

## Introductions

I should tell you who I am. Show you pictures of me before there were things to hide. I should offer me up like butter and bread.

As easy as pie.

As calm as a sin.

I don't know another way.

I keep me sane and that's enough.

I push at the air and paint up my face so the Mexican boy will stay in his place and not make a fuss.

I should tell you what I think, lead you into some discussion of me. Because there are Angels I think and some sort of God that offers enough, but only enough. I know, don't think I don't know. Don't think I don't see.

This God of yours playing cards with my soul. I'll never come clean. I'll never come clean.

Trying to remember the prayer for all this: You can pluck out my eyes and still I will see.

## Why My Mother Believes

Without ever having seen it the stream knows there is a river. Even a drop of rain can remember the ocean. How can you believe I ask her.

In her bones she says, she *feels* it.

The way a butterfly's wings can raise the curtains with a breeze.

Look there she says: the ground, a tree, the morning.

## She Said

My father is a bigot she said the way someone might say My father wears blue neckties. He thinks Mexicans are for weeding the fields she went on the way the spring sky would open up with a roar and it rained so hard that the water in the gutters carried cigarette butts and mistakes away like a river.

## Search for Peace

And it will come down to this:

aches pretending to sleep and shadows of shadows tossing gently in the drapes.

Gently like teenage girls holding petals of daydreams.
Gently like wives pushing notes into the moist palms of their husbands.

It will come down to prayers. Ordinary as rain.

It always comes down to prayers.

And it will be about compassion we twist into knots.

And truth we bend like chicken wire.

We will ache from our hiding place to recall the face of calm and it will pound like a hammer this tired hand of tolerance.

This wrinkled hand of tolerance.

