

# 100 Thousand Poets for Change

Vidalia, Georgia, United States

# 100 Thousand POETS

FOR CHANGE

**Who: Everyone**

**What: 100 Thousand Poets for Change**

**When: September 24<sup>th</sup>, 2011  
6-9 PM**

**Contact: [tbrucie@bpc.edu](mailto:tbrucie@bpc.edu)**

**Where: Pal Theatre**

**122 Church Street**

**Vidalia, Georgia**

**Why: To change the world through  
ideas and words**



## Introduction:

Good Evening, and welcome to the 100,000 poets for change celebration!

As we begin, please let me thank everyone who has helped make this special day. Chelsea Moore, Ashley Marsteller, Michael Baskin, Michael Mathews, Michael Bibb, and James Baird made posters, updated the website, and kept me organized. The faculty at Brewton Parker encouraged and supported my efforts, especially, Dr. Ruth Ellen Porter, Dr. Bill Denni, Dr. Ron Hugar, and Mr. George Mosely. A special thanks to Ann Owens and Arts 280 for sponsoring this event at the PAL Theater. I especially want to point out to all of you, Mr. Gareth Jones, without whom none of this would have happened. And finally thank all of you for your courage and your art.

Plato wrote, "At the touch of love, everyone becomes a poet."

I like that. We can feel compelled to favor love both from a human position and from a Divine one. We are reminded in *The Princess Bride* that "Wove, twue wove," overcomes all obstacles. And Paul reminds us that when we fulfill Jesus' commandment to "love one another," we will experience Love that is patient, and kind. Love that does not envy, nor boast. And Love that is not proud. Paul goes on to remind us that Love does not dishonor others. It is not self-seeking. It is not easily angered. It keeps no record of wrongs. It protects, trusts, hopes, and perseveres because true Love never fails.

Poets and all those with a poet's heart know the power of love, and its consequent sadnesses, for love is also costly, isn't it? And poets have been and continue to be accused of being far too romantic. That, in fact, is why Plato condemned poets – for in his opinion, poets concerned themselves only with emotions, passions of empathetic concerns. He was wrong to banish poets, of course, because poets cause others to think. They cause others to recognize that Christ's commandment to "love one another" requires commitment to daily sacrifices of forgiveness to those who harm, of tenderness to those who suffer, of bread to those who hunger, and of hope to those who despair.

Tonight you join thousands upon thousands of other poet-hearted and poet-minded individuals gathered in more than 90 countries in over 500 cities, including Vidalia, Atlanta, and Augusta. We are gathered to proclaim that our romantic notions of charity and service are indeed both passions and necessities.

We know that the world is in need of our healing. Greed and avarice have become more important than charity and service. Profit is now more important than people. The consequence of such selfish, non-Christian, non-poetic beliefs provide a harvest of poverty, starvation, and brutality. The greed of industry has led to the global warming crisis, which if it continues, will destroy the planet. The industrial pollutants that obliterate the ozone causes changes in ambient temperatures that are melting the polar ice caps and changing such powerful earth-necessities as the ocean currents and the jet stream. The excessive number of tornadoes and the extraordinary, powerful hurricanes of recent years are consequences. The excessive pumping of oil from the earth's center and the continuing pumping of water from subterranean water tables create great voids within the earth's body which have led to increased and more powerful earthquakes around this country and around the world. Some scientists believe, for instance, that the recent earthquake and tsunami in Japan caused the earth to tilt one/half a degree off its axis. The consequences of this cannot at this time be determined. But if we keep abusing the earth for profit we can anticipate more and greater natural disasters.

The attitudes which allow human suffering and which promote global destruction are a result of passion. Plato aside, we all know that we are driven by our passions, and that our emotions influence our decisions far more powerfully than our intellect. Yet it is our intellect that becomes the causal trigger of meaningful action. And the poets of the world, united as never before on this day, want to engender actions which will restore a loving attitude toward one another and toward our planet.

Please look around you at the person near you, in front of you, behind you, next to you. These are your neighbors. The celebration of poetic energy tonight is meant to restore gentleness in our relationships, love in our communities, peace in our homes.

In the early 1800s, Seattle, Chief of the Suquamish Indians allegedly gave a speech to President Franklin Peirce when he was forced to surrender his people and his lands to governmental troops. Some of what he said seems relevant today.

