

This Must Be Heaven

On the edge of consciousness
I hear your call rappel the gulf
Between seductive reverie
And the solid here and now.

In my mind I lift off of a repose
Warmed by the lemon wash of
A mid-afternoon sun
And embark on a different journey.

My path snakes down the hill
And navigates the corner of the aluminum shed,
Confident in its direction,
Slow and sure of purpose.

I pass the veined boulder our daughter perched on
When, drunk with suffering and whiskey,
She mourned her stillborn child
And solicited the advice of your dead mother.

There, just beyond that stand of trees,
I remember the anguished cry of a maternal squirrel
Calling for her lost young we casually sentenced to death
When we felled her hollow pine last August.

Broken bodies accumulate
Until their weight drops through me.
I birth them at the base of an oak
Our grandson shares secrets with.

This must be the
Dividend suffering earns.
You call once more.
I stir.

Pamela Light