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Mother Emeritus

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Mother Emeritus

You're "being a baby" you say
But on this side of living consider:
Morning is the other side of yesterday
You wonder that you are born with everything
And then it gets taken away
And huddled in the Palo Verde trees
Desert Doves practice the "hoo hoo" of "where are you"
Until surrounded by implications
You hear wind chimes
Clang fall's lament to last spring ~

A high wind blows small lizards across a sidewalk
And you are disoriented
As if someone said "there, over there"
But you are here
Wanting to go home
And you dress in pink and blue
For a desert sunset sky
For your memories
Playing Glen Miller in an empty dance hall.

So life goes
To where you are not
Even when you are embraced
Love is not enough
Until the band's haunting swing
Draws you out to yourself
So young once and
You consider taking a new address
As if old friends were waiting there
And just in case someone doubted gracefulness
You become a desert plant
Take strength from improbable dirt
Embody survival transformed to artfulness.