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Christmas

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Christmas

Four years
or is it five?
distances greater than miles
are our separations,
our link is a postage stamp
my flesh
is a christmas card,
the softness of my eyes
is now cold black ink
on slick colored paper.
My hollied memory
now lines your china case
carelessly decorating two weeks
of your busy life
crammed next to others
who, in their annual ritual
send paper smeared
with santas, birds, and evergreens.
I loved you
I watch you,
scotch-taped as I am,
displayed to the world to view,
like the Ojibwa basket
I gave you some forgotten christmas.
Brown hands bent fragile bark,
piercing with the sharpness
of red-stained quills
to shape stars
and a single flower.
Ringed in sweetgrass
it holds its fragrance now
as tightly as I hold you,
you who are a
christmas card.
You only sent your name
this year
I know
your name
I thought I knew
you better.