

# Short Cuts

*by Adam Strong*

Her through the phone line,  
a pause, a hold in her voice.

Mom.

The things we miss  
as adults,  
the turns of phrase,  
the little pauses.

The in between of conversations are  
opportunities are avenues,  
five lane highways  
where we can be like we were,  
grown ups  
talking like children.

We age.

We change.

We don't know how to be  
kids and adults.

Where one begins and the other ends.

Mom.

Don't want to be grown up when I hear the age in her voice.

Don't want it to be me taking care of her someday.

Want to be like it was.

Want it to be

Me and Mom.

Folding laundry,

Short Cuts on VHS,

Raymond Carver,

the poetry in a moment

on screen.

Tim Robbins  
with a sandwich hanging out of his mouth.  
Robbins being awful cop,  
awful father, awful husband.  
The mechanics of being awful  
being grown up.  
The grinding gears of  
Art and artifice,  
pretend for grown-ups.

The two of us  
Folding laundry.  
I could sit there,  
and she'd marvel  
at the way I loved a moment.  
One who loves a moment  
who loves another  
who loves a moment.

Mom watching me.  
Admiring a turn of phrase,  
a strong piece of acting.  
The lie in art.  
Mom watching me,  
when I didn't think she was.

I moved away from my  
Family,  
my old family,  
Mom & Dad & Sis,  
3000 miles way.  
I started a new family.

I carved out my own life  
out of the leftovers of  
what I left behind.  
Moved away as far as I could,  
started over.  
The only things I brought were  
the things that made Me,  
Me.

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On the couch,  
the laundry,  
Me and Mom.  
Short cuts.  
When we loved a line.  
The art of artifice  
A Raymond Carver line,  
The mechanics of being grown  
Awful father, awful policeman.  
The look from my Mom,  
short and sweet.

