

## Story of My Life, Mom

Blowing at a drifting dust speck  
while speaking, barely missing the beat.  
Honey sweet impermanence of what is to be.  
The golden oval necklace of precious centuries.

Homer's heady inequities.  
Heaven's heavy antiquities.  
Lights turned off in the galaxies.  
Over in a sneeze.

That sort of thing. All over now. Gone to sleep.  
Our loud black night chiseled out of meat.  
Gone like a rained on limestone gravestone  
on a hillfull of kinfolk named long ago.

Behind me, in a restaurant,  
a little boy raises his fork,  
and slams on the tabletop his open palm.  
"That's the story of my life, Mom!"

This parade thru the maze  
of falling dust is effortless.  
Oh, the elegance of our resonance,  
traveling on the wind!

Let's end this routine,  
nail our dismount from the balance beam,  
and bow like the universe  
will never forget us.