

My Friend Lizzy

(For Elizabeth Woody, August 1993)

my friend lizzy has words beyond her years
symbols densely packed
words scored onto the page
symphonic scope
resonant voiced
eyes that disappear when she laughs

my friend lizzy sees animals on city streets
hesitant deer wandering urban hillside
rabbit peeking from a pedestrian's backpack
hawk dipping in sunlight between skyscrapers
they make her smile
she sometimes feels sorrow
for those whose mental skips
deny their vision

my friend lizzy says she's really just looking for a honey
a real honey
not the coyotes that pretend they're in love
say they only want scraps from her dinner table
then raid the refrigerator
leaving her bare
one electric bulb in cold space

my friend lizzy writes with silver wrapped fingers
calling up words from currents of spirit
flowing within
says poets need to pray
in ancient languages of the heart

my friend lizzy sculpts words
shaped lovingly from the flow of the land
moistened with falling rain
strong and smooth
lasting
like stones from the river
of her grandmother's people.

my friend lizzy weaves words into baskets
filled with light and shadow
baskets so well made
they cradle spring water
fresh for drinking.

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