

Rhythms 2008

Poem

by Amy J. Lefevre

and instead of a schedule
each day is filled with
countless fluttering butterflies
and slipping marbles
to catch
all spinning and flying off in
myriad directions
each just out of my grasp
and my eyelids are just too heavy
let alone my fingertips
to reach them all and
corral them and count them
and be sure they're all present

so I close my eyes and try to
breathe
slowly now
until the next crisis comes
like I can't find the pencil
that I wanted
or I forgot that my mother is dying.