"The earth is our mother, and what befalls the earth befalls all the sons and daughters of the earth.

This we know: the earth does not belong to man, mankind belongs to the earth. All things are connected like the blood that unites us all. Man did not weave the web of life; he is merely a strand in it. Whatever he does to the web, he does to himself."

Let us now, by our poetry and by our actions, restore love and charity to our relationships, to our neighbors; let us restore tenderness to our treatment of the earth; and let us restore peace to a place of prominence in our own lives.

Thank you all for sharing yourselves and your writing tonight. Thank you for choosing to make this great change.



**Dr. Thom Brucie**

“Wounded Woods, Healing Trees”

## Wounded Woods, Healing Trees

What do you get if white pine  
and redwood hang on the same wall?  
They both smell of rutting deer  
and spring thaw, splashing aroma  
against cathedral ceilings  
blended into hypnotic nostalgia by  
ceiling fans decorated with rattan and painted  
ducks,  
their blades slicing smells like  
mill knives de-heart the pine  
and the monstrous, silent, ancient  
redwoods, thick as twenty horses,  
tall as a galloping herd.

Some of the old mountain men  
with dull gray beards and liquid memories  
like early floods say you can't mix white and red,  
instead you must  
give each its place, like seasons.  
I've met two of these old men, and I'll  
tell you this, they fear to watch  
the cutting of the trees. To them,  
the ax and wood are like thunder and darkness--  
when they join in a capriccio echoes and dense  
silence, no man can hide from the injured spirits  
which  
inflate the leaves and stretch new branches from  
nothing.  
The old ones don't make fire on such nights  
because the equilibrium of plant and  
planet in rare instances balance breathing with  
moments of insight some people laugh at.

Once I wanted to remodel an abandoned  
prospector's cabin  
with a dirt floor and a history. General Ulysses S.  
Grant  
shot a rifle bullet into a thick round log  
which forms part of the east wall. He

was a fool, the old ones say. He had no ear  
for the quiet life which licks the air at  
temperature changes.

You didn't know that, did you?  
At 47 degrees fahrenheit  
the manzanita bush fills the  
air with fragrance enough to tempt small  
red foxes into their secret mating dance.  
This happens only at elevations above  
thirty-one hundred feet and below forty-seven  
hundred feet  
and only during the months of April and May.  
When the old ones saw this, they celebrated  
because below the fertilized legs of the foxes  
gold spilled from the red earth.

Once I dated a geologist who threw scrambled  
eggs into my face at breakfast the morning  
I told her this secret.  
She didn't believe.  
She is one of those women who will put  
redwood and white pine on the same wall,  
miracle and science into the same back pack  
for observation.  
But the old ones knew better. They didn't let me  
remodel the cabin.  
I replaced the shingles with slabs of beveled cedar  
I split myself, and I patched the walls  
with mud from the mound of a beaver family  
so that spirit mixed with my hands and  
the cabin prayed for me.

I asked the geologist to marry me and  
the old ones stopped talking to me, but  
they burned small chips of aspen branches so that  
the smoke might open my eyes; it's full  
of fingers, you know, aspen wood, but you must

burn it on nights of darkness and thunder  
in order for its science to operate.

The geologist went to work for a lumber company,  
and I bought a tent. I hiked  
against the rapids flowing from the mountain's  
stomach,  
searching for the old ones who left a map,  
drawn on white birch, using the burnt  
tip of maple sticks to stain mystery into bark,  
and beyond the solitude of forest  
and the quiet of sunset at equinox  
I seek the magic of love and thunder.



**Dr. Ruth Ellen Porter**

“To My Grandmother” and “Brewing cup(lets)”

## To My Grandmother

Resting across two centuries,  
Sitting here in your accustomed chair,  
Gnarled hands twisting relentlessly,  
You seem to be  
A whole body aquiver.

I wonder, as we nervously shout  
Innocuous replies  
To your obscure questions,  
Why?



