

LAURA

Pushing ninety she summons
all her energy to make

legs work, hands
obey, eyes focus.

She no longer knows
me as her grandson.

Her mind appears
active but works

on businesses
beyond my scope.

Her dwindling hours
are supervised

by strangers.
Have no idea

when I'll
see her again.

LISA'S STONE

Lisa brought a broken
stone home from Irish Beach.
A handsome, wave rounded
rock cleanly split end to end.
Maybe because of its
divisive wound & mute
integrity she felt
it was family.

SOMETHING NEW

Today caught fly
in cupped hand
carried it to
door let it
go something
new for me.