

When I know

Sometimes when I wake I don't
think I understand anything
anymore.

I stumble to the bathroom,
pee, brush my teeth;
then back to put on sneakers
and go out for a walk.

It's always quite early and
sometimes
my body doesn't want
to cooperate.

My legs feel
like they have been snapped on
after disattaching themselves
during the night.

My eyes are still heavy
and my brain wants
to dream.

Then my grandmother calls
from her perch as I round the corner.
I look up to see her
doing her ribbon dance,
telling stories
as gray and white feathered ribbons
carry her into the air.

It is then I know
a place: my feet are pulled
to touch the earth;
the breezes caresses
my face.

Joyce Rain Anderson

Hands

Morning shakes me
into consciousness
and I roll across the wide
space with the memory
of your hands. Long
fingers that read
my body like Braille
and pull at
the edges of my thoughts.
Now, the distance
between our memories
is longer than the afternoon
shadows.
And what I'm trying
to understand
is the theory of divergence.
The difficulty plays
in the language
that is left
behind. Language that can't
forget. And the memory
of your hands that undresses me.

Joyce Rain Anderson

Just Snow

I love the way
new snow makes paths
atop the branches
as if guiding a secret
way to travel through trees.
Dark limbs now illuminated
from crevices to fingertips.

I imagine myself tiny and light
dancing along these intricate patterns
far above the ordinary,
joyfully sliding down one limb
and carefully climbing the next.

I think these things
sometimes.

Perhaps the path is more complicated
And requires precision to follow
like someone's secret held tightly
and this is the only way in.

Joyce Rain Anderson

Heading to Work

When you drive do you turn
up the radio blasting your senses
with heavy metal, hip hop, or rock?
Or do you listen to talk shows
blithering on about the latest
political fiasco or sports game?
Do you ever turn off all that noise,
experience the solitude,
sharpen your seeing?
Can you see the bodies
of trees standing firm?
Do you notice where
small rivers meander,
or last-year's nests were kept?
Are you captured by early morning
rain softly kissing the glass?
What more is there
than this?

This Is Not the Time

It might not be
so uncommon
if it were spring.
Sometimes
a frost surprises.
But this year
plants deceived,
by a temperate fall,
in mid-December
forsythia blossoms freeze.

Joyce Rain Anderson