Follow the Leader

Pressed against pane
her hands claw
shift this swift burn
of exposure.

She unhinges the rusty latch
bedeviled by generations
of slapdash painters.

On the ledge
a sparrow ruffled by slaughtering breezes
pauses before skitterish flight.

A mother follows
her child’s reach into trust.

Attention to swellings, bruises
tiny feet, wrinkled in warm salted water
slivers, happily garnered in play
ease to surface.
A chasm might split the earth
or maybe the softness of cedar chips
angled beneath monkey bars
catches dripping laughter.
A mother follows her child
into trust.

She studies
again this voiceless plea
for solitude.

Once blank faces
gestures of curious life
etch *eloquence*
still the moment passing.