

## 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