

JAMES ADDOMS

FOR THE LOVE OF HER SON

As the sun wipes sleep from yawning morning blades,
The black-capped chickadee chokes on a chorus
Composed of memories of ancient yesterday,
Carved in the stern rock faces of Point Lookout Sandstone
Standing to observe the pockmarked valley that once surged
With the passion and pulse of ocean.

Waterways now arteries whose nourishment we constrict,
Even as swirling in our mother's womb
Our skylines protrude and puncture her landscape leaving switchback scars.
Incisions she fruitlessly bandages with fallen leaves and scat strewn
On boot-worn trails and itched,
Festered into echoing hoofbeats on one way paved roads,
With time allowing no regret.

Racing blind to eradicate origin as an ashamed teen,
Held in mother's warm caress kisses
Finally the cheek of the one he will too soon betray.
The one who pushes to provide despite ingratitude.

Buzz saw biting through pine and spruce
Pushing back her emerald embrace
And slaughtering our starving brothers grizzly
And cougar in sacrificial atonement for our irreverent intrusion.

As restitution divulges it's un-attainability
The regret of scars,
Former and future,
Becomes blurred through smog and the distortion of endless heat,
Diminishing springs and rapids to a trickle out of her
Own fear to feel.

And that foolish adolescent,
Now the struggling father of his own children,
Sits regretfully beside
The quiet shriveled corpse of a dying woman.
Whose final strained wish was simply
For the love of her son.