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## Aeons of Wishes

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## AEONS OF WISHES

the pear and the plum leaves remind me of children  
scratching hundreds of matches flared red  
against a sky as gray as asbestos

my mother comes back to life            as when she  
brought her own mother back  
not screaming cancer at her intestines but calm  
and giving me cookies            a substitute grandma the one  
resurrection my Christian mom could give  
her "Wild Indian" son            who was four  
and bored by all the lovey talk and strangers' names  
and finally stole some kitchen matches            which  
hit with a rock            cracked like pistol shots

Dad drunk and shooting at ghosts again  
myself my mother's "little man"  
begging him to behave

he grew quiet            then  
quieter still  
too quiet now for his kid  
thirty some years of naughtiness gone  
into wish  
for understanding

a pear and a plum  
one mine and one belonging to  
the grandmother next door  
two Independence Days  
ago            we lit her Mexican fireworks  
hidden for years from the city's safety laws  
and liberated the sky of Monroe  
Street            Madison            Jefferson            and  
Friendly            the best president of all            my three  
year old daughter            who chanted "whoopee  
I'm a Cherokee"            voted for him

she's five this fall  
her birthday on Halloween      a week ago  
the pear and the plum  
leaves birthday candle flames      aeons of wishes  
starring asbestos sky