

VISIT

Elizabeth J. Coleman

Oaks and pachysandra welcomed me home
from camp each year. I'd sit atop the stairs
and stare down at my parents: my mother's
crisp white shirt, my father's quizzical calm.

I visit them yearly now in their new home,
covered by a bed of pachysandra.
I weed it, combing away dead branches,
choosing Yom Kippur to go to them:
and ask them to try and understand
choices made. Beauty in their simple stone,
they continue on today entwined as one.
When I am in that spot, for the briefest time,
it's akin to that first return from camp—
home to home, an emotional palindrome.

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