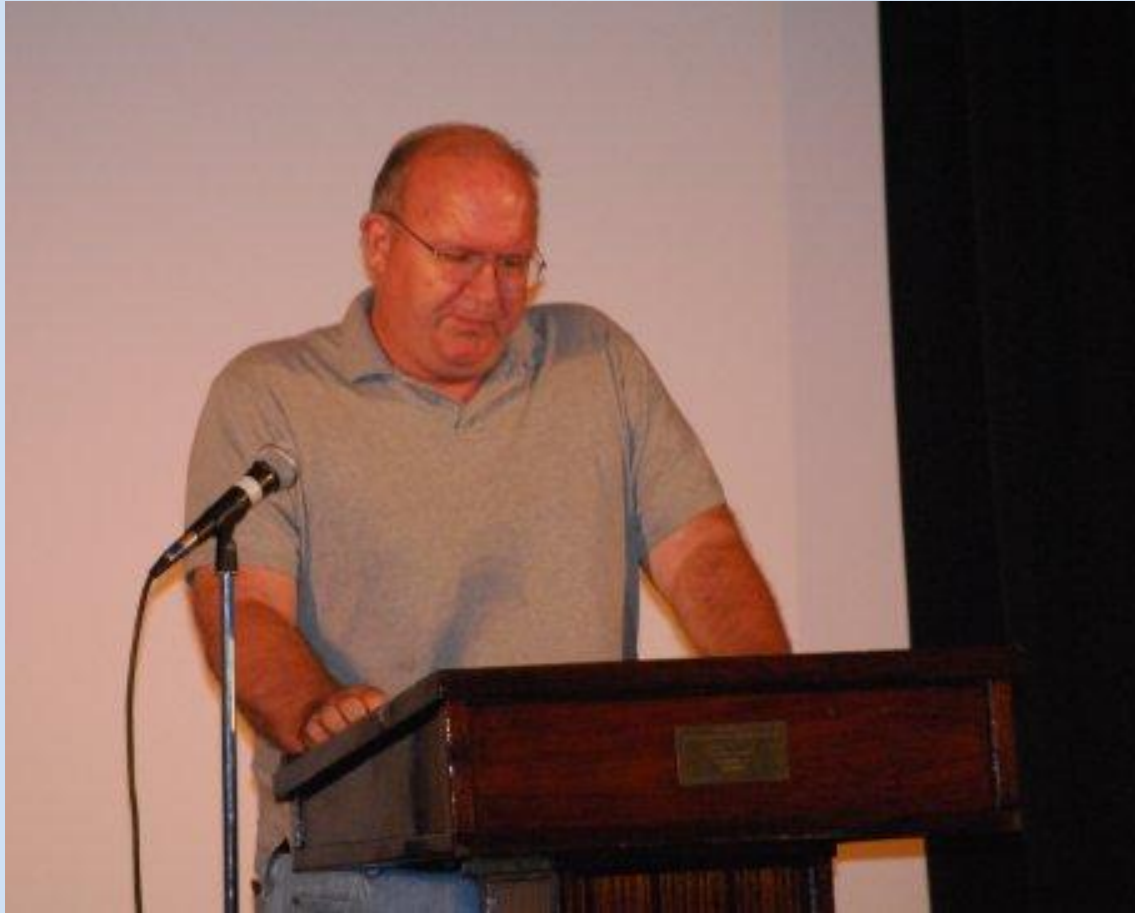
## Brewing cup(lets)

Brewing cup(lets)  
Of weak, green-leaf tea  
Is really not my style  
It's not for "me."

Susan, I would rather stir,  
And stir, and stir  
You to be  
All that you would like—and  
Want and hope to see.

Sue, it's not my part--  
Nor art, to rip and  
Tear and mend the fabric of your heart.  
Rather—I would say to you:

"Sister, go quietly with all those whom  
You trust and touch, and lay gentle hand upon."



**Dr. Ronald Hugar**

“Jericho” and “A Note From Downeast”

## JERICHO

Somewhere between St. Louis and Chicago  
I fall from a womb  
encased in a midnight blue Cadillac  
with full power and factory air.

Reluctant to return from whence I came  
I step from the car  
to stop the sun and raise  
the spired foxtail and milkweed to glory.

Drops of Honeybees hang in the air  
like helicopters.  
Monarchs, as common as flies,  
buzz like jets, and  
The day propellers free  
like a mapleseed in the wind

collapsing the mortar of metaphor  
and simile.



