the presence of love is greater than the absence of the body
i believe
the mothers i have known
in fragile memories
have known love
have known loss
have known me and now you
this bond is a cycle
a circle not understood
by passersby

first there is Mom
mother of my mother’s mother
who outlived one daughter’s life
and another’s sanity
she too comes from
mothers who have had to
cut their children loose
give them up to the care
of un-natural mothers
and though there was outer distance
there is always the inner line

so i named you blue
the deepest blue
my deepest blues
and like you
i knew my mother's mother first

Oma
i called her
my grand mother
tall imposing
wise eyes
taht reached deep
and expected much
i learned lessons
i did not know i was being taught
that manners was not meekness
that there was strength in a smile
that there was healing in the tears of women
and in the laughter of our men

she died when i was four
at her funeral they passed me
over her open grave
according to the old ways
it meant that i was the favored one

my first memories of my mother
were born
on that day
in my deepest blues
i wonder
will you know of the mothers
in our line that
gave theri children
to other mothers?
women who know about the presence of love
over the absence of the body

or will you be
the sullen girl
i was
hardly smiling
not unhappy
just blue
deep blue
like indygo

blue water
blue movement
blue tears
blue screams
dreams of tidal blue
washing over me
leaving me only the echo of
your name
economy of letters
ripe
bursting with meaning
indygo child
a deeper shade of blue
a deeper shade of blues

now there is Mama
my mother, your mother's mother
who has had to give me
up twice
her only woman/child
the moody girl with old eyes
who prefers the memories of love
who knows about the presence of love
and the presence of spirit
the sullen one whose love
is unconditional,
unyielding
a relentless thing
whose cycle is a circle not understood
by passersby

and when we two remain
within the cycle that is
our circle that is
our line of mothers
i will let you go again
as it has always been
and you must let me go
as it must be
and i will teach you that
the presence of the love is stronger than
the absence of my body
it is our bond
that is a cycle
a circle not understood
by passersby