winter night
and that is when
I watched you blink
your stunned eyes
for the first time.
my face was not
the first thing that you saw;
but your face
was the first thing
that ever made me whole.
I watch you now,
curled in sleep,
surrounded by love-worn
puppies and soft cats,
a fan at your bedside:
things to grasp
when the whole world spins.