**Dr. Ronald Hugar (assisted by Chelsea Moore)**

Reading "A Note From Downeast "

## A Note From Downeast

*(Dear Ron,)*

I loaded the car and drove overnight  
because I wanted the presence of her.  
I tried to call, but the lines were down  
between Seal Harbor and Plantation Island.  
"High seas and foul weather," the operator explained.

*(Just wanted to say hello,)*

I booked a room at an inn  
on a sand beach in Portland.  
The ribs of three tall ships  
poked through the surf  
like fingers caught  
in the act of closing for prayer.  
The spray tasted of sweat  
and the air of flesh gone electric.  
I drank some coffee, read The Boston Globe,  
and listened to the sea digest yesterday.

*(this being a bad time for me)*

I drove four more hours without sleeping  
in the hope of catching the last ferry of the week  
from Bass Harbor to Frenchboro,  
but I missed it by a day.  
A lobster boat, about half a mile offshore,  
explored the edge of a fog that floated  
above the ocean's heavy swells  
like the breath of a ghostly lover.

The skipper dieseled north by northeast,  
against the tide,  
then turned about to return  
the way he had come.

*very troubling in these heavy fogs  
so utterly obscuring. . .)*

Twilight kissed the night.  
The engine of the lobsterman  
fell silent. A light rain began to fall.  
The boat drifted.  
The tide clutched its sides.  
The skipper stood at the gunwale,  
hands on his hips,  
staring into the pall.

*(but time passes  
doesn't it)*

Her summons yellows between the pages  
of a book I never finished reading.  
The fog settles on my shoulders.  
The day drifts into gray.

*(even though it goes nowhere  
but turning in on itself -- Arin),  
Postmarked FRENCHBORO, ME; October, 1987*



## **Michael Baskin**

“The Howl in the Night” and “Anime Rocks”

## The Howl in the Night

Through the night he tends to travel  
Kicking up earth and some gravel  
As he runs through the bushes and trees  
As he dashes past the buzzing bees

Stalking deer is his big game  
He's a beast that's hard to tame  
Seating down for a late midnight snack  
Then on the hunt to join a pack

As he lifts up his head with a howl  
Then he lowers it back in a bow  
As he waits for another sound  
Hoping that his howl can be found

How he feels may be found in his cry  
He is keen as the fox who's so sly  
As I end this poem in blanks  
Shoot! Nothing rhymes with Wolf, so thanks

# Anime Rocks

You may ask me why I like Anime  
Just listen up to what I have to say  
Have you ever wished to get away from it all?  
Wanted some epic action and rush to the call?

Well then Anime may just be for you  
Listen up and I'll tell you what is true  
Slaying Demos and saving the Earth  
Getting new found powers like rebirth

Or fighting space pirates with a ship of your own  
And going to new worlds, adventures unknown  
Living in a world where magic is a common trend  
Where it and technology are the same in the end

A place where there are secret gateways to other dimensions  
Where action is abundant with great power and explosions  
Where you can go face to face against the strongest of foes  
Or battle against demon like creatures and things like trolls

These and more can be spotted in many epic anime series  
They're entertaining and some have their own theories  
Another great thing about anime is its work of art  
Compared to most of American cartoons its set apart

My reasons for liking anime could go on much more  
But hopefully I said enough to open a door  
Anime is like taking a break from the norms of life  
Watching a little adds a great sensational spice





**Rodney Wiggins**

“Father” and “Tracks of My Past”

# Father

Imaginary and a fragment but, I knew he was real.  
Just a random name I often heard.  
Growing up without him was simple.  
Didn't miss what I never had.  
He was a ghost left behind from my mother's past.  
No photograph to compare traits.  
No image to make him real, but I knew he was.  
My father...

I saw him once, before I knew who he was.  
I was young, I didn't remember very much.  
He missed a lot.  
Football games, soccer games, band concerts...  
Graduation, and yet I knew He was there in spirit.  
My Father...

Imaginary and still a fragment but, I know he was real.  
A random name I used to describe my disposition.  
Becoming a man without him was simple.  
Didn't miss what I never had.  
He was a ghost roaming around in my present.  
No photograph to compare traits. No image to make him real.  
But, I knew he was...my father.

I was told he didn't love me.  
I saw him once, and knew who he was and felt such anger.  
Rage...  
I cried for myself. I cried for my father.

