

## **Boomerang**

Homely, of no particular note

In hair, shape, eye or silhouette.

Overlooked, for team, turn or talent.

They wanted her sister, admired her brother

She yearned to be chosen, select.

He quiet watchful with long limbs,

caught her on a balmy June day.

In the long swaying grasses he laid her

And for the first, she felt noticed

When truth outed, they smuggled her

To a parish, oblivious

Where she festered until time

Birthered her child, in arms

For one brief hour of wonder.

Impotent she was persuaded

And wandered dully though the days

Burying her shame in heavy boots.

Until life dealt a kindness

On her trip before a delivery van

driven slowly by a kind man

They padded a nest together

And knew happiness

But unexpected stabs

Would surprise her.

The ache

The drowning. Not knowing.

## Boomerang Two

I often dream of fish.

In the tightly packed shoal

We search endlessly

For the perfect...

What do we long for?

Water clear. Bed visible.

What more do I need?

My contented days are riddled

With the usual boy's stuff

Balls, elbows, banter and bluff.

But I have glimpses

A passing mote , just ungraspable.

In the pack , my brothers elongate

Broaden, hair and growl.

While I , smoothly small, smile my way

To manhood.

A tease, throwaway remark, a chance encounter

That's how secrets out.

When they tell me...

My dreams are in deeper waters

With bigger fish

Seaweed swirls long tresses

Encircling, caressing , enfolding.

An unfamiliar call transmitting

Lone detective, I follow the scent

A complicated love letter sent

I wallow in months of silence

And learn to rule my rejection with

Riverwalks and meditations.

A bench with vantage over the valley my  
destination.

In April, as the earliest blossom scatters

I climb, resisting the strongest urge

To turn, to see who follows

Such flickering longing in me still.

Other eyes already gaze the view

Possessively I pass, but am stilled

By the forcefield of the conjuring invocation

"Hello Son"

Here I am

Boomerang resting in her palms

Home.

Owned.