



*Weekend
Visit at
Mom's*

16

*Theresa
Nelson*

You, yes you with orange hair
like mine, sauntering through
the house of our youth on your way
for a generic smoke—two
long fingers made for model
building holding a cigarette.

The boat we built one summer,
sails none of our dreams:
voyages of brilliant jungles,
blinding gold, chartreuse huts. All
are locked in the attic with
steel-molded cars that took
us to Texas, Colorado, Arizona.

The winter we were so poor
we filled our bellies with split-
pea soup, we ceased rigging sails,
and painting crows' nests
to construct an igloo.

The sagging roof hid us
from the frost as we ran
cars up and down our legs:
tangled mountains.

Toys get lost; snow fades
into the ground. You
who paced back and forth
across brown tile, impatient
with spilled glue and nominal
cars, left me with half-dreams
I myself couldn't shoulder to completion.

Again, we stand here in the kitchen,
awkward, like children
new to the neighborhood
trying to fit in. Hoping
the other kids clad in cutoffs
will allow us to join them, running
through the woods, screaming.
Our voices snagging among the branches.

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