I was old enough to understand, though I wish not to remember much.  
I missed a lot that my father could have taught me.  
He taught me how not to be a father to my children.  
Football games, dance recitals, band concerts...  
I will never miss a beat.

Imaginary and no longer a fragment; I know he is real.  
A random name I dare to forget.  
Now a man, life without him is simple.  
Won't miss what I never had.  
He is no longer a ghost haunting my future.  
No photograph to compare traits. No image to make him real.  
But, I still know, he is my father.

# Tracks of My Past

I am the creator of my own anger.  
I lay in my self filth.  
Building up lies to cover the tracks I've left behind.  
The wicked will see it. They will grasp with their  
teeth.  
And melt away the desire of my spotless heart.  
I have been engulfed by the flames.  
Having an established heart, I will not be in awe.  
I am the creator of my own fear.

I walk in shadows of my past.  
Times when I used to play, have turned into  
daydream.  
I look back and see you standing there.  
The goodness will set hope to it. They will grasp  
with their hands.  
And try to rescue the child who incontestably slips  
away.  
He's been surrounded by doubt.  
Having an established heart, he tries to stay afloat.  
He is the creator of his own pain.  
He ran with the regrets of yesterday

Making tracks in the sand never left before.  
They saw and they took, by the teeth.  
Turned a fragile heart into a grisly being.  
Drenched in a sweaty remorse.  
He had an established heart.  
I am the creator of his future.  
I sleep with his misery.  
Trying to fight the demons in my dreams.

They try to assist, they fail, hand in hand.  
I look back and you're not there.  
The light shines and I fall to my knee.  
Consumed with hatred.  
My heart is established, yet crumbling.  
I am the creator of its end.  
I stand beside grace.  
Tearing down the lies, covering my tacks.  
The wicked will see it. They will grasp with their  
teeth.

I will knock them down with my might.  
I will burn them with their own flame.  
Reestablishing my heart, I will not be in awe.  
I am the creator of my victory.  
I win.  
Times when I used to play, my daydream.  
I look ahead and see you standing there.  
Your arms reached out. You say to me,  
"You are the creator of your own happiness."



## **Ashley Marsteller**

“Tend Your Garden” and “Forgotten Bonds”

# Tend Your Gardens

Everyman man's heart is their own garden, so they say.

It must be tended with care each and every day.

The good book says you should not nod,  
but continue to stir and lay the sod.

Plant your seeds far from rocks and weeds.

Be careful to meet every blossom's needs.

Water the trees and prune their leaves,

Lock the gates against beasts and thieves.

And, when a bloom withers and dies,

it must be cut and fed to the flies.

A rotten limb is no longer good

for anything but kindling wood.

To spare the branch and let it stay

will invite your garden's final day.

A little rest will do no harm;

but beware the idler's charm.

For in the night the spiders crawl

around and over the garden wall,

and on the bushes they will wait

spinning webs through the hours late.

Then the foxes come to prowl

and the wolves begin to howl.

And, as the moon reveals your lark

your enemies from the shadows dark

approach the gates left to decay

and pluck the flowers as they may.

That is why we teach our children bright,

"Always tend your gardens right."

# Forgotten Bonds

How can you say that one person is better than another?

Another heart broken, but you're impervious to the pain.

Aren't we all created equal, made of the same clay?

The same rough hands molded us; a potter's gentle strokes  
kneaded each lifeline and crevice into our united being.

Yet, you refuse to hold my hand, touch my skin that contrasts your white film.

Our souls are bound by the same thread, long and winding between the masses,  
colorless and duplicitous.

Cruel fates weave a heavy mantle over us, its designs, prejudice and scorn.

But my soul holds a memory when, a lifetime ago, we ran together  
as one constant stream, intersecting and diverging.

Was it Gaia?

God?

Truth?

I will never know.

The answer spills forth from my heart, flavored in salt and grief.

It cannot be grasped, for, like your eyes so quick to avert mine,  
it slips from me, ripples, and is forgotten once more.



**James Baird**

“Ever Alone”

# Ever Alone

She walks through  
Dead woods,  
A forest of  
Forgetfulness.

Lost among old  
Paths and  
Long banished  
Regret.

Arm and arm,  
Once she lived  
With those she loved  
and longed for.

Blood, now dried  
In the folds of her arms,  
Of those she finally  
Tore from.

