

## When

*To Dad (Jim Dudoward), in the spirit world, October 1990*

I want to go home  
past the sliding doors  
of my pain  
that swing wearily  
without warning.  
Home  
where brown socks  
rest resigned  
on the recliner,  
where Number 7  
cigarette butts  
lay accumulated  
only after dinner,  
in big black ashtrays  
used in play  
as steering wheels.  
Where security  
is as sure as breathing  
for little girls  
with big brown eyes.  
Where loss is muted,  
not needed  
to be understood.  
Where child elbows  
wait patiently  
on a kitchen table  
for Daddy  
and his endless surprises  
of barbie dolls  
in clear cellophane  
and other toys.  
Where kabonkers  
are loving bribes  
for haircuts  
and no kindergarten for today.  
Where every Christmas morning  
extra gifts  
are placed carefully  
under the tree,  
especially from him.  
Where Safeway trips  
include tap-dancing  
and shaking watermelons -  
pretending to know what it means.

Where angry moments  
are lost in steps of time  
taken with love and pride.  
A time  
with too many memories  
to pencil in a poem.  
When a Pamaratta  
only knew her Father  
as forever,  
the one person  
who held her world  
unconditionally  
with his love.

I know that Dad  
will always  
leave a light on  
for me to see.

*Pamela Dudoward*



**In the Heart of the Belly.** Digitized photograph. Artist Jaime Koebel.  
Photo taken by Lana Whiskeyjack early December 2001, week 30 of pregnancy; image created August 7, 2004.

**Artist's Statement**

The original photograph does not look like it has a heart shape on the belly which I thought was really significant. Represents the love embodied in creation and caring for two unborn children.

Each side of the heart holds one child (twins). All of your love and energy is focussed on the belly part of the body when you're pregnant; the love is obvious and shines through!