

...april 25, 2011...

vashon to seattle grey
stone and tarmac muttering -
a shopping day of here to there
garlic oranges apples peas -

a windless rain of back forth
ferry hopping groceries -
the streets are washed to half a pace
carrots lettuce yogurt tea -

from paper shops to cutting boards
the giant man still hammering
a steady background silhouette
for lemon juice and anise seeds -

the banks are closed against the fog
on this monday eastering
through memories of here and not -
avocados broccoli -

my mother born a sigh away
inside the swedish hospital
more than eighty years before
bananas ice cream cinnamon -

i feel an echo of her now
in videos that cross my eyes
reweaving ancient yesterdays
vanilla coffee envelopes -

and as i pause a waiting breath
between the stops of here and there
i almost see her smiling
seattle rains and postage stamps.