She wrestled  
For freedom  
From family  
And friends,

But soon discovered

fear  
Mangled  
Her independence:

Those she left,  
Left her--  
To wander  
Ever alone.





**Professor George Mosley**

"The Sinless Wind"

# The Sinless Wind

The wind is a hobo.  
What it carries, it least intends, needs, everywhere,  
Fidgeting across the lands and spumes, evicted.  
Destitute and ejected, not homeless,  
Each lingering a heart's root's tendril shot,  
Then rent rends shaft and sends it on, all nerves,  
All wound, salved with indifference to its burden.

We – we call it prophet, portent, omen, and ill;  
Give it Fortune and rumor and delight.  
We roll our bodies in its flight and coo,  
Sport our kites in its tormented ruin:  
How high? How high? Can it go so high?  
Indeed, and low to the base and out cross the vast  
Must go, indifferent to another burden, as it slips  
Another shackle, and another home, combined in past.

It skips, we say. It lifts and plays, poets lie.  
No. The wind runs, terrified.  
Blind fear compels it through trees snapped, barley sheared,  
The parted nave of brush and the obstinate trap of a house's wall, alike.  
The boatman cringes, but the wind shrieks its terror.

The wind is a refugee.



## **James Michael Bibb**

“The Ladybug in the Desert “and “Scream From Within the Dream”

# The Ladybug in the Desert

It had been two days since I walked through the sands, the winds sending grains shifting along the dunes. Almost completely covered from the ankles up, in loose fitting clothes of different colors, I trudged up and down along the ever shifting hills for what seemed like hours. Sitting upon the highest of the dunes in meditation I became awed by the presence of the wind only to open my eyes to its devastating power. The ladybug made attempts to move toward me, determined that it was the direction of salvation, only to be tossed back, and immobilized by the wind.

The small orange creature fought hard against the unwavering storm, and I in my carelessness intervened without comprehending the marvel in front of me. For a few minutes, and a short trek to the next moving mountain, I carried the dotted creature within my cupped palm, protecting the 12 circles of darkness painted on its sun colored shell. I sat again and looked down, opening my palm, to see my fellow traveler had made a hasty escape and perched on my wrist ready to fly.

I watched as it drifted shortly, deciding to land a foot or so away. Once again caught in a feeble struggle, I watched it, for a brief moment before coming to its rescue a second time. Taking a quick drink of water I stood and began my journey to the next dune, with my companion in tow. The next dune was a struggle to move up, carved deep by the morning winds that predated my journey by hours. Reaching the top I exposed my palm to find it empty. Abandoned by the small creature, I stood baffled, and saddened by the fate that would probably come to my lost friend. I could not understand the reason I had not been permitted to carry the creature, a beautiful thing of nature these bugs are, to the safety of the sand's edge. Without intelligence it was of course unaware of my intentions, but could the being not sense the safety in my hand compared to the deadly shifts of soil it faced. I continued to walk toward the edge, where the sands faded into civilization, unsure of my place in the world.

**Cont.**

## Cont.

Two days. I sat waiting in the comfort of a plush chair, for the answer to strike me across the string that was my mental awareness, to strike a chord with my sensibilities, my philosophies, and my soul. I began to cry, and before I understood the reason why, I wept until my clothing was soaked with tears. I had wanted to save the small creature from not only the desert but itself. I could not save the bug from its own mistake, just as I can not protect others from making their mistakes. I could not save those who did not want to be saved, and I could not save myself from the world that their mistakes created. The wisdom that poured over me was daunting; one cannot change the world through peace, but can only implant thoughts into the minds of the sleeping. Even though some would wake up, most will stay in their bed of thorns, their storms of sand, and in turn those who choose peace cannot hope to save themselves without being grounded in only the self.

I am the lady bug lost in a desert beyond my comprehension, how I got here I am not sure, but I must keep moving, I cannot rely on the aid of a being I cannot comprehend. I am the being pleading with the lady bug I cannot persuade to safety from the small dunes. I am one with the universe and I am at home within it. I cannot save and I cannot be saved. I am a Sage because I understand that I am a fool, I am a Fool because I aspire to be a sage. Am I a failure because my wisdom brings me to tears, or because my tears bring me to wisdom? Do we find truth when we stop looking for it, or when we stop breathing... or never?

