

chickadee-dee-dee

we sit on our hands  
trying to remember the difference between moths and butterflies  
it takes a few tries to get it right  
ice cream melts and we talk about life  
there's still there's not enough  
there's still time  
every day we walk the line between okay and fine  
we're understanding people  
we got lost on the way to the science museum

we gave ourselves names in the summer  
skipping rocks off each other's thoughts  
pop rocks popping on tongues  
memories ripple outward and glint on the shore as the porch lights wink out  
we watched the paints run down the page  
always used too much water and not enough color  
coloring by number  
we've always been alright at math

our breath on the window  
waiting for rain to stop so we could refill the bird feeder  
and splash in puddles  
muddle our way through rhymes  
trying to keep the jump rope swings in time  
it was pouring that fourth of july  
and the fireworks lit up the clouds  
sparks coming down with the rain to rest on rusty treetops

if our thoughts are made of music then our movements are prose  
everything has its rhythm  
the words got stuck in our throats  
the same ink that keeps the words on the page  
the books are all away and the shelves are gone  
when we stopped by the house last week it was already down  
a picture of an empty lot  
the garage was right  
here

i still get choked up thinking about orange marmalade  
and how you made books come to life  
and the word 'amaryllis' doesn't look as beautiful as it used to  
our favorite flowers are pansies, and  
i tried to paint them but they never came out right  
i think there was a telescope in the attic  
but where is it now  
i didn't realize it wasn't night time until i wanted to see the stars