

## Gravity and Flight

We chuckle  
about the marks  
on her doorway,  
seems she shrank  
from time to time.  
She squirmed  
or I got the angle wrong  
or, perhaps  
she did shrink on occasion --  
my daughter  
in her rush to mastery --  
leaving traces  
on my body,  
this metre stick of cells

Arms that lifted  
her longing body  
cleaved  
at my shoulder,  
retain her touch,  
print of her palms and knees  
engraved on the flicker  
of my mother's grip --  
then a strong arm  
on my young thigh,  
now faint old arms on my back --  
and here at my breast  
the indent of my daughter's  
small head beside  
my mother's soft flesh  
on brittle old bones,  
a map of gravity and flight

A week before she left  
we bought pillows  
on Spadina Ave,  
we plumped and squeezed  
and I encouraged her  
to lay her head down,  
to test them in the shop.  
Our giggles  
soaked her caution  
and my yearning  
to be  
the feathers that held her,  
smoothed  
the jagged  
edges of my breath  
where I found my feathers  
imped  
for my own early arc.

*Sonja Greckol*