

THE LISTENING EYE



2001

THE MORNING I FIRST NOTICED MY SONS ALMOST
AS TALL AS ME

I am tied up in the boundless
ribbons of your details.
How can I best plan
a touch that will linger
a soft kiss on the hair
that looks so much like mine,
burnt umber, dark copper penny,
crayon colored in the thick
staccato lines of childhood
neglecting minor details
like
a torso,
or arms,
but is not mine,
could never be
mine,
having fooled me by starting helpless,
fooled me into thinking that
I'd made you,
that I could know you
like a part of me
since once you were.
But all I did was bring you here
and share with you certain weird propensities
towards artichokes
and never staying put.
And I want to forget
that I signed up for this whole ride,
beginning to end,
whatever end,
hand back my ticket before
you stop
whispering your secrets to
the wind near my hair and
holding my hand
on this train.