

## **Footprints.**

(For Jane)

Sunday figs announce themselves, pulpy bellies  
swollen with daylight, a thousand songs coiled  
in viscera. Undaunted by powerline menace, tressed  
treasures flirt with basil in her backyard ballroom.  
Kiss curl pumpkins romance broken bricks, unborn  
arias sleep in compost. She waits in the places children  
cannot reach with wooden steps and stories. Her table,  
pregnant with soft words and the caress of tea, mismatched  
chairs hold the bones of old lovers, forgiven, surrendered.  
She stirs green broth for pale souls, opens French doors  
to closed hearts. Sepia corners give up their secrets  
and fade. Shoes toe to toe, reverent by her front door,  
footprints of light stenciled, inside, outside, in between.