

to Gita
1-17-2000
Love, Mum
VRB

Summary



was extravagant + delicious

the wind
was blowing
towards +

1-17-99
for Gita
& VAB

the day you were born
I woke up from a dream—
the sun was coming in
& everything was quiet.
I think I had some tea
& we sat together for a
little while, listening
at home
at one

the song beginning
in deep waves
its long rise
to breath

this morning I dreamed
you were little again
& your grandfather had made you
a small desk beside his own
so you could study
while he worked.
he was teaching you
from a big poster
about flowers
—one of them looked
like a spider lily.

sunrise
was extravagant & delicious
tangerine peach melon
salmon mango raspberry
the wind sang flamingo
& sang

12-28-79

for 1-17-2000

from 1-17-1970

Gita Bodner

VR Bodner

in & out of sleep/dream

half moon on snow first breath

of dawn my daughter

holds up a gift of cloth

light shines through

feet first, hooded we ease out

the high east window

& go walking

in the still, bright air

from 1999
into 2000

into the stream
last year's leaves
this year's leaves

one last moth on the screen
the glass door frame still warm
but outside — the river
already brittle

the moon stares fiercely through my window
but still I have to get a flashlight
to be sure I'm not writing over
some masterpiece

what is left of us that stays
when arteries close
& brain frazzles?

tears for lost loved ones
for (these) words unspoken

poor bug! at the end
of a spider's line,
swinging

"...endless road..."

show me the way
to go home..." RMB, in a dream

'in the dark time
my son's voice "have you been up
on the mountain?"

choose this way or that
all lead to the top

on a different path
I think of my daughter
— wild turkey feather

what have I done?
what have I not done?
bluebirds hover
just under the snow
waiting to hear

lodged in the stream
a beaver-chewed stick shakes
with the current

sun washes down the mountain

like breath itself
a flock of small birds — in
& out across the orchard