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## Mother Emeritus

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Mother Emeritus

You're "being a baby" you say  
But on this side of living consider:  
Morning is the other side of yesterday  
You wonder that you are born with everything  
And then it gets taken away  
And huddled in the Palo Verde trees  
Desert Doves practice the "hoo hoo" of "where are you"  
Until surrounded by implications  
You hear wind chimes  
Clang fall's lament to last spring ~

A high wind blows small lizards across a sidewalk  
And you are disoriented  
As if someone said "there, over there"  
But you are here  
Wanting to go home  
And you dress in pink and blue  
For a desert sunset sky  
For your memories  
Playing Glen Miller in an empty dance hall.

So life goes  
To where you are not  
Even when you are embraced  
Love is not enough  
Until the band's haunting swing  
Draws you out to yourself  
So young once and  
You consider taking a new address  
As if old friends were waiting there  
And just in case someone doubted gracefulness  
You become a desert plant  
Take strength from improbable dirt  
Embody survival transformed to artfulness.