Mother’s china

If love
Was meant to be
Mother’s china
Blue and filling my
Lungs with warm air
Made with matching
Spoons to be polished
Second to none
High above my reach
And still fragile in the clouds
Of the top cherry wooden
Shelf
Poised behind the
Clear pink glass
In the same way jewelry
Solicits its viewer,
It has
Returned to the solid stack of
Dishes
Hard with green dish soap
Bought in bulk and
Labeled extra strength
Sitting large and
Heavy next to the
Dull kitchen sink
Growing discolored
With stains that form
Animals or faces
Hurting my eyes and
Painted with
Gaudy patterns that swirl
Throughout my uneasy
Stomach

**Parallel**

You are
Too much
In the lines
Parallel to his
And hers
Straight and
Forever
The
Blue lines of
A legal pad
When you
Should be
In the lines that
Curve softly
Into loose
Waves
Turn sharply and
Run to the
Edges
Into the space
With no others
And
Be even
Perpendicular
To
Cross his, hers
And mine

**Intersection**

Green
I was rolled out onto the
Fresh green grass
With arms thrust towards me
And smiling eyes that read “go”
As I learned to walk and touch the hot stove,
Fed with creamed
Spinach — green and happy —
Like the sprouting seed I planted
Yellow
I am wandering in a haze
With too little experience and still an
Appetite for the yellow street lights
With my hands half dipped in the paint
To Graffiti this town,
And myself on drugs of exploration —
Sometimes drunk with discretion —
And other times overdosing,
To be met with
Pointing fingers and
Cautionary tales that climax
My angst and hesitance
Red
I will write in red ink
The checks and in my blood the
Letters to my loves
As I stop, breathe and settle for one
To share my halting desires
For other lives,
Only to switch between
Channels — breaking news and Soap Operas —
To watch with tired eyes in
The house with the red bricks,
Mounted picture frames
And a lawn of fresh green grass

Sister

In this world of
Windows,
Your little laughs
Are the rays of sun
That everyone loves.

They bend and peek
Through curtains and corners,
Making the décor
On the wall
More beautiful.

They catch the
Glass — rainbows
Colorful with your bright,
Happy thoughts.

They hold my hands on
Winter days when
All the blankets
In this world are not enough.

In this world of
Windows,
Your little laughs
Are the rays of sun
That everyone loves.