

Inside Out

Beyond my window the snow falls,
dancing in the sky for hours
as it blankets houses, cars, sidewalks,
along with one child's sadness.

This could go on
forever.

Inside mom dances up
one of her Jewish specialties:
her own unique minestrone.

Beyond my window the snow feels
cold upon my face and tongue
as I gallop to create the first
footsteps in the virgin meadow, wondering:
If I return by stepping backward
in the same bootprints,
will everyone understand
that I have gone away
forever?

Inside mom gallops one
of her Jewish specialties:
pork chops and rice.

Beyond my window the snow fails,
turns to rain as it washes everything
away and the emptiness returns.
There will be a next time,
I comfort myself, when
the snow will visit me again, perhaps then
agreeing to remain
forever.

Inside mom comforts one
of her Jewish specialties:
pot roast with potatoes and carrots.

Yes, yes, I know what you want to say:
Pork chops and minestrone
are not Jewish food.

It is obvious you never met my mom.

Steve Bloom
February 2005/August 2012