Sometimes the Sky is a Numinous Blue

Bernadette LaBuda

Grand Valley State University

Follow this and additional works at: http://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/amaranthus

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/amaranthus/vol1995/iss1/17

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks@GVSU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Amaranthus by an authorized administrator of ScholarWorks@GVSU. For more information, please contact scholarworks@gvsu.edu.
I remember when you used to chase birds, 
sneak up behind them and try to 
capture their flight in your bare hands, 
and could not understand when 
they fluttered from your grasp.

You used to go down to the creek, 
sink your toes pruny and 
listen to the water trickle, 
pitter pattering 
the beat of water things—
of minnows, frogs, and craw dads. 
I remember the time you fell in, 
splashed into the middle of everything, 
water soaking into every clothing pore 
so it clung desperately to rosy skin.

You and I 
were lured to storms 
by the fury of angry thunder bellows, 
and slashing winds, and pounding 
fists of lightning that shook 
the floorboards under our feet. 
Wrapped in blankets on the couch, 
we found solace in the living room 
of the storm’s eye, for we knew 
that storms rip through anyone. 
They don’t know that they are chaos, 
and they don’t care.

I sloshed along the creek bottom, 
hoping to find you there 
drenched full and dripping, 
but water drops splattered back 
empty, hardly a ripple. 
So I stood as a human dam, 
ankle-bare with arms 
stretched to push back 
the ever-rushing water, 
but minnows darted around my feet 
and water pushed between each fin 
and the inside of my knees 
in small rivers.

When the next storm came, 
I reached for you and fell 
upon myself and empty cushions, 
so I swallowed the storm 
with its rain that kept streaming, 
and its thunder-blasts that 
made me tremble, 
and it filled me up like water 
fills holes in the sand.

Today I tried to catch a bird 
so that I might seize its flight too, 
even a little, 
but, as birds always did for you, 
wing tips shivered beyond my tinge 
and it was gone, 
disappeared into the infinite, 
aching blue and I wondered if 
I could ever reach close enough 
for you to teach me 
flight.
I sloshed along the creek bottom, hoping to find you there drenched full and dripping,(299,310),(731,459)
but water drops splattered back empty, hardly a ripple.
So I stood as a human dam, ankle-bare with arms
stretched to push back the ever-rushing water,
but minnows darted around my feet, and water pushed between each finger, and the inside of my knees in small rivers.

When the next storm came, I reached for you and fell upon myself and empty cushions, so I swallowed the storm with its rain that kept streaming, and its thunder-blasts that made me tremble, and it filled me up like water fills holes in the sand.

Today I tried to catch a bird so that I might seize its flight too, even a little, but, as birds always did for you, wing tips shivered beyond my fingers, and it was gone, disappeared into the infinite, aching blue and I wondered if I could ever reach close enough for you to teach me flight.