

Locks

I snip them into locket,
press petals & collage.
This quilt of old photos is photocopied back
to the fresh mesh of nostalgia.
Cinnamon spices are sprinkled on top
of each Poinsettia bead the glass seals in...

Faces, landscapes, our lives of childhoods,
grow into *now*
amid scraps of wallpaper, the remnants
of shells, those seas which we dreamed
through moves & honeymoons & births &
griefs, our daily bread, our fluid stock of oak.

This life of water my hair weaves over
with every cut strand this paper collects:

Paper, & the frame's door I present
in this present in homage to you
for every past gift, & they, as this,

a promise, a promise