

SEWING MACHINE

When Moms Die
They go to heaven
On a Sewing Machine
They go
Like the Sunflowers
In My Street
Together Suddenly
They Die
So Heavy and Beautiful

FROM SOMEWHERE ELSE

We are all from somewhere else
she said
sitting on her favorite rock
Bay Park
the seagull and me foot print on the sand
not mine mom
she doesn't feel to walk and I
don't want to swim
we feed chocolate graham crackers
to the ones that dive
from the blue sky
they wait they know we are
from somewhere else