Plate 1


Plate 2

Archival photo of artist’s father.


Perhaps today
these hands will tend the root
of a tree emerging in my
granddaughter’s mind as she searches
for me by the river of a new earth
I’ll pass along my sun-kissed fruit
and the nectar of rubble-born blooms
tell her, it is year tide that calls the moon

Plate 3

Archival photo of artist, artist’s maternal grandmother, and sister.


Plate 4

Archival photo of maternal grandparents c. 1950s and artist c. 1980s.


On this day
I predict that
everything is going to change
I am making invitations
for the homecoming we never had
foiled with stardust
each letter of your name spelled
correctly and hand pressed into velvety kiss cut paper
as though today
were a holy day
curling its lips
beneath your fingers

Plate 5
Archival photo of artist’s mother c. 1970s.
