Valentine's Day

By your south porch where first jonquils spear the sunlight, you carry your parasol, bosom in brocade: new queen for the prairie.

Your boys stand before you, trooped in their white collars and bowl haircuts, small soldiers ready for anything after Sunday dinner.

Ancestor, you compose a formality of features for a camera I cannot imagine Grandfather aiming, who bought that car with its running Boards, but who never drove well. I guess at the winds of that February day, how much you ignored for the sake of a good impression.

I imagine the wild-eyed moments, whiskey breath pushing at you again and again, and your silent rising, dressing to tend flowers and boys.

S. Hind
Nov. '92
(rev. from Feb.'92)