

Weight of the Year  
(for Charlie)

Day 365, and hour-glass true are the sands  
accumulated to make this transparency convex.  
Still memory happens too fast to be anything but an opal  
opaque but for what becomes milestone moments  
lustrous with shifting colors, details, sensations, facets.  
Consider that bed of heaped coats on the celebratory eve,  
the weight of that pile scented with something like Chanel,  
talcum, the spices of old as resonant as peppermints  
found in a winter pocket's forgotten tissue.  
Such fun to climb up upon the buttons, cuffs, collars  
before burrowing beneath with puppy-glee  
though there is a cost if caught.  
Grown-ups, if lucky, become of this festive play,  
and carry it like sediment stirrings which are the magic  
of holiday lights seen from underneath  
while lying on the floor in a room completely dark  
but for those watery tiers towering, wave upon wave,  
towards the seas seasoned top; then ceiling-reflected  
as shadows and coronas, a whole cove of celestial penthouses.  
Fancy is as fancy does but there is a growing pull the older know  
hoping to have enough attention to remember every absolute  
of just one living thing loved so well that to summon it  
comes like breathing, face-close, before life sleeps breath  
away, head to breast, nodding, slowing like a fortunate parrot.