

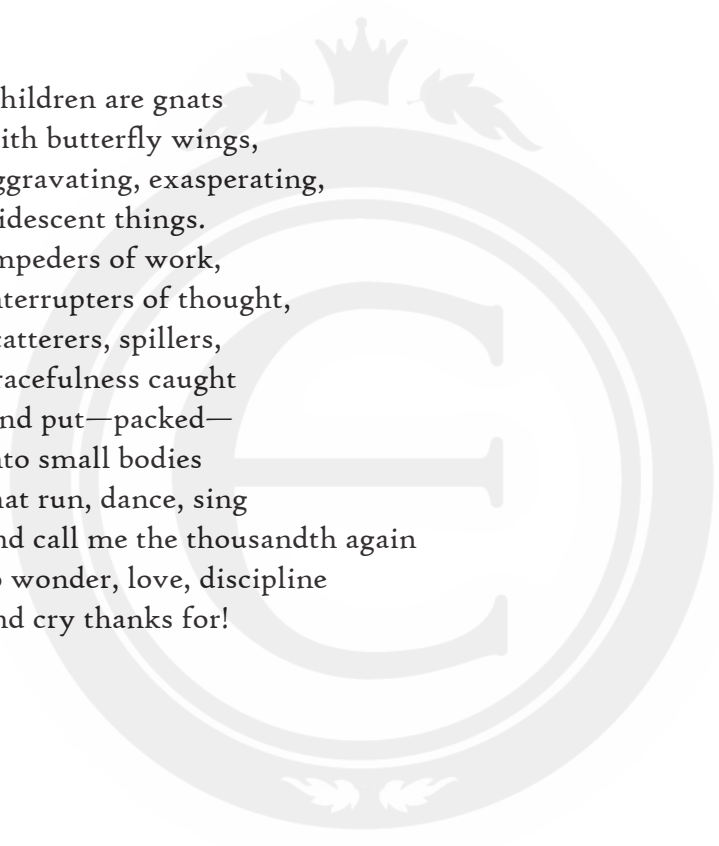
May 20, 1963

Poems

Poems are feelings thought.
Unless the feelings,
thoughts are sterile,
verses still.

If I write of love,
bare trees in winter,
our little girl's delight in finding out,
and only write,
words are words.

Mother's Day 1970



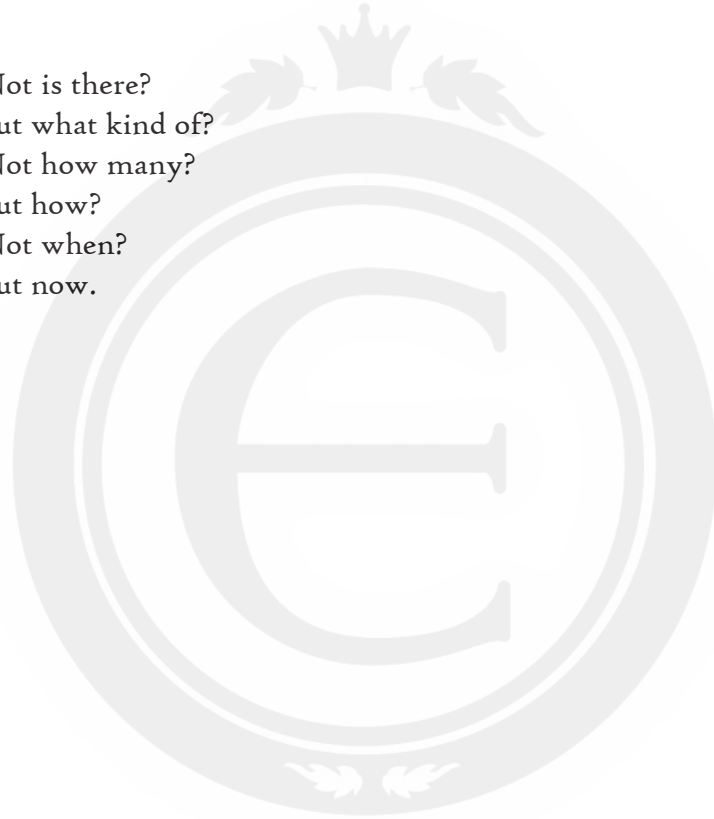
Children are gnats
with butterfly wings,
aggravating, exasperating,
iridescent things.
Impeders of work,
interrupters of thought,
scatterers, spillers,
gracefulness caught
and put—packed—
into small bodies
that run, dance, sing
and call me the thousandth again
to wonder, love, discipline
and cry thanks for!

February 14, 1986

Legacy

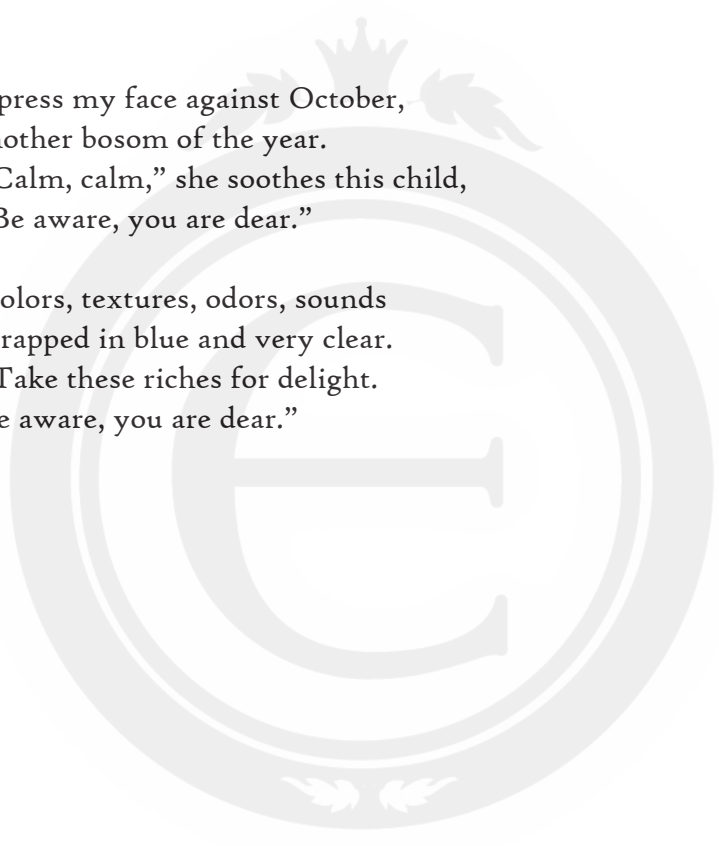
for Tabb, Susan, and Catharine

Not is there?
but what kind of?
Not how many?
but how?
Not when?
but now.



October 11, 1995

October



I press my face against October,
mother bosom of the year.
“Calm, calm,” she soothes this child,
“Be aware, you are dear.”

Colors, textures, odors, sounds
wrapped in blue and very clear.
“Take these riches for delight.
Be aware, you are dear.”