

D. C. STEWART

Branded Moments

Hey, remember the time  
I swam off the dock ...

for the very-first time  
when you coaxed me to join you  
but I feared rites of passage  
that could swallow me whole  
like a trout gulps a minnow  
so you rallied your friends  
in a strong ring of safety  
where I made my first leap  
Into freedom?

And remember the time  
we hurled streams of butter ...

an explosion of fury  
across the old kitchen  
broad ribbons of yellow  
mixed with crystals of coffee  
made streaks of burnt anger  
through shame that then melted  
and fired with our laughter  
our tears of frustration  
Into gold?

And remember the birthday  
I was home all alone ...

so went to buy icecream  
and coat that grey feeling  
with butterscotch self-pity  
then strolled up my sidewalk  
and steps of my boredom  
to hear the phone ringing  
so slammed through the screen door  
to grab the receiver  
and hear your true-blue voice  
reconnecting me  
from half-way around  
The globe?

And  
Remember the time  
you'd been to the dentist ...

and reacted to pills  
that made you so damn funny  
I stayed home to nurse you  
sore jaw and raw insights  
to laugh through the whole day  
then gleefully torture  
with tales of your antics  
that grew wilder with me  
and eventually funny  
To you?

And  
Remember the time  
that we both quit our jobs ...

on the very-same day  
so drunk on bravado  
and delirious with pleasure  
to have harnessed our will  
to move on  
and chase dreams  
no thought just how boldly  
maiden voyages of courage  
Set sail?

And  
Remember the time  
we went to buy nylons ...

to wear to Dad's funeral  
then back to watch Mom  
pressing Dad's clothes  
mixing wet grief  
with thick choking steam  
into the suit  
that made his eyes blue  
instead of grey  
and  
So like your own?

Can you remember a time  
when you were not there ...  
living  
deeply branded moments  
With me?

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