

Chocolate melted on my palm
As a child in the hot-bright window-filtered sun of a cold spring day
Sitting on a carpeted floor
Floral patterns dusty in the deep-pile

And I was so small
My knees were so soft, then
In the tall-grass carpet

Other people's houses were so beautiful, then
And my fingers, slick with melted chocolate
Afraid to touch anything

My friend with flowers on her dress
Flowers in her hair
Flowers on the eggs she'd painted with her mother
Eggs so light
Blown on the wind
Waxed and inked
Generations in their shells
Paper thin
Against the leaded glass on the window-sill

Itchy in my Bi-Way fleece
Broken zipper fumbling
For a reason to ask for another chocolate egg
Or ten more
Enough to line my pockets
Without seeming greedy
And maybe to ask as well
How to belong so fully
How to have flowers on my dress
And candles in my hair
And generations in my voice
And chocolate
That Jesus wanted you to have
How to be so bright
That an early April day felt hot
Surrounded by heavy wooden furniture from the Prairies
How to speak a language that other children spoke
On Sundays
With flowers
With chocolate
And white dresses

But there's no question to ask
To transmute the oil into light
To embroider flowers into my skin

To build a fire on the cold spring day

I'll remain on the ground

Soft knees

And pockets empty of chocolate.