

My Very Own

My very own season sits at his table
(seasoned with the spice of notsoold but howsoyoung)
wanting a key to this other season
who sits across him and orders him about single-handedly
who seems to grow out of orders
but who (maybe) grows out of his affection.

My very own grows better than a Canadian summer
which grows out of the wilderness
and brings with it an aroma of good feelings.

My very own somersaults on my body
capturing a fall on his crown
and I somersault on fall
falling headlong into a season of all that I don't remember.

All that I don't remember is the proximity of youth.

My summer son triggers confusion.

Fall and summer are categorized as most bountiful:
seasons of perfect health:
I love you yes and yes regardless of anyone's no.

MARY MELFI