# Scream From Within the Dream

*HARK,  
I am the voice of a lost people  
Submerged in the raging tide  
Of human repetition*

Commercial companies entertain the masses  
In the form of incessant news, hawking the "truth"  
For the pencil pushing politicians playing poly-potent  
Gods of war and stage

The Law has moved through the looking glass  
Pulverizing the pipes of the majority for the pocket of the  
minority

Allowing the institution a mightier dollar  
Than the saving citizen of the middle-class slums  
*Who needs Rights when we have Responsibilities*  
Children starve for substance in the form  
Of life, liberty, love and momentary happiness  
Only to be placed in detention centers  
Imitating institutions of intellectual insight

Deprived of reality they are thrust naked  
Onto the clod spears of the "real world" to live  
Within the intolerance, injustice and impudence  
Of the dog-eat-dog degeneration, each jaw lunging forward  
for survival

*Those who make the rule abuse them most*

The elderly know it takes money to make money  
Unless you use the bank- as if there is another choice-  
Who will suck the innocence of the youth slaving  
Away their souls in new boxes of servitude or scholarship

The Latter, better off in the eyes of the Meglo-  
Media  
Until the loans of learning break the will of the  
New fast food manager desperate to pay the bill  
For her new view on life, instead of using it  
*Life is not Fair*

Forceful Pharmaceutical companies fight a source  
Of food, fuel, and function because it favors  
A floral fix for the suffering of many, capitalizing  
On the elixir-enslaved patients of the pad pushing  
practitioners

Soldiers starve in the streets searching for salvation  
While shop keepers shut their doors longing for customers  
Lost to the convenience, sales and sweaters  
Made in sweat shops by the bleeding hands of servitudal  
seraphs

*People are worthless until capitalized upon*

The American Dream is a lie of youth  
In the adolescence of our nation it has become a nightmare  
Wake up America before it's too late  
WAKE UP from the manifest crazed slumber

It is no longer time for dreams and hopes  
But plans and actions, power to the populace  
Fling you words like arrows upon the sleeping  
Before bed is blazed by those with the tranquilizers  
*One day it will be too late*



**Jeremy Gore**

“The Middle (Class) Age”

## “The Middle (Class) Age”

a new Middle Age  
pillars oil, corn  
patriotism, and stolen religion  
true art ignored  
slop not fit for pigs preferred

music into ringtones  
corporate art that never was  
converted into 0s and 1s  
bleeps and blips  
more uninspired than before  
double my noise pollution

sports from an early age  
competition learned  
why? the American way  
translation: college, full ride  
to study what? Business  
another corporate whore  
on the sales floor  
pushing needless wares  
on an unsuspecting poor

Laissez “fair”?  
Anything but  
class distinction then  
widened now

suburban wealth fades  
penthouses and projects remain  
fifty floors of separation  
from the filth of the nation

faith hijacked by political ideal  
God Bless America! (and Israel- no one else)  
freedom our gift  
lets give it away  
troops on the ground  
civilians, women, children below  
until unearthed by a bomb

They say I’ll see “the light”  
When I’m thirty  
Protect my own  
Defend my homeland (insecure)  
I already saw it  
and I can't reconcile the vision  
with faith and grace ideal  
simple words on a Mount spoken  
transcending time





**Donna Beall**

“Untitled”

# Untitled

Today, my Labor Day,  
I wake to the sound of your cries  
grateful for who you are,  
and for who you will become  
Feeling for you in your crib inside the early morning's darkness,  
reaching for your outstretched hands,  
the sound of your cry fading into whisper, then soft giggle,  
feeling our way to the big blue chair

I nurse you in this twilight of morning  
both of us groggy, content -

Taking in  
the sweet smell of you,  
holding you close,  
your feather-soft hair upon that wispy, blond head  
the radiating bulb of life tucked safe inside the nook of my arm.

It is here that I memorize the feeling of you,  
noticing how you are weight and lightness both against my chest  
in the quiet of this room.

Please stay little forever  
I whisper to the light  
that is now breaking through the curtain,  
remembering this morning one year ago,  
and how you took so long to come.

And with a stretch,  
then a soft song of vowels,  
and finally both warm hands upon my cheeks,  
you wake.

Our morning has begun.