

aperture

The magnets of
my heart will
always
track to my babies.
The compass needle guided
by the magnetic core
and heart of the earth.

Those will get me back to you every time;
a tractor beam of certainty.

I carry your small faces in
my locket
creased edges...
corona of ringlets

I find myself
dreamily
turning
the wooden block
of your nursery days
over and over in my palm,
fingertips tracing
the half-moon braille
teeth marks
you left as a baby.

The camera ~
I wish the shutter
could stay open
just one more
moment,
or two.

So the shadow
of your face
will burn into my heart
before you leave me.