

South Victory Shrine

I heard her voice first.

Yooooo----woohoo-ooo!

The smells hit my ears like the sound of one of those big waves at the strand, the whole ocean at once.
My ears could always

taste
the salt.

Warm, vibrant, edge of musty,
of objects lived with,

in.

Soft *pop* of the cookie jar,
lifted from the pink oven mitt

under the wooden lattice cooling tray
on the cart beside the breakfast room table,
next to the toaster,
with its quilted pink cover,
and the napkin holder,

uncorked ceremoniously by a vivacious gentleman
who called himself,
“Mr. Tidy”

O-re-O? with a grin.

Through the coral carpet
My chipped pink toenails emerged,

one missing,

pointe-shoe-perfumed nubs of rubbed-raw skin hopping
along
the
pillow
road,
soft corduroy
and tiny embroidered dots
beneath our feet
save us

from

the

lava

flow

and ruin your handiwork.

The hallway is a coral cube
for escaping,
making tales,
moving stories
about
to the stilted,

whimsical

tones of the sewing machine
and clicking typewriter.

like the clear tenor *thud*
of a small rubber orb,
obtained from a 25-cent machine,
bounc

ing

to the
un

even,

faithful

rhythm of

here.

Moon-----River,

Wider than a mile,
or at least as wide as the hallway gallery,
or at least as long as the satin train of
Pamela's Wedding Gown
in your dignified handwriting on cardboard,
looking over us all

from the top shelf
of the coat closet.

I'm cross--ing you in style
Some---day.

Dream-----maker,
you heart-----breaker,
a fermented sock monkey, marking molded years, stands still with time.
Wherever you're going,

I'm go--ing your way.

The view in the mirror,
Our giggles bounc

ing

the shaving cream

from

our

chins,

onto the coral tiled floor and pink counter,
more vivid than the views
of all the photos piled in the bedroom,
catalogued and critiqued for framing, color, and content,
noting which camera was used,
and where the film was developed.

We're after rainbows,
with all the colors
of all the beads

piled in the drawers
of her dresser,
scented with J.B. White's perfume samples,
and the driving scarves,
each carefully tested over my awkward bob.
In her eyes, I am Julie Andrews herself.

I'm sure you're wait--in'-----round the bend
my huck-le-berry friend,
Moon-----River
and me.

Off to see the world,
There's such a lot of world-----to-----see.