

Kirsten's Garden

Plant me
in your heart
as I hold you clad
in vernix – unrecognizable
after older brothers Born
of borealis birthing in me
fascination in Daughter

Plant me in your heart
as I hold you learning to swim
You fastened yourself to me while
I sang you my watery songs
Water rushed around but not between
so tight our barnicle bond

Or when we built beds in our old backyard
for greens and corn and flowers to grow
beneath swelling cherries near avocado
stick – what did you name him?
I drilled pilot holes and you
powered wood planks together
Together we praised our construction though
really our jointing like the double cherry above us
was miracle made

Plant me in
your heart as I hold you on
our old front porch
sitting in sunlight your hand in my hand

to paint tiny nails - a father's honor
I keep you in that summer's sun
light ignites hair, caresses
Scandinavian cheeks, as you
laugh for daddy to dote on your toes

Someday we'll hold hands again but today
without borealis without
garden without home or song
without laughter and sun
I make it my art to hold you again
in memory

Plant me in your heart
as I keep you