Three Poems: Stars, Circles, Rectangles; Iowa City? Home?; A Sand

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Poetry
STARS, CIRCLES, RECTANGLES

I feel myself
being cut into shapes
of stars and circles
and rectangles
and then being glued
to a wooden board
where I become
a hodgepodge decoupage
of a woman.
My perceptive eyes
are cut square and
made to overlap
my rounded heart.
My heart-shaped hands
are placed slightly
over my ears.
My far-reaching arms
are snipped into arrows
that point down
and my frown is cut
into a smile and
placed to the side.
Then the artist
shellacs me with
praises of deceit
then mounts me on a wall
as his masterpiece.
IOWA CITY? HOME?

After seven months three weeks and four days of being in this still unfamiliar place and feeling the fullness of every day I look down into my daughter’s face and see her empty expression full of lonely. I touch her and can feel the smallness of the space I fill as her mama—there are still void spaces left from her daddy, her aunts, uncles and playmommas her granddaddy and then there is the space of her grandmomma—how do you fill a grandmomma space? and the spaces of her play brothers and sisters who make her smile a playmate smile that is different from the one I get from touching her. My hand is swallowed in the vastness of space that remains unfilled but not unfelt “Momma I miss home” There is a moan in my kiss as I hold her close and rock her back and forth through the empty spaces.

A SAND

A Sand spends all its time sunbathing and surfing and making up then sliding down the chimneys of crumbling castles and soon enough becomes part of a name scribbled over the ground that a wave erases by noon.