

The Poem

by Judith A. Lawrence

Riding in a pick-up-truck,
the radio wailing
some "love-em-an-leave-em" country song,
my son-in-law,
the love of my daughter's life,
drawls in his naturally seductive "g" less voice
about the measure of a plank of wood
snug against the door frame
that frustrated his efforts all afternoon,
his voice in sync
with each clunk of the shifting engine
as I hold on to my seat
rounding a corner
suddenly landing upright again,
and it occurs to me why
she finds this man
so endearing,
staying her ground,
whereas my restless heart
always moved on.

There is something, isn't there,
about putting one foot
in front of the other,
keeping things simple,
lining up the precise point
of miter joint to insure
a solid foundation.

So this is why she loves him,
and each time forgives him,
the brawls,

the "drinkin',
the occasional "womin."

It's all instinctual with him,
why her mothering heart
returns him to her breast,
and why he seeks her
in the real moments of a marriage.

I sit back,
relax,
breathe in and exhale,
my body "swingin" in easy motion
to oncoming curves,
the trust lying bemused between us,
I open my hands and let go.

I am merely the observer,
the recorder of their journey.
It is what it is.

My lines are metered,
carefully measured,
word for word,
I am the poet.
They are the poem.

