

Returning

Suzanne Kelley

when you go there
your eyes see
the border of that land is tears
back and forth,
and you pause at the border
you move through the gentle rain
tropical and grey-skied
a child's sky
you saw
remembered
when you go there
remember that the border of that land
is tears
sorrow grows
(there are many flowers there)
and comes into its own

you go, and you stand at the crossroads
where the winds shuffle your hair
and sigh emptily to rest on your feet
on the top soft ledges of your feet
like books on shelves

there are many ways back
but the wind is not knowing
it settles
singing choirously lodging itself in the sky
and falling constantly,

fast and falling rain of thoughts
singing of rain
and dry air suspended summers
of days on Earth
and in silence whispering "storms"

"we gather" the clouds say softly to you
in your crib with the plastic beneath you
hot, itchy on the summer day,
and your mother's low song at her ironing
as she bends, arms moving . . .

you remember
the way of that cloud that was sitting over you,

one day.
you got lost in tall grass
maybe no one looked for you
maybe the grass bent close
to hear you