





KATE, SONIA (1-7)

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Dan Thomas-Glass

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1.

In front of the fence pushing
Sonia on the swing wants

to transfix a moment as it swirls
swirl in my head. Tress stretch up
in front of garden plots to
monuments of our brevity.

We could get on a list.
We should plant something.

Sonia insists on swinging
higher then twists

to see Kate turning toward
the trees toward us behind
the fence looking up—there
are clouds, in that sky.

2.

Sonia screams against the order
 days insist on packing
into the stretch: minor
impossibilities like toes

arched up to generate
 space straining to switch
the switch. This possible world

Sonia screams against. I
glance at Kate—where are
 our options? To lift

or light? Shushing by
reflex my arm motions
toward quiet.

3.

Kate, Sonia I wanted to write
a poem for you that a mother would write

an umbilical poem
joining us to us—

head against our
neck as tears dry.

Kate, Sonia the day gets so long—

here where I am not
there with you. Not

breath to breath or
infant body tucked

below our chin.

4.

There was never
incandescent in this

poem no Sonia
spinning knee crooked

to Charlotte Dada
never heated bright

as Kate's laugh
there remembering there

was never hot
like what made

you Sonia in
a poem though

it pirouettes it
beams it burns.

In the Tupperware inside
the closet the Tupperware
I took from an empty kitchen
(now it's in the closet inside
our bedroom upstairs) to
pour a cup of my mom's ashes
from official plastic urn to
Tupperware—inside that
Tupperware is a cup of my
mom's ashes. We know that.
The burp that lets out the
inside. Or keeps it in maybe.
But that inside the closet
up the stairs inside the apartment

that inside the Tupperware is
my mom's burnt body & she
was born in 1950 so of course
she had a body. Sonia there
was a world before plastic—
crazy, I know! like before air
or something—& in those
bodies before plastic my
mom was a body & I was
a body & you were there
too in Kate's mom was Kate
& in Kate was you before
plastic inside the inside we
have been letting out in cups
& burps, us burnt too & here.

6.

Kate, Sonia I have
six minutes left before class
ends & these twelve-
year-olds stop writing
their two-page memoirs
about horses & grandparents.

Kate, Sonia I was
talking to Jesse in
the kitchen as Sonia
took her bath upstairs
around seven last
night about memory.

7.

There is a moment I will
insist on this is Sonia:
 aquaform silhouette
cobra poses in bathwater
in mock protest this is
is—against Kate joining
her the liquid shadow that
once was a whole now is
memory, is this this.

This LRL *ephemera edition* was lovingly sewn with recycled fabric and fancy paper.

