

wanted to be an artist

wanted to be a fireman
wanted to be a nurse
wanted to be a doctor

hold that flame steady within your hands
if a wind comes, turn
to where, there's no fear for the flame,
the flame's survival

live as you can with these long shadows
if you fall into the surrounding reservoirs,
swim as imperceptibly as you can
over the dark water

wanted to be leaves
wanted to be the waves, wings, warm feathers
wanted to be what stays shimmering on the canvas

after the brushes have moved on

for the children and parents of Newtown
12/22/12