

This time different

My tires taut with new air
caffeine flooding my veins
tonight I will drive fast to my mother's
& this time it will be different
her whole body will greet me,
hug & press me close,
my woman's breasts to her woman's breasts
arms around each other like God's grace
nothing between us but love
I will show her my father poems,
all of them
we'll cry our duet of grief & longing
like blood brothers, reunited at last
then at the piano
shoulder to shoulder
stouthearted comrades in arms
we'll play *La Berceuse*
I will be *Primo* because I can
the pyrotechnics are mine
but she will be the essential
the hand that,
because she is, was, and ever shall be
the *Secundo* down below,
the underneath my fire can dance on
secure & forever.

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